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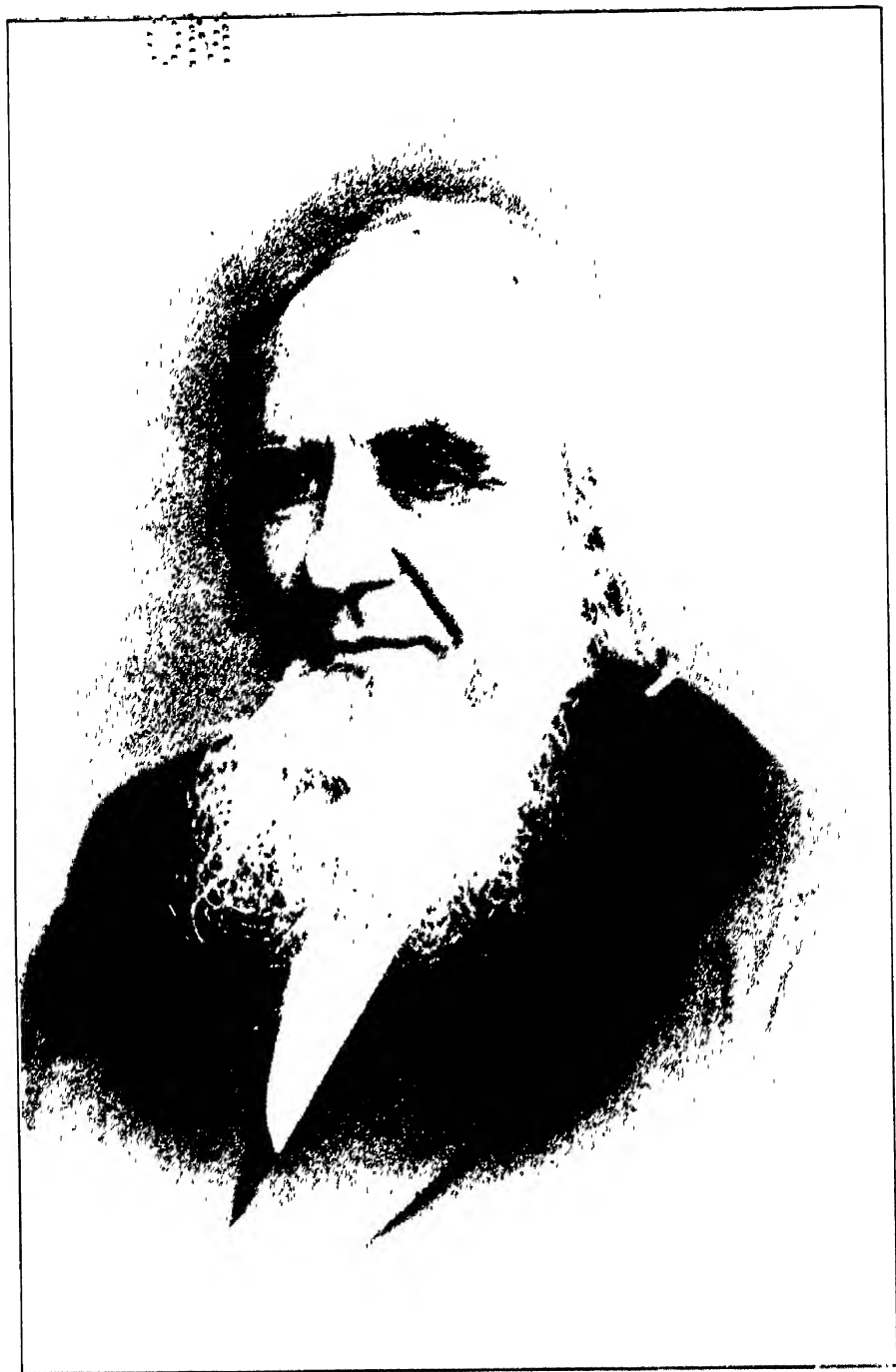
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**THE LIFE
OF
CHAUNCEY GILES**

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Channing Giles.

THE LIFE
OF
CHAUNCEY GILES
AS TOLD IN HIS DIARY AND
CORRESPONDENCE

Compiled and Edited by his Daughter
CARRIE GILES CARTER

The steps of a good man are ordered
by the Lord: and he delighteth in his
way.

Though he fall he shall not be utterly
cast down: for the Lord upholdeth
him with his hand.

Psalms 37: 23, 24

BOSTON, MASS.
MASSACHUSETTS NEW-CHURCH UNION
134 BOWDOIN STREET

1920

PREFACE

THE ONE essential to the achievement of success in the workmanship of this biography to which the editor can lay claim is her deep affection for its subject.

Experiences and materials gradually came into her life, and at length germinated in the determination to bring a knowledge of her father's character as clearly as possible before those who already know him, and to others who know him not.

Friends both at home and abroad have been very helpful in lending letters which they have cherished for years. Those who could furnish information have done so with a kindness that is much appreciated; others whose advice has been sought in times of indecision, have given it with a cordial sympathy which was in itself very inspiring.

Mr. Giles's diary and letters are in themselves a fairly complete biography.

Gleanings from the "Giles Memorial" and the "Groton-Avery Clan," in addition to information from older relatives, have furnished the genealogical data.

For the portions relating to Church History, "The Early History of the New Church in the Western States and Canada," by Rev. G. M. Field; Rev. B. F. Barrett's "Autobiography"; Odhner's "Annals of the New Church"; Hindmarsh's "Rise and Progress of the New Jerusalem Church in England, America and Other Parts"; the "Outline History of the New Jerusalem Church of Cincinnati"; a similar brief history of the New York Society; Convention Journals, and numerous articles in the *New Church Messenger* have contributed valuable material.

From the Rev. William L. Worcester's "Biographical Sketch" the editor has also drawn for items not obtainable elsewhere.

For each and every one of these helps the deepest gratitude is felt, and it is with heartfelt pleasure that the thanks due to all are given.

CARRIE GILES CARTER.

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THE LIFE OF CHAUNCEY GILES

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY LIFE

CHAUNCEY GILES was the eldest son of John and Almira Avery Giles. He was born in East Charlemont, Massachusetts, on May 11, 1813.

Holmes has said, "To know one's character truly, one must know his ancestry for two hundred years." It is not difficult in the case of Chauncey Giles to learn of his forbears for that period, but as the records are simply the dry statistics of genealogy one does not gain from them a deep insight into family characteristics.

Edward Giles of Salem was the founder of the family in this country. He received land given as one of the Grants at Large to one hundred or more of the original settlers of Salem. He was a member of the First Church, that interesting little structure which the Essex Institute has preserved in the rear of Newman Hall; and was admitted a freeman of the Colony in 1634. The very name of Puritan indicates a deeply religious spirit, but on neither parent's side is there in the direct line for more than one hundred years a single clergyman in the family.

As was natural to dwellers near the coast many of the Giles family were seafaring men; many of them served in the Revolution. There was a Giles who crossed the Delaware with Washington, who was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, and who endured the terrible winter at Valley Forge. His brother was either in the military or naval service until the close of the war. The father of these brothers fought in the French and Indian War. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and died suddenly from exhaustion the day after, while trying on some new clothes in a tailor's shop.

There was another Giles who suffered numerous hardships by land and sea in both the military and naval service of his country. This Giles, after surviving all the perils of war, was accidentally drowned in his own well. He was on board the *Alliance* when that ship brought the Treaty of Peace to the United States after the Revolution.

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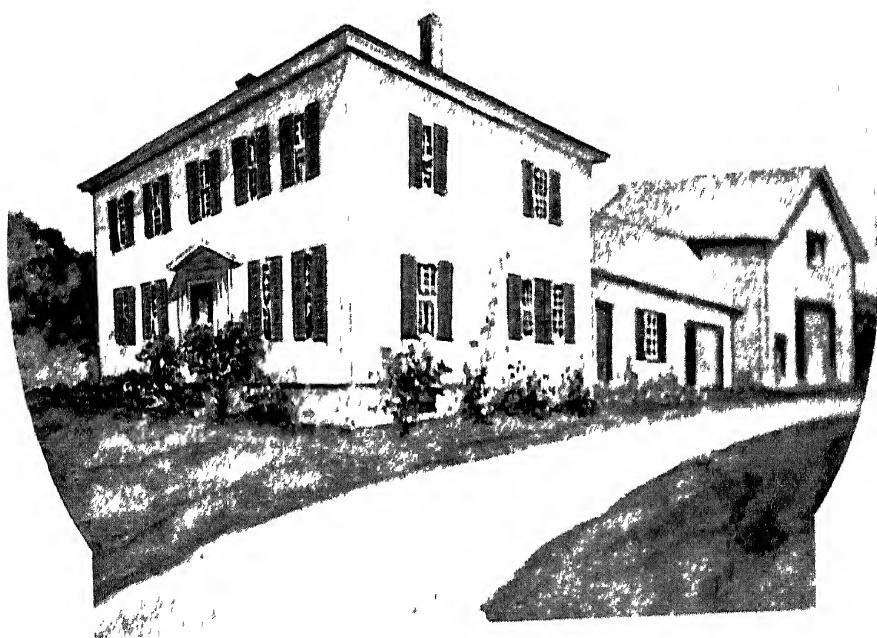
There was a Giles in the artillery company which at Bunker Hill brought away the only field piece which was saved out of six taken to the battle ground.

But not all the Gileses were thus warlike. The record of the years is of a plain people, industrious, engaged in various trades; brick manufacturers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, sailmakers, coopers, seamen, some of them captains of their own vessels, farmers, etc., none of them with money-making ability. Frequent mention is made of their piety, but no clergyman appears until the sixth generation, though several members married daughters of clergymen. One of the Giles family was an early cotton spinner of this country. He invented the circular saw, unaware of the fact that some one in England had forestalled him by six or seven years. They were respected members of the community and, judging from old letters handed down, were people of culture and refinement.

There is a coat-of-arms in the possession of some of the descendants which was brought over by the emigrant ancestor. Its chief value to members of the family is its indication that the English forbears were of good standing in the mother country.

Of the Averys, the maternal line, there are many records of patriotic service. An irreverent descendant once observed, "If all accounts were true, the Averys were either very great men or great liars in the old days." The emigrant ancestor is Christopher Avery, who with his son James came to this country when well advanced in years, about 1632. He lived for a time in Boston, but later moved to New London, Connecticut. In all the early history of New London the son, Captain James Avery, figures most conspicuously both in civil and military affairs. He was not only a noted Indian fighter but had great influence with the friendly Indians. He was second in command to Captain John Winthrop; prominent also in civil affairs, he was one of the judges of the County Court, a selectman for twenty-three years, and founder of the First Church of New London. In 1636 he built the homestead known as the "Hive of the Averys." For more than two hundred years, until it was destroyed by fire, this house was occupied by an Avery. Upon its site is erected by the Avery Memorial Association a granite shaft surmounted by a bronze bust of the founder of the family. He is represented as a typical Puritan.

James, the son of the founder, followed in his father's footsteps both in civil and military affairs. He had twelve children, and at his death there were sixty-five of his descendants who attended his funeral.



BIRTHPLACE OF CHAUNCEY GILES IN
EAST CHARLEMONT, MASS.

Home of his grandfather, Jonathan Avery

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Numerous Averys were actively engaged in the Revolutionary War; many fell in the massacre of Fort Griswold, and it was to the house of an Avery that the wounded were taken after the battle. One who served in the navy was captured and forced to serve on a British man-of-war. He with others petitioned to be placed in a prison ship, preferring confinement to forced service against his country. There was a Colonel Avery who fought a duel with Andrew Jackson. Jackson fired first and missed. The Colonel fired in the air and then shook hands with his erstwhile foe.

The records give many tales of heroic devotion to their country. One Avery was branded with hot wires and his wife threatened with death when they refused to tell where money for the Continental Army was hidden. They suffered, too, as did many of our forefathers, from the Indians. The son of Oliver Avery, who in 1780 built a house which is still standing in Charlemont, Massachusetts, had a son carried to Canada by the Indians. His wife and baby girl hid in a hollow log and so escaped.

My father's grandfather, Jonathan Avery, joined the Revolutionary Army as a minuteman, and served in the war until he was made lame as the result of a bullet wound in the leg. He was not only a brave soldier but a man of quick wit and ready humor. He was an orderly sergeant. At the battle of Long Island he was detailed for difficult and dangerous scout duty, with the command of a small company of men. Like many another soldier of the Revolution he had become ragged in the service. His captain, a very pious man, had given him a pair of his old trousers. When Jonathan saw that his men demurred at the dangers before them he said, "Come on, Boys! Just think of the prayers which have been offered up in these old trousers." The laugh that followed gave the men new courage and the difficult undertaking was successfully accomplished.

About ten years after the close of the war Jonathan moved with his wife and seven children from Enfield, Connecticut, to East Charlemont, Massachusetts. His wife, Pamela Fox, was of Tory stock, and for many years her father opposed her marriage to the patriot soldier Jonathan. When he did yield, he did so gracefully, as he afterwards built for them a fine Colonial house in East Charlemont, their home for many years. Here Jonathan pursued his trade of hatter, and here his wife, of stern Puritanical character, reared her large family (four were added to the flock at Charlemont) in the rigidly pious observances of the day.

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Jonathan died at the good old age of ninety-two of no disease. He simply fell asleep to wake on earth no more, as he sat in his chair. His wife survived him six years.

Four generations of the Giles family lived in Salem; Edward of the fifth generation settled in Medford. Meeting with business reverses he removed to Providence. He afterwards went to Windsor, Connecticut, and at length found his way to Charlemont and settled there. He had six children: four daughters and two sons, — John, who settled in Connecticut, and Edward, who lived in Charlemont. Poverty seems to have been the lot of the Giles family, and that of Edward was no exception. An interesting story illustrative of the customs of the day is told of him in this connection. There lived in this vicinity a Tory clergyman who, as was usual in these times, received at least a portion of his salary by levying contributions on the members of his congregation. Edward Giles had no money to meet the parson's demands and frankly said he was too poor to contribute. "No matter for the money, I can take your cow," said the minister. "But I need the cow to furnish milk for my large family." "That's of no consequence," said the parson; "if worse comes to worst you can call on the town for help." This was cold comfort for Mr. Giles, but he was obliged to submit. Not long afterwards he was driving along by the Deerfield River, which was then much swollen with recent rains. As he approached the ford he descried a man and horse floundering about in the water. "Help! Help!" cried the man. "Who are you?" asked Mr. Giles. "Parson Leavitt," was the reply. "You better call on the town for help," said Mr. Giles as he drove away, leaving the poor man to struggle out as best he could. The clergyman gained the shore and lived for many years an object of dislike to all who knew him. So obnoxious did he become to the community that at length they actually changed the boundary line of their township so that the parson's house would come in the neighboring village of Heath.

From old family letters I gather that this Edward Giles commanded the love and respect of his children. They wrote to him frequently, a daughter Margaret oftener than the others. These letters, written one hundred years ago, are simple homely chronicles of a New England woman of "faculty" who earned her living by going from house to house spinning and weaving, as she was needed. Interspersed with the daily events were pious remarks which give one a whiff of the religious atmosphere breathed by the common people of the day.

Here is an extract from a letter written after the death of a little brother:

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Permit me, my aged Father, to address you on this all-important subject. Has not God called upon you and me twice and thrice, yea, not only so, but thrice in the most solemn manner, by taking the nearest and dearest friends from us? "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," and yet ye are in the way of sinners is the record of one of old. Oh, how it becomes us who have named the name of Christ to live as becometh the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus! Oh, what would I give if I might recall the time that I have spent pursuing the vanities of this transitory world! Tongue cannot express nor my poor pen describe the feeling of my heart on account of my backslidden state.

The Lord is pouring out His spirit here in some measure. We humbly hope and trust there have been three converted Backsliders returning.

From Hartford she writes, December 21, 1818, on resuming her pen after an illness of three months:

I sometimes feel as though my lot were hard, but when I take a view of the goodness of God and what He has suffered for guilty man, and the mercies I am surrounded with, I know that I have the greatest reason to Bless Him from whence these Blessings flow. This life is short and attended with ten thousand pains and troubles and as many mercies. But oh, how apt we are to complain! I feel like a poor unworthy Creature not deserving the least mercy or favor from God. Death, that great tyrant, is calling one after another and we are going off the stage as fast as Time can carry us, and it will be soon said of us that we are no more; but if we come to the grave like a shock of corn that is fully ripe, it will be a happy exchange. I hope these unconnected lines will find you and yours in the enjoyment of every blessing, that your souls and bodies are devoted to God, for this is our reasonable service.

Edward Giles had a brother John who moved to Sharon, Connecticut. His life there was one of poverty, illness, and hardship.

Here are portions of two letters from Susannah and Mary, both sisters of Edward, to their brother John:

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It appears to me that time is short and eternal things lie with weight on my mind. Do let us give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. The promises of God of late have been made precious to my soul.

On September 1, 1812, Mary writes:

Dear Mother is yet alive and the disappointment of your not coming is beyond description. . . . You ought to know her situation and try to comfort her in this hour of distress and not to let anything but ill health hinder your coming. No tongue can describe the distress of body and mind she has gone through, but sometimes she calls upon her soul and every creature to praise God. One time when she viewed herself upon the verge of eternity she charged me to enjoin it upon you and your wife, if you had not made your peace with God through Christ not to put it off until a dying bed. I believe she will arrive safe at the mansions of Eternal Rest whenever God is pleased to take her away. Dear Brother and Sister, may we follow her as far as she followed Christ is the prayer of your affectionate sister,

MARY NASH.

If you come do bring some Rice, there is none to be had about here.

John Giles, a son of Edward, and the father of Chauncey, was a man of brilliant parts, but lacking in the ability to make his mental equipments tell in the achievement of material success. In the days of the old Latin grammar he memorized that book with all its rules, cases, and conjugations in seven days. He studied medicine, but because of ill health and other reasons never practised. He taught in the little country schoolhouse for many years. When he first assumed his duties he said:

Pope says, "Order is Heaven's first law," and order I mean to maintain in this school.

He was a man who was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and while conscious of his really fine mental abilities was cruelly alive to his failure to make them of practical use. The following letter, written

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a few months after his marriage to Almira Avery, shows all these characteristics. He had gone to New York to try to establish a successful school. The letter gives his unfortunate experiences.

SUNDAY MORNING, NEW YORK, November 19, 1812.

Dear Father:

Ere you receive this your wandering son will be, if nothing happens more than he now knows of, more than three hundred miles from New York. You probably desire to know the cause of this sudden change.

When I arrived here I imagined, and so did James, that there was a good chance for me to obtain twenty-five dollars per month clear of expenses. Upon the prospect of that, I purchased the furniture of a schoolroom at twenty-five dollars, hired at fifty dollars per annum and bought wood and every other article necessary to begin business. I have now been here fourteen days upon the expense of nearly six dollars per week and have obtained only two scholars at the small rate of two dollars per quarter. This would not, even if I had a large school, support me. It is here as it is in the country with regard to teachers; one there, you know, who only asks eight dollars is employed in preference to one who asks and will earn twenty dollars per month.

To stay here at the expense of fifty dollars, to wait a favorable chance to get into business, is in my opinion inadvisable. The uncertainty attending it would be great, and even if I were sure of a good start it would take me three months and more to be as well off as I was when I came here. Having naturally considered all these disadvantages, I have concluded to go to Utica.

Elias Joiner is now in New York and has been for a week past. I have seen him and conversed with him. He says there is a good chance for me there. He has risen from the very gulf of poverty to a handsome living. Perhaps I might do the same if it were not for the ill fortune which you know is a constant attendant upon our family.

Shakespeare says:

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

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Whether I have taken the tide at the ebb or flood remains yet in the womb of futurity. Now, like a dying sinner, I am convinced when too late that it would have been better for my purse to have stayed at Heath. But it is too late to return. It would certainly be saying I could not live in any other part of the world than Charlemont. I believe I can, therefore I have no idea of returning until I know for a certainty that I cannot. Can I bear their ridicule? If I can, I will not.

My health for a week past has been very poor, so that I was but just able to keep about, but got bled, since when I am much better.

It is with regret that I inform you of my unhappy fortune, but never mind, it may be better; if it is not we know how to bear it with that dignity and fortitude which becomes us as men.

An old proverb says, "It is never darker than just before day," but perhaps I am not within ten years of broad daylight. Whether I am or not I shall not trouble myself about it, or not but little. You will, I hope, keep this letter a secret "lest the wicked rejoice and the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Let no one know where I am or what I am about, nor that I have left New York. When I arrive at Utica or any other place where I find business I will write again. Give my love to all inquiring friends.

With sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain your dutiful and affectionate son

JOHN GILES.

N.B. I shall leave this place for Albany on my way to Utica, to-morrow.

The whole mission was evidently unsuccessful, for John returned to Charlemont to his young wife, and for some time they lived with her father's family.

Of the youth of Almira Avery I know but little. At the time of her wedding she and her bridegroom were considered the handsomest couple in Franklin County. The rearing of a large family with the struggle against poverty must have filled her life with the constant necessity for fortitude. She was of a very affectionate disposition, and the mental and executive ability of many of her children testify to a good home training. In her old age she lived with one of her married

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daughters in Decatur, Illinois. Her grandchildren evidently loved and admired her, and always spoke of her remarkable efficiency and industry even when she was far advanced in years. She died in May, 1884, at the age of ninety-two, from the effects of a fall which broke her hip.

That there were gleams of sunshine through the atmosphere of Puritanical gloom breathed by my father in his boyhood is told in his own words in a lecture delivered February 26, 1886, on "The Good Old Times in New England." As it gives a vivid picture of the life of the day and will help us with the foregoing letters to understand the surroundings of his early life, I quote it with but few omissions.

The old times! The good old times, when all the boys were good, except the bad ones, when all the girls were beautiful except the homely ones, when all the old people were saints except the sinners. Then they had baked beans and pumpkin pie every Sunday, and bread and milk for supper every day in the week, if there were nothing better. The good old times! when the boys after working all day had the fun of roaming over the hills to find the cows; when the good girls knit stockings for themselves and their brothers, and learned embroidery by darning the holes in the heels and toes; when the young ladies amused themselves by spinning wool, and making butter and cheese. They helped their mothers wash clothes and dishes, they compounded johnny-cake and doughnuts and made themselves useful and lovely in many ways.

Then the young men chopped wood, planted and dug potatoes, washed sheep, made cider, mowed and plowed, and dug in the hard soil of New England.

In these good old times the boys and girls, the young and the old, rested every Sabbath, which commenced at sundown Saturday night. The chores were all done, the hoe and axe and spinning wheel put away in their places. The bright smiles and the naughty jokes were laid aside until Monday and the solemn Sabbath look and the quiet Sabbath tone took their places.

After a bath in a wooden pail or a tin wash basin, both young and old, weary with six days' labor, retired and began the Sabbath rest.

In the morning, after the necessary daily "chores," the family pre-

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pared for "meetin'." Faces shone with soap and water and the rough hair was made smooth with tallow. The shoes were greased and the best Sunday clothes were donned. These clothes were usually made by their mother or a useful aunt, who always cut them large enough to fit, especially the trousers.

After breakfast the whole family set out for the meeting house, a barnlike structure standing on the top of a hill. The rich people brought out the old horse which had been plowing all the week, and harnessed him to the wagon which had done service in carrying corn and rye to the gristmill, or potatoes to the cellar. It was soon loaded with old and young dressed in their bravest.

How sanctimonious and saintly the father and mother were! How angelic the girls! The poor and the boys had to walk. They (the boys, I mean) whiled away the time in telling about the woodchuck they had caught or the nuts they had gathered, as they shied a stone at a chipmunk with a jolly laugh at the hit or miss—if no wagon were in sight.

Then came the meeting: the piping choir (organs and wicked stringed instruments were not known among the hills in those days), the long prayer in which every one was remembered, followed by a hymn and a longer sermon.

When the service was ended, did we go home? Oh, no! We brought our lunch with us. In pleasant summer weather the boys went out and sat under the trees. When it rained we went into the horse sheds, climbed into the wagons, and ate our doughnuts, mince pie, and apples, and told stories. The older ones sat quietly in their pews, and refreshed themselves with news and lunch. In half an hour or so, all gathered for Sunday School or prayer meeting.

When that was over did they return to their homes? How absurd the question!

Another service was held. Again there were long prayers and a sermon to match. Then the wagons were backed out from the sheds and came rumbling to the door, and with their solemn load the horses quickened their homeward pace. The boys trudged back on foot, occasionally stealing a ride by hanging on behind some wagon.

On Sunday all had time for quiet and reflection. It was wicked

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to take a walk unless one went after the cows. This the boys were quite willing to do an hour before the time. There were no books to read but the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Baxter's Saints' Rest, and the little saints had had rest enough for one day without going to Baxter for more.

Boys and girls who laughed were on the road to the bad place. They watched the slow descending sun and sighed and wondered what made it hang so long in the sky.

When it ceased to gild the tops of the eastern hills, they rose like a compressed rubber ball. The Sabbath, the day of rest and refreshment, was over. Light broke over the solemn faces, the children began to romp, mothers or sisters brought out their knitting or sewing, the neighboring boys collected and in the summer played "Hunt the grey fox," or coasted if there were snow. So passed and ended the holyday.

But the recreations and amusements of the good old times are my special theme and I must not let the Sabbath day's rest interfere with it. There are, however, great difficulties in describing them, one of which is, there were none according to modern ideas.

There was neither theatre nor opera. The whole community would have been filled with holy horror at the idea of going to such wicked places. There was some amusement in the singing-school, especially when the place of meeting was remote from the homes and the snow lay deep in the roads. The gayest plow-horse was harnessed to the old sleigh, which was filled with stalwart young men and lovely young women. You have no idea how lovely they were in the eyes of the young plowmen and wood-choppers. They were tenderly covered with blankets and buffalo robes to protect them from the biting winter air. The old horse knew that this was no Sunday business, or common affair of taking grist to the mill. He entered into the spirit of the occasion and took his precious load swiftly over the creaking snow. An occasional plunge into a hollow or an overturn into a snowdrift caused no serious harm. It was rather a source of merriment which gave the young men an opportunity to show their gallantry and the young women graciously to receive it.

Safely gathered in meeting house or hall, much learned instruction

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was given about whole and half notes, quavers, and semi- and demi-quavers. There was a short practice of do, re, me, fa, and then came the real work. Old Hundred was attacked with vigor and confidence for more than the hundredth time, and its amazing difficulties were soon overcome. Then came Dundee, and Mear, and other soul-stirring tunes. After a satisfactory disposal of long, common, and short-metre tunes some simple anthem might be tried. If there was not much music in their voices, there was plenty in their hearts. The ride home was the culmination of the happy event. To the music of the jingling sleigh bells were added strains of some solemn psalm tune or a snatch of song that was not exactly sacred, with a merry laugh at some incident in the singing or mutual glances between basso and soprano; glances prophetic of future harmonies not contained in the psalmody. How brightly the moon shone! How the cheeks of the girls' fair faces glowed under the keen breath of the frost! Such a return with pleasant memories in their hearts and rosy fancies of what might be in the future was almost as romantic and charming as a ride home in the city, hanging on a strap in a crowded street car.

There were no concerts except at rare intervals at the close of the singing school. There were no picture galleries to visit, no tempting shop windows. When the girls went to the store they carried the palm-leaf hats they had braided, or the buttons they had covered, and exchanged them for more material for hats and buttons, taking the difference in sugar, or calico for a new dress, with a bit of bright ribbon to glorify it.

There were no magazines to beguile the weary hours with story or song, no novels to absorb the attention and transform the hard and unattractive real into the lovely scenes and grand achievements of the ideal. There were no daily papers or any periodical literature except a small weekly paper which was taken by only a few people. There was nothing adapted to children and young people. There were no picnics, no excursions, no lectures to amuse and instruct. Dancing was generally regarded as sinful. There might be a ball given once a year at some tavern. Here the unconverted would gather from far and near and to the music of one fiddle would dance the Virginia

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Reel and other country dances with zeal and energy if not with grace. This was a memorable event in the year's history, which required great preparation and much discussion. It supplied the rustic beaux and belles with an interesting theme of conversation for months afterwards. By common sentiment cards were sternly forbidden. Young men who would indulge in such dreadful wickedness were on the broad way that led to gambling and eternal fire. There were but few quiet, household games. Fox and Geese, and checkers were the most common, and were regarded as an innocent way of wasting time. Indeed, life was too stern and solemn a matter to be trifled away in mere amusement. Religious meetings and work—hard, constant work—were regarded as the only objects worth living for.

Still, boys were boys and girls were girls in those days as in modern times. There was about as much unregenerate human nature in them as now, and they contrived to draw much amusement from most unpromising conditions.

In the autumn there were numerous apple-paring bees, when the young people met to pare and core apples for the winter's apple-sauce, and string the quarters to be afterwards hung up and dried for the season's use. It was long before machines were invented for this purpose. The fragrant apples, red, green, and golden, were brought forward in great baskets. The case knives were well sharpened for the occasion. Every girl was provided with a large bowl. The boys were content to help or hinder from the same dish and the girls were content to have them. The apples whirled under their nimble fingers, leaving their red, green, or yellow coats behind them. They were soon quartered and divested of their seeds and cores and placed in a common receptacle. From this they were taken by others and strung upon long stout threads.

While this work was going briskly on the tongues of the happy helpers were as nimble as their fingers. Bright jests and quick repartee flew from lip to lip and the room echoed with innocent laughter. Sometimes when the apple paring was long and unbroken it would be whirled three times round the head and flung upon the floor. It was then supposed to show the initial of the favored lass or lover.

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So the work and the joy went on together until the baskets were emptied.

Then came the refreshments, which were always bountifully provided: mince, apple, and pumpkin pies with snowy crust, cheese as soft and rich as pure milk can produce, nuts, and some choice variety of apples; cider, tart, spicy, and delicious. Crisp doughnuts and raisin cake, good enough to satisfy the most fastidious, were not wanting.

Then followed the return home. As they wended their ways by winding road and dusky lane, the girls were protected by strong hands and doughty hearts from the wild beasts which had long been exterminated; from wandering tramps who had not then sprung into existence, and from the shadows which might be anything their lively fancies could imagine. Through all these dangers they safely passed, with the pleasing consciousness of having helped a neighbor and enjoyed an evening of innocent pleasure.

There was another gathering of frequent occurrence in which work, play, and social intercourse were combined. In that cold and inhospitable climate the water would freeze in the bedroom, and a moist hand would stick to the iron handle of a doorlatch. Feather beds and abundant covering were necessary. Bedquilts were in requisition and quilting them was a slow and tedious process. So the neighbors were invited to help, and quilting parties became an important feature in the social life of the people.

The joined patchwork was stretched upon a frame. Around its four sides were seated as many ladies as could work conveniently. They sewed diligently, making diamonds or other figures. The quilters sat face to face, and their tongues were free while their hands were occupied. It is reported—falsely, no doubt, for were not our mothers and grandmothers perfect women? but there is a tradition which, like many myths, has passed into history—that instead of confining themselves to the high themes of philosophy or religion, they discussed the affairs of the neighborhood and retailed a large amount of gossip; what Mrs. A. said and Miss B. did, who were sick and who were well, who were engaged to be married, etc. The minister received a large share of both praise and blame. It was unanimously agreed that his

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last sermon was very severe and just on some persons who were not at the quilting, and it was hoped they would profit by it.

But while the neighbors were busy with tongues and needles, there was another party in the kitchen preparing delicacies and substantials for the exhausted gossips when they should have finished their quilt and settled the affairs of the neighborhood.

The men, young and old, especially the young, were expected to assist in this part of the performance, and they did it with right good will.

There were no hired caterers; no menial foreigners ruled in the kitchen. Cooking was an accomplishment, and it was as much the glory of a young woman to compound savory dishes and cook them to perfection as it is now to drum on the piano and paint porcelain.

But we are delaying the supper. It is sufficient to say that it was duly appreciated and enlivened with bright and merry thoughts. There was not much of the elegance of the dancing master or the grace of boarding-school manners. But there were native wit and kind and generous feeling. There was an unconscious grace which came from association with nature. Sometimes there was a beauty born of innocence and a quiet dignity that even when dressed in homespun commanded respect.

There were but few holidays. The two which stand out most distinctly in my mind were the General Muster and Thanksgiving Day.

The General Muster was the gathering of all the men of a county who were liable to military duty, for the inspection of their uniforms and implements of warfare.

It was a general holiday. For weeks before the eventful day the subject was the theme of conversation by young and old, male and female. The men brought out their uniforms from the chests in which they had reposed for a year, and brushed them. The old flintlock musket was taken down from the hooks upon which it had quietly remained. It was burnished, a new flint was inserted in the lock, and the whole weapon made ready for its deadly use. The horses were taken from the cart and plow, covered with military trappings, and as much martial spirit was infused into their weary limbs as possible. Those

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who were exempt from military duty volunteered as a commissariat. They thus hoped to serve their country while at the same time they turned an honest penny.

A vast array of cakes and other toothsome edibles was prepared. There were barrels of cider, flanked sometimes with fire water in the form of cider brandy. There were also booths for the sale of a great variety of articles for ornament and use.

I shall never forget how, on one of these occasions, a boy resisted the solid enchantments of gingerbread and the attractions of delicious cider and spent his money for a copy of Cowper's Poems and of Milton's Paradise Lost. It was a Paradise Found for him, and he spent many a long winter's evening reading them over and over again by the bright firelight. He revelled in Cowper's Task, which was no task to him, and with Milton he fought the battle of the angels and mourned over the fall of man.

When the eventful day arrived all the roads leading to the place of meeting were crowded with men, women, and children, in wagons, on horseback, and afoot, wending their way to the long expected entertainment.

The companies of soldiers in gay uniforms were arranged in long lines, their muskets shining in the sun. The officers, with brilliant epaulets and majestic hats, were rushing madly over the parade ground delivering orders. The artillery and cavalry had taken positions and were going through their evolutions. The drums were rolling and the fifes screaming. They filled the air with martial music and the souls of the boys with martial fire. The scene was flanked with crowds of spectators: young men with their sweethearts, and boys with their mouths and pockets full of gingerbread and molasses candy who rushed from point to point as the soldiers changed their positions.

When the inspection of arms and accoutrements was ended and the rank and file had gone through various evolutions they were arranged in battle array. From the long lines of infantry, placed at a safe distance from each other, belched forth fire and smoke, stunning the ear with the rattle and roar of their fusillade. The cavalry spurred their steeds into furious speed, and with drawn sabres rushed wildly around

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in search of an enemy. The artillery thundered at some imaginary foe, advanced, retreated, and blazed away, aiming now high, now low.

The stentorian voice of some general could occasionally be heard above the smoke and din of battle. So the conflict went on until ammunition and strength were exhausted. It was sufficiently realistic to stir the blood of the young lads who had never met any fiercer enemies than hawks and woodchucks, yet sufficiently safe to quiet the fears of timid maidens.

The day was a memorable one in the monotonous life of a rural people.

A few weeks later came the crowning glory of the year, — the grand feast of Thanksgiving, when men, women, and children were expected to demonstrate their gratitude for past favors and abundance by stuffing themselves to repletion.

The preparations for this grand feast were made days and weeks before its advent and devolved chiefly upon the women. The finest turkeys and tenderest chickens were selected and specially fattened for the occasion. Mince, apple, custard, and pumpkin pies were provided in sufficient abundance to last many weeks. There were delicious jellies and marmalades and quince and apple sauce by the barrel. The choicest cuts of beef and pork had been selected and kept. There were no markets and groceries near at hand from which the essentials for such a grand occasion could be supplied at a moment's notice. It required forethought and good management to secure the needed supplies. Boys and girls were asked to pare apples and pumpkins, to chop mincemeat for the pies, to provide wood for the fires, and to run on errands. The house was fragrant with the odor of cloves, cinnamon, and other spices. Mother and daughters moved briskly about in their white aprons with their sleeves rolled above their elbows, or stood seriously considering the composition of a pudding or a sauce. The brick oven was kept in a state of fervent heat, and when the precious pies and puddings were entrusted to its fiery bosom, its contents were carefully watched and turned about to insure a perfect baking.

The morning of the day itself was devoted to worship. From all points among the hills the people in their best attire with reverent faces

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could be seen wending their way to the meetinghouse. The service was short, and it would be but natural if the thoughts of many a good housewife should wander away from the sermon and the prayer with some concern lest the turkey which was roasting on a spit before the fire should not be constantly turned and so be burnt on one side and raw on the other. But the fears were generally groundless, for every one had a personal interest in the excellence of the result.

But we have kept you too long from the dinner. Everything is ready, and we will sit down at the table which is loaded with the rich bounties of the year. The white-haired and venerable grandparents have the place of honor. The children with their husbands and wives and their children, sometimes to the fourth generation, were arranged according to age or convenience. Thanks are rendered to the bountiful Giver, and every one is urged to do justice to the feast. The careworn faces are wreathed with smiles, and bits of the past year's history are served with the viands. Anecdotes and humorous incidents are related and bright thoughts fly from lip to lip. The affections are called into active play, and there is a reunion of hearts, a feast of the soul as well as of the body.

After every want is more than satisfied, the remnants of the feast are cleared away and the young ones engage in the simple games of the time.

Sometimes, if they were not too pious or rigidly orthodox, there would be a dance. I have seen a boy dance in the same set with his grandparents, his father, mother, uncles, aunts, and cousins.

Due respect is paid to the aged, confidences are made, advice given and received, and the hearts of all are knit more firmly together and cheered and strengthened for the coming duties and struggles of life.

In the good old times there were but few of the conveniences for travel and interchange of thought and life which we now enjoy. The people worked hard and lived simply. Every child was brought up to some useful work. A holiday was a great event. It stood out as distinctly from the common routine of life as a mountain from a great plain.

But they were good times in many essentials. The people were

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industrious, frugal, and in the most important affairs of life they were intelligent. If they did not read as much as we do, they thought the more. They did not depend much upon others to do their thinking; they were more self-reliant.

Their manners were frank and their ways direct. Their means of social culture were simple, but they made the best use of those they possessed. If they endured many hardships, they acquired strength by them. So in the struggle for life they gained many of its blessings and learned how to appreciate them. The children were obedient and respectful. The minister and doctor were regarded with awe and revered as superior beings. I well remember how we used to stand by the side of the road when we saw them coming, and with bared heads make a profound bow as they passed. Our children have learned that professional men are made of common clay. Perhaps we have not improved in our want of respect and reverence for age and worth.

Such were the ordinary habits of the rural New Englander of that day. My father's lot was no exception. From early boyhood his life was one of toil, and he began when but a child to add by his labors to the family income. "Doing chores" for the neighbors, work in his grandfather's brickyard, chopping wood, haying, etc.,—all these at one time or another formed a part of his regular life.

The first slate he ever had was obtained with the money earned by chopping a cord of wood. Previous to this, under his father's tuition, he had with a piece of charcoal done his arithmetic on the hearth before the fire. Soon after obtaining his first knife he lost it on the road. Nothing daunted, he dug for half a mile until he found it.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Cowper's *Task* were treasures purchased at General Muster. It is hard for us with our many books and magazines to realize the deep influence which such books, read and pondered over and over, exert upon one whose sole treasures they are.

Another incident of his boyhood to which father often referred in after life as an instance of the Lord's leading through apparent trifles is the following: He was sitting out of doors on a fallen log studying his geography lesson. Tennessee was the subject. Something in the name or in the description of the state appealed to his childish imagination, and he then and there resolved at some future time to visit it. As a matter of fact he never did, but in his many wanderings after

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he left college there was always the thought underneath of reaching Tennessee. Each step he took in this direction led to some experience which paved the way for the great blessings of his life,—his wife, and the New Church.

Even when a little boy he wished to become a minister, and delighted as a child to read from a large Bible; the story of Joseph arranged for children had a special charm. By diligence and making the most of every opportunity he managed not only to attend the Mt. Anthony Academy at Bennington, Vermont, but also to enter Williams College.

At the former place his Greek teacher stimulated his love of learning and taught him *how* to study, an invaluable lesson, of which he often spoke with gratitude.

Once when at home for vacation his father asked him what he intended to do when he left the Academy, at the same time indicating that he would like to have him study law. "If I do," said Chauncey, "it must be the law of God."

It is said of him as a young man that "when he was engaged in study he was oblivious of everything about him."

His classmates speak of him as "more than an average scholar, not brilliant, perhaps, but studious, accurate, and prompt. He was a good declaimer and in the debating society was alert and one of the best speakers. He was strong on temperance and on the antislavery question, which was much discussed in those days. In manner he was rather retiring, somewhat shy, friendly with all, but familiar with only a few."

The students were fond of debating and reciting poetry. They used to try to deepen their tones in speaking, and Father thought he really effected a change in the quality of his voice by this practice.

One day in a debate the young student uttered the sentiment, "Gold is but dust, and avarice the serpent which eats it." The young men were deeply impressed and tried in vain to guess the author. When they found it was not a quotation but original with Mr. Giles, there were many prophecies of his future greatness.

On one occasion one of his classmates, a tall rather awkward young fellow, began to recite Addison's Evening Hymn:

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wondrous tale . . .

As he declaimed the second line his long arms reached down and spread forth his coat tails as an appropriate (?) gesture. It is needless to say he was not allowed to proceed.

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Of his life at Williams College I know but little. He was obliged to pay for his tuition by tutoring, haying, or any other work he could find. An aunt of his told me the following amusing story:

Once at haying time one of the farmers of the place needed extra help. Father applied for a job. His student life did not give him the appearance of any ability in outdoor work, so the farmer said to him, "You do not look as if you could mow." "Try me and see," said Father. Years after, when he returned to Williamstown to receive an honorary degree, he went to the house of this same farmer, who still lived in the old place. Ringing the doorbell he was met by the old gentleman himself. "I came to see if you wanted any extra hands with your hay." "Yes, I do, but you don't look as if you could mow." "So you told me more than forty years ago," said Father. "Giles!" exclaimed the farmer, clasping his hand with pleasure.

To the visitor who goes to Williamstown now and sees the many fine buildings, the beautiful church, the gymnasium, the library, the fine dormitories for the students, etc., the college of my father's day would present a severe contrast. He entered college in 1832 at the age of nineteen.

Of the period ten years earlier than this, Mark Hopkins, for many years president of the College, writes:

In 1822 but one of the fourteen college buildings on the ground was standing. That was the old West College. In 1823 the college owned but two houses: the president's house, that stood on the north side of the main street, since moved, and a small house that stood where the chapel now stands. It owned no land except about three acres connected with the then president's house.

The rooms of the students were plainly and scantily furnished. There was not a carpet in either building. Partly because the rooms contained little that was valuable, and partly because of the greater honesty of those times, nobody thought of locking his door when he went out. Prayers and recitations were before breakfast in the morning, and in the winter by candlelight. Commencement was in September, and so the town was a resort for the students in the summer, and not for summer visitors, a species of human genus not then developed. The long vacation of six weeks was in winter, so that the students, who were mostly needy, might aid themselves by teaching. Coming after

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the summer work of the farmers was finished, Commencement was a great day for the whole vicinity. The procession with its band of music was formed at East College, and passed through the lower hall of West College to the church on the hill. It was long, the struggle to enter the church after the procession was in was fierce, and the church was crowded. Back of the church a multitude was gathered about numerous peddlers and there were all sorts of shows.

The grounds about the buildings were rough and uncared for. The students burnt only wood, and during the autumn and winter there were numerous woodpiles in the college yards. These the students usually sawed and carried up for themselves. In the spring they had a chip-day to clear away the chips and rubbish. The walk between the West College and the church was innocent of gravel, and as the mud was fearful the students had each year, in the autumn, a gravel-day. Those who did not choose to work paid a fine that went to procure teams. The soil was of clay and in the spring would undulate as you walked. Year by year the gravel would disappear, and it is only within a few years that the walks have become thoroughly compact. There were then no trees about the buildings. These were set out by the students, for while there was oftener than at the present time an outbreak of the spirit of vandalism, there was yet a large element of loyalty to the College and of desire for its improvement.

It was a feature of that day that water for the students was brought in pails from a spring at the foot of the hill south of East College, they generally bringing it themselves.

Such a thing as a gymnasium had not been thought of. There were then no secret societies. The only one known in any of the colleges was the Phi Beta Kappa. There were no college publications, and there was no baseball as that is now known. A form of baseball was sometimes played, but the common games were wicket and two-old-cat.

In his Junior year came one of the most crushing disappointments of Mr. Giles's life, ill health, which necessitated his leaving college.

Trouble with his eyes, brought on by over-study, and with his head, as a result, perhaps, of getting overheated in the hayfield, made it impossible for him to continue his studies. He never entirely recov-

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ered from the trouble with his head. Besides severe pain, he heard constantly a roaring or buzzing at the base of the brain. This continued with more or less rigor all his life, but much work was accomplished in spite of it.

For a time after leaving college Mr. Giles taught in the Academy at Bennington.

Here he was beset with the religious doubts from which, until he found the New Church, he suffered such agonies. One of his associates in teaching writes: "He was struggling with the hard dogmas of the church and was at times in a skeptical mood and more than a mood. He was very conscientious and his mental sufferings were great, and that for years."

In "Why I am a New Churchman" Mr. Giles says:

I did not doubt because I desired to do so. On the contrary, I clung to every point of the old faith with the greatest tenacity. I clung like a drowning man to the last plank until I was torn from it or it failed me, and I sank into the depths of despair. I have no language that is adequate to express the darkness, horror, and agony of the state I lived in, if it could be called living, for years. One hope alone sustained me: I did not doubt the existence, the wisdom and goodness of God. I settled down to the duties and necessities of life with the purpose of faithfully doing my work and awaiting whatever the future might have in store for me.

CHAPTER II

WANDERINGS THROUGH NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA

IN treating of this period of Mr. Giles's life the words of Goldsmith come vividly to mind: "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

From Bennington Mr. Giles went to West Hampton and taught for a time. Thence he went to a still greater distance from his native place.

New York and Pennsylvania, through which he traveled, were then much farther from his home than California would be now. As he went from one country school to another, always with the burden of his disappointment upon him (he had wished from boyhood to be a clergyman), with ill health and few friends, with the consciousness of powers of mind capable of fine development, he was constantly oppressed with a morbid sense of his own inability to surmount the obstacles of ill health, and frequently reproached himself with the failure to work systematically at self-improvement, a work which under the circumstances was simply impossible.

No one, his children least of all, who knew my father would recognize him in the sentiments expressed by this gloomy misanthrope. In after years these clouds were all dispelled by the light of the New Church. It is to show the change these effected that the following extracts from his diary are given.

THE DIARY

On the flyleaf is written:

"Musing Memory loves to dwell
With her sister Solitude;
From the busy world she flies
To take that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits; from youth to age
Rescanning life's eventful page
And noting ere they fade away
The little lines of yester day."

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It opens thus:

*Sundry Thoughts and Feelings of one who has Many that would
not appear well upon Paper*

W —, Oct. 22, 1835. *Evening.* Desolation, desolation! here I am! where, where? A school-teacher in W—. I am not so weak but that I can brave a little trouble yet. Here am I in this old room without anything to comfort and cheer me. But I must away with all these thoughts. I must forget that I have any sensibilities. Oh, how easy! I must content myself with plodding along in the cold and cheerless routine of my daily task.

This morning I commenced teaching a school of about thirty-five scholars. When I entered the schoolroom and looked around the motley group before me I felt as strangely as the man with a "turned head," and if I don't know by experience what it is to have a turned head before I get through, I shall think myself well off. The teacher who left the school let the scholars run about just as they pleased and I found myself in a complete bedlam. However, this I hope to remedy, for most of the scholars seem disposed to do what is right. Gave them a lecture on whispering, communicating, and noise, took their names and then heard recitations. It requires more than the patience of Job to sit calmly and quietly and listen to half-gotten, dull recitations. Such, however, seems to be my fate, and I must submit.

Nov. 10. My scholars have been more unruly than common to-day. With some great fellows I hardly know what to do. They seem determined to whisper and are entirely regardless of my feelings. What is worse than all, they pretend to be Christians, but how little of the spirit of Him who was meek, forgiving, and kind even to the evil and unthankful, do they exhibit! Strange that we should be so unmindful of the feelings of others! But such is human nature.

Nov. 18, 1835. My school is going down, or rather up. A number of scholars have left me rather than submit to the regulations. Well, away with them, I care not!

Jan. 3, 1836. Nearly two months have elapsed since I have recorded my feelings, and a strange two months it has been for me. After I

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had closed my school I started immediately for somewhere, which I found in the event to be New York.

Driven by a reckless and uncontrollable desire for something, I wandered on, I knew and cared not where, until my money was nearly exhausted. Not succeeding in obtaining a school such as I wanted, and oppressed with a sense of loneliness and a desolation that was almost insupportable, I returned to F——, and here I am now teaching. Wild and reckless as my journey truly was, it taught me one lesson which I might have learned before: that no change in circumstances can change my nature, can make me what I am not— Oh, must I always live like this? Is there no remedy? If my health would permit me I would plunge into the depths of study. It should absorb my whole attention. But now I cannot, cannot think. I cannot do anything. How great and fearful is the change which my feelings have undergone during the last year! Where, oh, where shall I be! and what shall I be at the close of this if no light breaks in upon me?

Fishkill, April 1, 1836. Since writing the above I have traveled many a mile and passed many an hour of misery. I have been with friends, warm, kind, and deeply interested in my welfare, and I have been alone, without one who could sympathize with me. I know not but I have been as happy in one situation as another.

Fishkill is now my place of residence. I have been here nearly two months, teaching in the Academy. I have gained some conquests over myself if I have done nothing else. My school has increased in numbers very rapidly, and if nothing hinders I shall probably have a flourishing school.

April 8. Where is there rest for the weary soul which sits in darkness? When will mine cease its tossings? When will it be calm and quiet as it once was when I believed all things and hoped all things? Rest for the weary, rest! It cannot be found in this world.

April 11. Well, I have everything but myself to encourage me. My school is prosperous and if well conducted will be profitable, and that is what I very much need. If I were once free from debt, a load would be removed from me which I now find it difficult to bear. Cheer

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up then, my heart, better and brighter days may yet be in reserve for me since there can be no worse.

June 8. Novelty in the occupation of teaching! That would be a novelty, in truth. It is dullness and vexation to-day, vexation and dullness to-morrow, and the next is like unto it. An unceasing draft upon one's patience and strength, mental and physical.

One boy is ugly, another is saucy, a third lazy, a fourth a fool, though his dear mamma thinks him a genius. A fifth is perhaps a good scholar, but thinks he confers an everlasting obligation upon you by getting his lessons and behaving decently; and perhaps—oh, there is no unmixed evil and bitterness in this world—perhaps the sixth is a good, kind, and affectionate boy.

The parents, too, are always willing to lend a helping hand to the poor son of suffering. "You must not whip my boy; if he does not mind, let me know it and I will deal with him severely." "I want my boy to study such and such a study, and I want you to make him get his lessons," etc., etc. Another one is perfectly unmanageable at home, but notwithstanding the teacher must keep him in good order or he will have the good old dame about his ears pell-mell. Some are not willing to have their children corrected at all, and so it goes. Confusion take the employment! This is not my lot for life. May a kind Providence forbid it! What, teach, teach, teach forever! I'll dig the earth first, as hard and full of thorns as it is. But gentle, my kind friend, no passion, no hasty resolutions; you cannot dig—and to beg! why, you would gain a poor livelihood in that way—who would give?

Well, what has happened to-day? Nothing in particular—shook one boy, deprived a half dozen others of their recess because, forsooth, the little urchins were tardy at noon. They pouted some, but they had to bear it, and it did them no good to be sulky, for I only laughed at them.

April 9. So goes the world. A curse to-day, a kick to-morrow, and that is all a teacher can get. There may be exceptions, as there are to any general rule, but they are few—but away with these thoughts. It is a beautiful morning; the late shower seems to have breathed anew the breath of life into all nature. The birds, the flowers, every blade

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of grass, seem to look fresher and send forth an offering of sweeter incense. The clouds have rolled away to the east, where they linger in dark masses, as though they wish to gaze still longer on this lovely spot. The sun gilds them with a glory, and their farewell is one of smiles! They are like the dull cold realities of life, kindled with the bright rays of exulting hope.

On June 6, 1837, Mr. Giles again changed his situation. He is now in Middletown, Pennsylvania, and writes as follows:

June 7. Commenced school with twenty-five scholars, some of them dirty, ignorant, and stupid beyond comparison, but on the whole they were much better than I expected to find them. I have some bright-looking boys and girls.

How much I have changed in a few years, yes, even in one year! Constant gloom has had such an indurating effect upon my heart that I am almost insensible to my condition. Two years ago I would have been more desolate in my present situation than the wrecked mariner on a barren rock surrounded by the waves. But the dream of youth (he was only twenty-four) is passed. I have lived so long without friends that I do not feel the want of them so seriously, and as I have no home I am as contented in one place as in another.

My head has been the source of disappointment to me, and I believe there are but few who could bear the constant pain which I have borne for years without murmuring, especially as the seat of it has been in such a place that it has entirely deprived me of continuing in my favorite pursuit.

This day had passed away very cheerfully, far different from some of my first days in school.

June 9. O that I could find some way to solve my doubts, to tell me what to do in my present condition. There are a thousand employments open to every one but me. My passions are strong, and my will weak, and my energies almost paralyzed. Whither shall I turn? — Oh, patience, patience! Let me wait. The time must come when I must change this state for better or worse. If my plans are thwarted, perhaps it is for my good. Let me then fulfill the duties which devolve

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upon me. I hope for better things. O Thou Great Power Who rulest the heavens, help me in my weakness! Give me patience and submission.

Yesterday things passed off as usual in school. Some of the children are rude, dirty, and ugly, but I hope to be able to manage them. How can I interest them in their books? They are without books, and almost without mind. Can they be made orderly and industrious? I will try.

June 13. The clouds have broken away and the air is filled with the perfume of flowers and the music of birds. Why cannot man lift up his thoughts to the Giver of all good as freely and spontaneously as the birds and flowers? Sin has blurred his perceptions, and estranged him from the only Being Who can help him. Truly did sin bring death into our world and all our woe. But why was it permitted to enter? Why was all this fair and beautiful creation of the Deity exposed to the blight of sin and death? This is a mystery which none but Him Who made it can solve. For wise reasons He has concealed it from our view.

Have been reading Watts on the "Improvement of the Mind." If all would follow the directions of that great and good man there would be fewer pretenders to knowledge, fewer cavillers and more sincere seekers after truth. I wish I could follow his directions, but how can I? My head is so diseased that I cannot keep my mind from wandering.

June 17. I spanked one boy yesterday, and did it in a passion too, which was very wrong. But he was so impudent that I could not be moderate. Besides, I wished especially to make an example of him, as he is the son of one of the first men in the place. When the rich men's sons have to obey, the others will without any difficulty. I am determined that I will have good order in school, if nothing else, and I believe in most cases it is necessary to have the scholars fear you to obtain that object. Many think it can be secured by persuasion and reason, but it depends upon the character of the scholars. If they have been well managed at home they will use reason, but if the rod has been law it must also be to some extent in school.

June 19. I had quite an addition to-day to my school. My number is now sixty-six. I understand that the committee are well pleased. That is some consolation, especially as there is some probability that

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they will wish me to remain longer than my present engagement. If I do remain they know that I shall have a higher price.

After summoning courage to ask his landlord his rates per week he writes:

June 20. It is strange what a sickly delicacy I have about bargaining of any kind. I have been here now nearly three weeks and have thought every day that I would ask the price of board, but have shrunk from it until last night. I was so agitated that I could hardly stammer out the question. This is wrong, and I have thought many times that I would break myself of it, for it has made me some trouble. But it is difficult to cure what is bred in the bone.

June 26. Sunday I walked to Harrisburg. It is one of the handsomest villages I have seen in Pennsylvania. Front Street is especially beautiful. The town is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna, whose broad and silver stream glides peacefully by. A number of wooded islands lie scattered up and down the river. Two bridges also extend across it which add much to the beauty of the scene. The State House is built of brick, and from its situation on an elevation presents a very imposing appearance. I visited the State Library and found a very large collection of books, principally of the law; very little poetry.

Towards evening, while walking to take the air and enjoy the coolness of the breeze, I discovered a multitude collected about the State House to hear a negro preacher. The gay dresses of the young and their quick and restless motions contrasted finely with the darker habiliments of the grave and aged.

The preacher was a man of middle stature, with nothing remarkable in his appearance except a very thoughtful expression of countenance which seemed to express the sincerity of his heart. He spoke fluently and was quite graceful in his gestures. I was much pleased with the ability of the speaker, and the respectful propriety with which the people, principally negroes, listened.

Why may not the blacks, enslaved and degraded as they be, yet rise and take a stand with the other races of men? The idea that they were

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designed by the Creator to serve the more powerful white man is one which we can hardly reconcile with His justice or mercy. The poor despised African will yet arise from the earth, disenthralled from the chains of his master.

June 29. My scholars behave very well. Now that I have conquered them, I must direct all my energies to excite their minds to study. They begin to think differently than they did when I began to teach. They find I am not a tyrant, but quite the contrary, and that they will meet with approbation and be encouraged.

July 25. I have become more acquainted with the young people in town and of course have visited more. My health is not quite as good as it was when I commenced my school. My head pains me more severely. Oh, what a curse it is! It is the ruin of all my earthly prospects. I wish I could get some active employment that did not require much mental labor. If I could, I think I could get along very comfortably.

Mexico, Sept. 3. My wishes with regard to an employment seem to have been at length fulfilled. I have given up teaching, and have commenced an occupation which I fondly hope will be more congenial to my health and feelings. My present circumstances are not very cheering, but I will do what I can to better them. I mean to cultivate habits of more close and active observation, and as I expect to travel for some time I presume I shall meet with some curious specimens of humanity, and many things worthy of observation and remembrance.

On the way from Mifflin to Lewiston, Oct. 6. The road lay through the Narrows, as it is termed. The mountains rise like mighty walls on either side. They are covered with trees, the growth of centuries, to their very tops. The clear, placid Juniata glides noiselessly and humbly at the base. On its calm mirrored surface were reflected a thousand various lines from the opposite mountain, for it is now the season of the "yellow leaf." On one side the mountains stretch along in an unbroken line for some miles, nearly as regular as if it had been formed by the hand of man. The Pennsylvania Canal winds along by the side of the road. As we rattled on in our coach we occasionally met with a boat, laden with produce or passengers, for this canal is the great

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thoroughfare between the East and the West. The sound of the boatmen's horns echoed musically from hill to hill and gladdened a scene which of itself looked wild and melancholy.

Oct. 12. This has been a day of rejoicing among the Democrats. As soon as the news was received that the members of their ticket had been elected, knots of men began to collect about the corners of the streets, in hotels and other places. Preparations began at once for celebration. As soon as it was dark, candles were stuck upon every post in the centre of the town and along the principal streets before Democratic houses. Many boys who might truly be termed "Rag, Tag, and Bobtail" were immediately collected. Soon after appeared two drums and a fife, around which all the boys gathered, and marched through the streets crying and screaming like so many wild savages. This was but the prelude to the ceremony. The band marched through the streets preceded by four men, each bearing a flag upon which was painted Victory in large letters. The great masses of the Party joined this procession. They stopped at the houses of the principal Democrats and gave them three cheers. After the circuit of the town was completed in this manner, as many as could, crowded into the bar-room of one of the hotels, and there they drank and screamed and shouted; they stamped and clapped their hands and danced and swore till all were hoarse and half were drunk. They then rushed into the street, where they now remain, swearing, roaring, and screaming like the untamed sons of the forest, or, not to disgrace them by such a comparison, like so many *devils*.

Such scenes as I have witnessed make me tremble for our country, for the only firm basis of a republic must be the virtue and integrity of its citizens. This almost compels me to believe that man is not capable of governing himself. The worst of this, however, is caused by the influence of ardent spirits. Who can see how much below the brutes it debases man and not be a friend to the cause of temperance—a tried friend—one who would use all his influence both by precept and example to dissuade others from its use.

In the following is the first mention of the character of his new occupation—dentistry.

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Oct. 18. I have tried to do a little work to-day, but I fear it is not well done, and I shall expect next week to see some of the individuals upon whom I operated return with just cause of complaint, for if my filling does stay in, it will be a wonder. This is nearly the first piece of work I have performed; I am so unskillful in the use of the instruments and have so little confidence in my own abilities that I made blundering work of it. I broke three instruments,—a file, a drill, and a plugger. I tried to fill two cavities in adjoining teeth, but the gold came out of the first one while I was filling the other. I was in so much of a hurry and bluster that I could not find an instrument, and instead of crowding the gold into the cavity I forced it between the teeth. I broke a piece of the tooth off and made so many blunders that I am almost discouraged, but I think I can do better next time. The fault at present does not lie so much in my will as in my ability. Perseverance will overcome all obstacles, and I hope I shall have sufficient to enable me to become a good practical dentist.

Oct. 23. Thus far my life has not verified Dr. Franklin's maxim, "Time is money." My time has never been money to me, at least to any great extent, and now it is quite the reverse. But I am in hopes that I shall soon be able to do something to recruit my purse, for it is lank enough at present. Why can I not make my present profession a stepping-stone to something else, or rather, why can I not support myself handsomely and pursue my studies at the same time? Surely it cannot be for want of leisure; nothing but disposition—unless it is health. I have lived for a long time without thinking, and fear the habit has become so confirmed that I cannot break myself of it. My mind is perpetually revolving in a circle. Some years ago I began to have some peculiarities of thought and have been content to tread, like a horse in a mill, in the same beaten track ever since.

Why should I suffer myself to sleep away my life in this manner? Merely to vegetate? Why not think and act? Surely, why not? I can observe as well as others, and why can I not express my thoughts? I have imagination, why cannot I body forth the hope of things unknown? The reason, perhaps, is simply this: I have indulged so long in idle dreams, in intellectual luxury and effeminacy, that I have not

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sufficient powers of will to break from my thralldom and pursue a steady and vigorous course of thought.

I am now at the bottom of the hill, and the only way for me to rise above the common level is to oppose force to force, to meet circumstances with an unyielding spirit. There are no favoring gales to waft me to fortune. The way is stern and rugged, but it is not impassable.

“Circumstance, that most unspiritual god,” does not sit upon the throne of supreme power. An indomitable will is able to compete with it. But is mine indomitable? “Aye, there’s the rub.”

Oct. 29. What a strange being I am! How inconsistent! How I long to rise in the world, yet how I dread the action necessary for it! It seems as if my mind were sore, and that it hurt me to think. Can this be the effect of slothfulness? It seems to me not. Perhaps I am wanting in that one great principle which forms the basis of all eminence, — fixedness of purpose. How much I have read about application! How often I have recommended it to my scholars, but how little have I practised it myself; to know and to do are two different things.

Perryville, Nov. 5, 1837. This is a small village in Kishioquilis Valley, and the people are good specimens of Pennsylvania yeomanry. The houses are mostly built of logs, and though the country has been settled for some time, it appears quite new. The inhabitants are a rude, uncultivated, sturdy race, capable of enduring hardship and of living on the coarsest fare. They are ignorant of almost everything but the means of acquiring wealth, but in this they seem to be adepts.

I am more and more pleased with my new profession. It affords fine opportunities for observation and improvement in the knowledge of the world. I see men, women, and children of all grades in their own characters; besides, I have sufficient time to read and study or for amusement.

Nov. 10, 1837. Last evening my landlady had what is called an “apple-butter boiling.” This is made an occasion for great merriment among the laboring classes in Pennsylvania.

The young of both sexes collect early in the evening with enough of the more aged to “stir the butter.” The latter usually occupy the kitchen, while the more gay and youthful assemble in another apart-

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ment to spend their time in dancing. I suppose we had an unusually rough set last evening, but none of the more respectable in this part of the country will attend these "breakdowns," as they are emphatically termed. There were very few of the female sex. The young bucks came in their usual everyday clothes, and all of them were as wild as untamed colts. One, white with meal, came from the flour mill; half a dozen with unwashed hands from the cornfield; another, with a hole in his coat, from the shop. Some were with elbows out of their sleeves, others with ragged pantaloons and "clouted shoon." All were mad with glee, swaggering about and kicking up their heels.

The young men took turns in playing upon the violin. After everything had been arranged as much to the satisfaction of all parties as was possible, when all were of a different opinion, they started off pell-mell. Such a shuffling and kicking, such a stamping and whirling as they made, I never witnessed before. Bill flouted his rags in Liz's face, Joe caught Jane around the neck, and round and round they went, sometimes up and sometimes half down. John hit Josh a clout on the ear, and Josh tried to trip up his heels in return. "Go ahead" was the watchword, and go ahead helter-skelter they went. The one who made his heels fly the fastest was the best fellow.

In this way they continued, with an occasional interruption, until nearly one o'clock in the morning, when the disorder became so great that they could not proceed.

Apples were handed around in a basket such as ladies use for sewing. All jumped for an apple as soon as the bearer of them, a fellow so drunk he could hardly go, entered the room. As great a scuffle ensued as when Discord threw the golden apple among the assembled goddesses at the nuptials of Thetis. Cakes and pies were placed on a table and every one helped himself.

It was considered rather a tough "break-down," but all passed off very pleasantly except for the few who drank rather more wine and gin than they could carry steadily. They all seemed to enjoy it fully. It certainly afforded me much amusement and a fine opportunity to observe the manners and customs of the people. There seemed to be no jealousies or rivalry, except to see who could enjoy himself the most.

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Every one had a devil-may-care air about him, and there was no fear of violating the rules of etiquette. It is well that it is so. If happiness depended upon refinement, as it is often miscalled, or politeness, as that word is defined by the more fashionable circles, how large a portion of the world would be miserable!

Jan. 7, 1838. The year of 1837 on the whole has passed away much more pleasantly than those immediately preceding it. My mind has not been so deeply involved in gloomy thought and my health has been better. Still I sometimes have unaccountable seasons of depression. At such times life presents but few charms. The future is dark as a thundercloud, and I only wish to live because I fear to die. But these fits are not of so long continuance as formerly, and this is very encouraging.

I have now made another temporary change in my business, but how I shall succeed the future alone can determine. I have begun to lecture on Chemistry. To the people in general I am a traveling popular lecturer, and this is my first attempt. I spoke last evening on the science in general, and succeeded much better than I expected, though the lecture was not a very splendid concern. It was written in two days, while suffering severe pain in my head. However, it passed off very well. I was very collected while delivering it, and made very few mistakes. It was rather a wild undertaking for one like me to begin a course of public lectures on a subject about which I know but little, especially since I am to conduct a series of experiments on substances with which I am almost entirely unacquainted.

I am now cut off from nearly all communication with those whom I have loved and esteemed, and by my erratic life I expect to continue so for some time to come.

Lewisburg, Feb. 11, 1838. Since writing the above I have delivered three courses of lectures, and have as yet made nothing by them, and I very much doubt whether I ever shall; I have not sufficient confidence in myself or assurance sufficient to obtain subscribers. Some weeks since I had the misfortune to burn my hand severely, and last evening I accidentally inhaled some chlorine gas, which nearly suffocated me, and I fear it has done my lungs permanent injury. Improvidence has

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been my besetting sin and the cause of all my misfortunes. I never expect to be worldly-wise, and surely in my moments of highest self-esteem I cannot consider myself wise in any other sense of the word. So of course I must be a fool or, to use a milder term, very unwise.

Elmira, New York. I have spent two weeks in this place, and have delivered four lectures only. I did not succeed in obtaining a class, though it was my own fault. But I cannot go around and ask men to subscribe. My nature shrinks from it. Every feeling within me revolts at the idea, so until I can change my nature I cannot make itinerant lecturing a profitable or pleasant employment. But I intend to continue it a little longer. I hope it will help in some degree to raise my courage and enable me to meet my fellow beings with more confidence.

Why can I not overcome my diffidence? Have I not strength of character sufficient to conquer these feelings, to break these bands which so fetter my actions, and which are of so much disadvantage to me in obtaining a livelihood? Is my nature so weak that I must fear and tremble at the sound of my own voice? Why can I not enter the busy scenes of active life and jostle among the crowd as others do? I will make one more effort to do it. I can succeed. I must succeed. I must rise above these feelings. I ought to be ashamed that I have indulged in them so long. It is a want of manliness. "T is weakness all."

Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., May 3, 1838. After many wanderings I am more at rest, though it is not decided yet. A good opportunity now offers itself to engage in teaching; the best I have ever had. What shall I do? I have taught and been miserable. I have taught and been comparatively happy, and I have traveled and been happy too. Some occupation I must have. It is necessary to my well-being; I have also a heart for home and rest. Burns said that it was his curse that he had lived without an aim or end, and I fear it is likely to be mine. I have seen something of the world,—not much it is true, but enough to judge something of the character of the people who inhabit it. It is pleasant to see new places, but change can afford no permanent satisfaction as long as I am in my present circumstances, in debt; and often out of money, or hard pressed for it. Will it not be for the

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lasting benefit of my pocket and character to settle down, be economical, and endeavor to become square with the world? My better judgment tells me that it will. I know I shall never advance as long as I am wandering from place to place like Cain. Now let my energies awake and I may yet rise above the common level of my fellow beings. I have much to do to conquer myself, to subdue wrong habits and acquire new ones; to reverse the train of my thoughts and give them a new direction. I shall have nothing to hinder me but my own evil nature.

Palmyra, May 27, 1838. I have now been engaged in the High School three weeks, and have nearly decided upon teaching as my profession. If I do so I wish to engage in the business with zeal and interest, and to become a teacher second to none. It is a lowly station, it is true, in the opinion of the world. It is attended with unceasing care and anxiety and its rewards are small. But there are compensations higher than wealth, of a more enduring nature. The world is all a false and deceitful show, as the experience of millions testifies. Let me not envy the rich or the great, but be content with my situation, and do all that I can to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity and enlighten the minds of the rising generation.

In the following is the first statement of a principle of influencing others, that of leading them in freedom to their own decisions for the right. Contrast it with his methods at Fishkill when the scholars were to learn by "fear" who was the master.

May 31. Yesterday I endeavored to take a new stand in school with regard to some practices of the scholars of which I do not approve. And I believe I began the right way; appealed to their judgment, and then made them act upon it for themselves.

Boys and girls ought to regard every regulation in school as instituted for their benefit. When a rule is proposed by the teacher he ought to explain his reasons for wishing it to become a law of the school. If it is possible he ought so to present it that the majority will adopt it in feeling, principle, and practice. They ought to feel that the law is made for them, and that compliance with it will conduce to

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their happiness and profit. It requires some tact on the teacher's part to create such a state of feeling, and some decision to continue it, and to see that the law is not broken with impunity. If he can do this, and in addition make his pupils feel that he is not a tyrant or a stern master, he will do well and have good government.

June 4. Yesterday I was forcibly struck with the appearance of an Indian who came creeping along, apparently trembling lest he should give offense to some of the lords of the soil. I could not but reflect what a change had come over these people within one century. Then they were a powerful race. They roamed free and unmolested through their native wilderness, Nature's simple children; their wants were few and simple. When their earthly course was run they laid their bones with those of their fathers in the full hope that their spirits would pass to the happy hunting grounds in which they would spend a vigorous and immortal youth in pursuing their favorite pleasures.

But the white man came and the red man has vanished from the forests. We profess to be an enlightened and philanthropic people, but we have never ceased to persecute the Indian since we landed on this continent. The native has been driven before us until he is nearly extinct as a race. It may be, however, that we are only the instruments of vengeance upon him in the hands of God. There seems to be abundant evidence of the former existence of a people far more enlightened than the aborigines. They may have been exterminated by the Indian and now it is his turn to feel the might of a conquering arm.

After a visit to a young lady he makes the following unflattering comment upon his own conversational powers. Here, too, is the first mention of Coleridge, a writer whom he greatly admired. In after years he considered the influence of Coleridge as one of the stepping-stones to his interest in the New Church.

August 18. My talk cannot be called "small talk," much of it, but perhaps it is worse. It contains some truth and much error,—error of manner and error of expression. I have not sufficient command of language to converse well on any subject. My ideas are too scattering. Many of them are half formed, and but few complete. I would like

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the power of conversing freely and intelligently, of possessing some of the graces and charms of manner and the resources of matter which Coleridge and some others possessed.

Here follow some comments upon a clergyman. It is only one of many criticisms that are frequently given in the diary. Doubtless by this close attention and observant comment on the matter, manner, and delivery of the sermons he heard, my father was unconsciously training himself for his future profession.

He has a good heart, but in my opinion is rather narrow in his views and disposed to think it is the minister's whole duty to preach repentance and forgiveness. His mind has never been thoroughly disciplined, as is abundantly evident from his repetitions, disconnected asthmatic sentences, as Coleridge would call them; from his want of order and the great length of his discourses. How strange that any one who pretends to teach should not know that the most abiding and powerful influence is not produced on the mind by constant and wearisome repetitions! If spiritual teachers were more mindful of their matter and manner than the quantity of their discourses there would not be so many listless hearers, and I doubt not the word preached would be "the power of God unto salvation" to quite as many as it now is.

Dec. 16, 1838. I have concluded to spend this afternoon in my room, thinking that I might derive more benefit from reading and meditation than I could from the minister. I need reflection more than instruction. I need introspection; patient, unflinching contemplation of my own powers, of my nature, both moral and intellectual. I need to understand my capabilities better than I do. For years I have been driven from society and restrained from making effort by an unmanly shrinking from the world; by sensitive fears lest I should not speak and act in such a manner that no one could find fault with what I did or said. Why should this be? I am a man as well as the other beings who compose the inhabitants of the earth. I am endowed with the same capacities in kind if not in degree with other men. Why then should I not exercise them with decision and energy, relying upon my own judgment and conscience for approbation, rather than looking with a

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supplicating aspect to my fellows to be kind and considerate in their estimates of me? Why may I not act independently, since God has bestowed upon me rational faculties, judgment, and powers of mind of at least ordinary capacity? There is no reason, no good one, and I will endeavor henceforth to examine myself and gain a better knowledge of my relative position in the intellectual world, and to think and act more independently and to speak my sentiments more unreservedly. I can do it. *I will.*

In the following is expressed the germ of an idea which afterwards became a fixed method in the explanation of New Church doctrines. "Fundamental principles!" How often they are mentioned in the unfolding of New Church truth!

Dec. 22. I have a half-formed plan in my mind for classifying my knowledge by beginning with fundamental principles, then ramifying like the branches of a tree with different classes and species. If one would begin when young and form some general outlines, set up some waymarks to guide his investigations, if he would fix some general principles and refer all his ideas to those principles, comparing them with the standard which has been erected in the mind, what stores of knowledge might he not accumulate and of what vast service this method would be to him! What order and regularity would there be to all his thoughts! Even if his means of obtaining knowledge were limited he would have perfect command of what he did possess, and could communicate it to others with clearness and ease.

Dec. 23. If the discoveries of new truths produce so much pleasure while we stand upon the shore and are examining only the pebbles, what must be the measure of that joy which is in reserve for the human mind when, freed from the obstructions of humanity, invigorated with new energies and sharpened with new acumen, we are left free to search into the boundless ocean of mystery which lies beyond and before us. Shall we go on, forever on, accumulating new ideas, enlarging the capacities of our own minds, or rather of our beings, receiving new joys from every acquisition and stimulated to new acquirements by new pleasures?

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Thus shall we soar on eternally with no abatement to our energies! Oh, glorious hope! Thought almost blasphemy! I, like God, shall ever be!

The above is the first expression of a favorite thought frequently heard in after life, but applied then more to the whole development of character than to merely intellectual growth.

“If this world is so beautiful, what must the spiritual world be!”

“The child born to-day may develop far beyond the present capacity of the highest angel!” etc.

Dec. 27. I think I am deriving much benefit from reading Coleridge's *Friend* and “Aids to Reflection.” Every word seems to come home to my heart and my being seems to expand under its influence. What an intellect did that man possess! Who shall say that he did not live a thousandfold longer than multitudes of common men?

On December 30 there follows another period of self-analysis and reproach:

Have I made the best improvement in my power of the means and opportunities granted me for progress and exerted all the means in my power to enhance the happiness and well-being of my fellows? My heart, my conscience, thunders No! I have done little or nothing for others. I have made little or no progress either in the intellectual or the spiritual life. Some of the year I have passed in wandering from place to place as an itinerant lecturer. My conversation has mostly been of a trifling nature, my reading until within a few weeks has been light and desultory. I have investigated no subject of nature or art to any extent. Life has appeared like a dreary waste, and I have wandered on like a lost traveler without aim or destination. I have learned some important things. I am better fitted to maintain the conflict with the world. I have a better knowledge of human nature and a more intimate acquaintance with my own heart. Especially during the last few weeks have I had new thoughts in relation to myself and new sources of pleasure in contemplating the nature of my exist-

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ence, the attributes of my being, and my destination. As far as mental discipline is concerned I don't know that I have made any progress. Despondency still broods with leaden wings over my spirit, paralyzing my energies and casting a shade of darkness over my joys.

Jan. 1, 1839. I trifle as much as others, I presume, but not in the same way, and it affords me no pleasure to prattle away an hour about nothing. Last evening I attended a party at ——. Both old and young were present and it was a gay time for many, but I was an exception. My head pained me severely, and after wearing out the evening I returned home early, having derived no advantage from it except additional evidence that I never was formed for promiscuous society.

This evening I have been writing an article for the paper on "Education." It is the first time I have ever written for the public, and it is not without hesitation that I have done it. But something must be done to awaken the people to the subject, and I am willing to do what I can to accomplish so desirable an object.

On January 3, 1839, after commenting very favorably upon a preacher he adds:

I wish I had his command of language. He certainly has a very choice selection of words at his command and he knows when and how to use them. That is something, I suppose, to which I shall never attain. My command of language is very limited.

Jan. 4. January has not opened very favorably. I have had more than usually severe pains in my head, many of my pupils are ill, and the remainder are so full of all manner of iniquity that I can restrain them with difficulty. Every day I see more and more the necessity of controlling myself or, in the words of Jactobat, of "emancipating myself."

Now follows the first mention of my mother.

I have spent a part of the evening with Miss L——y, a worthy and interesting young lady of sound mind and good sense. How much more gratifying and pleasant it is to talk with one of such a mind and heart than to be in a gay party where sense is proscribed and serious-

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ness and truth are strangers. It is one of the properties of virtue and intelligence to throw a charm over all the intercourse of life. Beauties are discovered upon which the mind delights to dwell. An attractive loveliness is thrown over every word and action. Even the motions of the body appear more graceful and new beauties beam from the countenance. Let others admire the graceful motions of the mazy dance, the beauty of form and feature, the brilliant repartee, the interesting prattle of nothings. But give to me a heart beaming from the eye—"a soul warming the inner frame."

This mention of my mother is the only one in the diary until later, when he speaks of his engagement to her.

As she was undoubtedly much in his thoughts at this time, it seems a fitting place to introduce her and her relatives to the reader. My Aunt Rowena, Mrs. Isaac Knapp, an older sister of my mother, who for some time assisted Father in his school in Ohio, has at my request written the following:

I first remember your mother as a perfectly healthy, good-tempered, lovely, loving child after the roly-poly order, and of course a great favorite with her brothers and sisters. I do not remember her as particularly quick-witted or brilliant in any way, but she developed harmoniously in both body and mind. Singularly so, I think. When old enough to study "Watts on the Mind," that was her favorite branch of study. Her compositions, as they were called, were above mediocrity and quite original for a schoolgirl. Her scholarship, amiability, and self-respect insured her a good standing with her teachers and popularity among her schoolmates. She first became acquainted with your father as her teacher. He, as a native of the same part of Massachusetts as our parents, naturally sought the acquaintance of our family. After he had established himself in Hamilton, Ohio, he returned to Palmyra, married your mother, then but nineteen years old, and took her to his new home.

All of the sisters (there were four) were taught to knit and to sew at a very early age. An irreverent niece insisted that her mother was taught to "knit between creeps." Their father, Abner Forbes Lakey, was a farmer in Wayne County, a man of sterling, upright character,

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and of rather undemonstrative nature. The education of the family was such as was given in the "select schools" of the day. For a time my mother went to a boarding school in Rochester. But the better part of her education, and indeed that of all the sisters, was given through the influence of their uncle, Dr. James Lakey, a remarkable man of whom we shall speak later.

Caroline Lakey in one of her letters to this uncle gives a pleasant picture of the home life and their habits of reading:

The works which you advised me to read I have never yet seen. Have been reading lately Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," and admire it exceedingly. He has such a happy faculty of giving interest to incidents trivial in themselves, by his inimitable way of presenting them to his readers. His "Sketch Book" was familiar to me when I was quite a child. I well remember listening to it a long time ago when we were all at home together. It was then our habit to sit around our ample fireplace in winter evenings with our knitting work, or plying the swift "little needles."

Rowena read aloud to us one evening "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and I can never forget the renowned Ichabod Crane, his adventures with the spectre, or the comments thereon by my sisters, so long as memory exists.

They not only read but reflected upon the books they perused. The sisters were intellectual women, affectionate, of sterling character and fine presence. Caroline Lakey was perhaps the most talented. She had a decided taste for drawing and music, and possessed literary ability as well. After the death of a friend, she drew from memory a likeness which was so much better than any existing portrait that it was a great comfort to the surviving relatives.

For a time she taught school. It seemed to her that she could obtain a better position if she knew how to play the piano. She did learn, notwithstanding her father's disapproval, which he thus amusingly expresses in a letter to his brother James:

I had a letter from Caroline a short time since. She is anxious to have a piano. Were I as rich as I am poor I should feel no disposition to encourage such folly. I was always friendly to musick. You know I used to make cornstalk fiddles and have bought many a jewsharp

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of A. Wood (he used to make the newest kind), but somehow I always detested a piano. I have not answered her letter yet.

My grandmother, Lucy Pomeroy, died at the age of thirty-six. She was beloved, honored, and respected by all who knew her, and her death was an irreparable loss to the family.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was quite young, but she took charge of the housekeeping and brought up the family until her father married again, ten years later.

Ira Lakey was the eldest of the family. He was a very interesting character, and it would be pleasant to go more into details concerning him and give some of his experiences as captain of a whaling vessel.

The second son, Franklin Lakey, was a large operator in grain and became engaged in many business enterprises of magnitude. He was a truly honorable man in all the relations of life and was known as the farmer's friend.

The forbears of my grandfather, Abner Forbes Lakey, were Scotch-Irish. Matthew Lakey was the emigrant ancestor who came to this country in the ship *Eagle* in 1636. His father was wounded in the siege of Londonderry. He was a Protestant, and it is not known whether he was born in Scotland or in Ireland.

Matthew Lakey settled in Upton, Massachusetts, and "reared a family of sons and daughters." James Lakey is the one who particularly interests us. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and as he and his wife made it their home with my grandfather in their old age, his tales of the war were one of the pleasures of my mother's childhood.

My aunt writes:

His sons, Abner Forbes, James, and Thomas, were very much attached to each other, more so than is usually the case with brothers. I wish I had a picture of the trio together that would do them justice. Such fine intellectual heads surmounting athletic bodies; such peculiarly beautiful dark violet eyes often mistaken for black, which when provocation occurred would scintillate sparks of indignation quite petrifying to the transgressor. Love was not unmixed with fear in my feelings for my father. He had the Puritan coldness of manner that kept his children at arm's length. I do not remember kissing him but once in my life, and then he looked astonished. This occurred after a two years' absence from home.

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James was different. Being a bachelor, he adopted the children of his brother into his heart. He always greeted us with a kiss and kind word, took great interest in the formation of our characters and minds, and gave us presents of books suited to our needs and years. His advent was hailed with delight and as an important event with his brothers and their children.

In the War of 1812 he was a surgeon on an American privateer. This was captured by an English vessel, and he was in Dartmoor prison for a while. After the war closed he practised medicine in Canandagua for a time, and eventually settled in Cincinnati, in which place he died in June, 1856.

He had the most remarkable and retentive memory I ever saw. He considered the Bible the Book of books, and the Christian religion the great mental and moral lever of the world. He could repeat chapter after chapter that he had learned when a child at his mother's knee, and poetry that he had read and admired when young, like Scott, Byron, Pope, Cowper, and any of the English classics. He could repeat page after page without an error. He was very fond of both ancient and modern history, and always associated events and dates with unerring exactitude. He was sometimes called by his friends "Dr. Day and Date."

He was the central figure in the family group. Nature used her finest clay in modeling him, and yet many without half his intelligence have achieved more recognition.

The interest in his nieces, of which my aunt speaks, was very manifest in his letters to my mother after her marriage. He was really a friend in need to the young couple. His medical skill was at their service in times of illness, and he was always ready with his counsel and advice in a great variety of matters, from the bringing up of the children to the consideration of any proposed change in the family plans. He without doubt saved the lives of both my mother and my father at different periods, as well as the lives of the children. He was an influential factor in their early married life, and in later portions of this biography I have given a number of his letters at length.

In the Pomeroy's, my mother's maternal ancestry, the Puritan strain is clearly defined. The very names of the emigrant ancestors (two

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brothers, Eltweed and Eldad) have a Puritan twang. They came to this country in 1636 and settled in Dorchester. Eltweed is the one from whom our mother is descended.

His son Medad removed to Northampton in 1663. He was selectman, town clerk, registrar of deeds, and representative several times to the colonial legislature, besides being deacon for forty-one years. He outlived all the original settlers. Of his descendants there are at least eight born in the homestead who had military honors.

His son Ebenezer was the first man in Massachusetts to be considered a professional lawyer.

Ebenezer's great-grandson Enos was the father of Lucy Pomeroy, my grandmother. Her maternal grandmother was one of the famous Edwards family of Northampton.

The Pomeroy's were all men of affairs both in peace and war in the early days of the country.

General Pomeroy was one of the original committee of safety appointed in the beginning of the Revolution. He was not only a soldier and manufacturer of guns, but rendered important service to the state and the country by laying out and constructing the great highway from the Connecticut River into Berkshire County, thus facilitating the progress of the colonial troops in the French and Indian War.

We will return now to the diary, which is written from Rochester, September 22, 1839. Through the recommendation of a college acquaintance Mr. Giles obtained a position in the Collegiate Institute of Rochester. He writes:

More than two months have elapsed since I last wrote, and many things have occurred worthy of note if I had possessed energy enough to record them. My first term has closed and I have traveled some during the vacation.

I have acquired some new ideas since I last wrote, by which I mean I have made some new discoveries in my moral nature, the condition of man and the relation he sustains to others and to another world. I seem to have acquired some new light,—a light which shines into the dark abyss of our nature and reveals dimly some of the things which lie concealed there. I have been reading Carlyle's "Miscellanies," and am much indebted to him, for I feel it has been of great service to me. Have been quite unwell for some time. My head much worse.

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The present term has commenced very favorably. Oh, if I can have strength to perform my duties aright, — wisdom and patience and perseverance!

With a growing sympathy for his pupils he writes on October 8 as follows:

It is universally acknowledged that children love knowledge. Why then are they so dull and stupid in school? Are they not fed with stones instead of bread? When the young heart cries for knowledge we deal out words to it. It feels that its search is fruitless and soon gives up the attempt unless compelled by the rod or fear of punishment. I mean to make an effort to enlist the feelings of my scholars in the arrangement of the school and the manner of reciting their lessons and everything which pertains to them.

Oct. 23. I have been reading Shelley's poetry. How beautiful! How wild! How graceful! What a chaste imagination! How brilliant! And, after all, I cannot believe that he was so bad a man. If he had lived he might, and probably would, have thought differently. His errors were those of the head more than of the heart. How strange that one of his thought and discernment should think that there was anything in the human heart naturally lovely and good; above all, that the principle of love was so strongly implanted there, that it would ever reign paramount and guide and regulate all the other passions and affections. He has described in the "Prometheus" almost exactly what would be the state of things if the principles of the Bible reigned in every heart.

Nov. 20, 1839. For the last month I have been doing just nothing at all except make a few resolutions which have been as soon broken. I have read Foster's Essay on "Decision of Character" and perhaps have derived some benefit from it, though I receive so many impulses from so many different sources which drive me in so many different ways that I move forward not at all. I am like a body at the centre of the earth, attracted every way alike, and the consequence is that I have come to a perfect standstill, or if I move at all it is with a vacillating motion, and I soon rest in the same state from which I started. My

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reading is a specimen, or rather a result of my character. I read a little of everything and not much of anything that is solid and useful. Though novels I have done with—I cannot bear them. I read reviews, periodicals, and odd pieces and scraps of everything. I have quite a passion for looking over papers, and the thought has occurred to me often that I should be quite at home in the editorial chair, but I presume a week's trial of it would convince me to the contrary. I believe I do not read for information, but for the purpose of passing away the time. I labor hard and accomplish as much as most teachers perhaps, but still I am out of my element. I seem to be doing nothing for myself or others. The doctor says I must not read or think much. He need not caution against the latter, and the former is only another name for idleness. I have begun "Locke on the Understanding," but I presume I shall not read more than three chapters in it before I jump to something else. So I have passed my life, and so I suppose I shall till death closes the scene.

Dec. 15. I know not why it is, but my duties in school seem only as an accident, as something which ought not to form the main business of life. They are arduous too, and often require all my mental and physical strength. Still they hardly serve to form a fraction of what I am to do and what I ought to do. I am not satisfied with myself, no, no, not at all, and shall I ever be? Is any human being? None who have a right view of life. No, our work never can be accomplished, fully, perfectly; but in working itself we accomplish somewhat, if no more than to keep our faculties from stagnation. Let me work, let me toil on till life is ended, but let me do it heartily, cheerfully; let me strive to make progress by all means, by joy and sorrow, by pain, by suffering, by disappointment if need be; let me advance at any rate!

Jan. 12, 1840. I have been to the house of God, and have professedly worshipped with His people. But have I? Whom have I worshipped and What? Where have been my thoughts? Has my heart joined in the solemn ascription of praise, of honor, and glory to the Great Supreme? O death! The palsy of death has come over me. I have only a kind of galvanized moral life. If I ever show any signs of it it is only when under the influence of some powerful

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excitement, an occasional meteor flash, and then all is darkness. This cannot be that light which shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Palmyra, May 16, 1840. Another change in my location. Once more I am among the Palmyrans and expect Monday to commence school again. I believe I have never stayed in one place longer than a year at a time since I came from college. But I must give the reasons for this change. I went to Rochester because I wanted greater wages, and for some other reasons which do not operate now. With my increase of wages I found a vast increase of labor and a great diminution of pleasure. It is true I had many advantages which I did not and shall not have here: the privileges of a good library, a reading room, fine music at church, good preaching, and some other things. But I can have nearly all these pleasures here, and some which the dry and dusty city cannot afford,—the fresh air, the fragrance of flowers and the green things which cover the earth, the song of birds, the prospect of green fields. But these were not the first or most important considerations. After the close of my school in Rochester I came here to settle some unfinished business, expecting to go West as soon as I could on a visit to my sister. A few men, anxious to have a select school, made me an offer so liberal that I concluded to accept it. The school is to be small, and I think I shall enjoy it much. If my health is good I mean to study some. I intend to do something and, what is more, to be somebody. My sister is married and now I am more and more alone. It seems as though a dark shadow had intervened between us, cutting me off from the sunlight of her love. It seems as though I must now look elsewhere for love and sympathy. But I know it is not so. I know the same love beats warm in her heart for me that always has. She was married to a Mr. Powers of Decatur, Illinois, the first of May. God grant that she may be happy.

May 18. I went to church three times to hear Mr. S—— and another Reverend from Ohio. Mr. S—— is dry and hard in his manner, exploding his words when they come out as though they were wadding from a popgun. He is one of the scolding preachers, rebuking the

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sinner rather than sin. He seems to manifest but little brotherly feeling for man. Such is not the way to win souls. Fear may drive some from sin, but I doubt very much whether it leads many to Christ.

Hamilton, Ohio, Nov. 30, 1840. Something of a change in time and space since I last wrote. My school in Palmyra did not answer my expectations nor those of my employers, and the consequence was I left it. Many circumstances combined to make it unpleasant for me and unprofitable for others. The children had been spoiled by mismanagement at home. They ruled their parents, and they thought it strange that they could not rule me. My health was also bad. Some of the time I could hardly hold up my head, and of course I could not do justice to them. Consequently, though I was engaged for a year, it was thought best to give up the school, which I did with much cheerfulness. Now I am here, soon to begin teaching again, under what auspices I do not know. It is something of an experiment, but I am not entirely dependent upon chance. My head is somewhat better, I think, and I hope I shall be able to keep a first-rate school. I intend to do my best at all events, and if I fail I think this will be the last trial. I will turn my attention to some other business, so that I may prove whether the fault lies altogether in me.

He thus speaks of his engagement to Eunice Lakey of Palmyra:

Since I last wrote a very important crisis in my life has passed: I now contemplate forming one of the most intimate relations in life with one whom I have long loved and esteemed. For some time it was a matter of much doubt how my fate would be decided, but I believe that it is now set at rest, and in good time I expect to know from happy experience the joys of wedded life.

I left Palmyra the 27th of October and had a delightful journey to Cincinnati, where I spent some time with Dr. Lakey, a gentleman whose acquaintance with history is more extensive than that of any one I ever knew. One thing I learned from him, how to remember dates, and especially ages. He seems to know the date of almost all important occurrences since the world began, and I think he has been able to remember them by comparing them with each other and asso-

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ciating them with other things. I have tried the same plan to some extent and I find it succeeds admirably. I mean to try more.

Hamilton, Dec. 9. Monday the 7th my school opened with fourteen scholars. The young ladies have been educated as most are, in our schools at present, very superficially. They have studied arithmetic for years, and yet there was not one of them who could tell why we carry for ten rather than any other number. They have been through chemistry, but they do not know much about it. Superficial instruction is the sin, the besetting sin of all our schools. Knowledge must be acquired by a kind of high pressure. We must go at railroad speed in education as well as in everything else. Young misses whose minds have no maturity and but little strength, must be hurried through the whole catalogue of the sciences and accomplishments, and when they arrive at the end they are no wiser than they were when they began. They have learned a few names which convey no new ideas to their minds. I believe too the plan of study is erroneous. The lessons are generally too long and, consequently, not well learned. They get some faint conception of what they are studying, but no clear and distinct ideas. They overrun but do not make conquests. I am determined that I will try to make some thorough scholars in this school if I can. I expect there will be much grumbling and many wry faces, but I cannot help it. I think I shall not have much difficulty in maintaining good order, and many of the pupils seem to be very studiously inclined. The only fears I have are about my health. My head pains me very much, and I am afraid I shall yet be compelled to give up my profession.

Jan. 1, 1841. During the past year I have changed my residence twice, have traveled, and seen some new conditions of human nature. From Rochester, where I spent the first of January, 1840, I went to Palmyra, taught a small, unpleasant school, and left the 27th of October for the West or South.

After various wanderings I have come to Hamilton, Ohio, and have charge of the Hamilton and Rossville Female Academy. The school is not over good. I have entered into one of the most interesting engagements of my life since the year began, with one who is in every

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way adapted to make me happy. I know not how soon our union will be consummated, but if nothing unusual occurs, probably before the close of the year. I do not know whether I have made any further conquests over myself, but I trust I am somewhat further advanced, and I humbly hope if my life is spared that I shall be still farther on in the growth and exaltation of my nature. In all probability it will be an eventful year to me; its close may find me sustaining new relations to others and to the world. That these may advance my own well-being as well as that of others is my sincere desire.

The winter in this place has been thus far delightful.

Jan. 3, 1841. Yesterday I changed my boarding place. I have now a room by myself and can indulge in solitude to my heart's content.

Since the commencement of the new year the cold has been intense for this climate, and it is difficult to keep my room warm enough to be comfortable, even when wearing an overcoat. This morning I rose before seven, went to the Academy, made my fire, swept my room, and sawed some wood before breakfast. I have had a pleasant day in school. Many of the scholars study well. They seem to have very little self-command, however. It seems almost impossible for them to stop communications. I have introduced a plan which I intend to try more for its possible effect than for anything else. I require them all at the close of the day to give an account of the number of times they have violated the rule against communications. They don't seem to care much as yet, but I think it will exert a good influence in the end, if I am steady and kind in keeping the account. I think it will tend in some measure to do away with the irritations which are caused by reproof from the teacher, and by the actions which call it forth. I think I may be too sanguine, too impatient perhaps. I do not wait enough for the slow motions of those who are going over the ground for the first time. If I am wrong here I must correct myself. I have thought I would pay some attention to geometry during my leisure; I think my mind needs the discipline of such a study. I am also re-reading Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." I have derived much advantage from it heretofore, and I think I shall now. How much I have

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to do to make myself anything like what I ought to be! I must strive against a host of passions, prejudices, habits, feelings. I must unlearn and relearn. How little do I know! Diligence, faithfulness, and perseverance will accomplish much.

Jan. 31. Evening. I have not been to church to-day. I hardly know whether it is a duty or not. It certainly is not a pleasure, for I have heard the same tune sung so long that it has ceased to be music. The great truths of religion are of so much importance that they ought always to interest me. But it seems to me that a majority of our ministers have but a twilight view of what truth is. They talk of heaven, hell, of life, death, and eternity, but they do not seem to know what those words mean. I hear nothing which bears the impress of much thought. Not that I desire novelties, but that consideration which presents old truths in new aspects.

Is not the present mode of communicating truth calculated to make men feel that they have nothing to do but to be acted upon by it while the speaker's voice is sounding in their ears?

When men talk as if they had something to say, something within which must have utterance, they will have attentive hearers, and what they say will have effect.

There are but few persons who will think more than they are compelled.

Feb. 5. My school this week has been very pleasant and, I believe, profitable for the young ladies. Many of them are studying very hard. They are just beginning to learn. If I can keep them three months longer I think I can show the good people that I have taught them something. I never have enjoyed a school so well.

On February 7, in a different vein of morbid introspection he writes:

Want of decision has perhaps been my greatest enemy, has done more to retard my progress in knowledge and misdirect my powers and energies than anything else. I owe much of my weakness to a morbid sensitiveness and self-consciousness and a fastidious love of excellence. I do not wish to do anything unless it is done the best, better than it

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has been, or can be, and consequently I have not achieved much, and the little I have performed has not been very excellent.

Feb. 14. I have been reading Carlyle's "Signs of the Times" and some numbers of the *Friend*. Both contain food for long and patient thought. How could they call Carlyle a mystic? I have never read a writer who expressed himself so plainly and clearly as he does, or one who has so great a command of language, or uses it with so much accuracy. It is true the subjects he writes upon are not commonplace, and he deals with principles more than facts. Indeed, facts are of no value any farther than they enable us to judge of the principle which originated them.

March 10, 1841. Since writing the above I have met with one of the most severe disappointments which can happen to a man of sentiment. She in whom I trusted and to whom I hoped to be united soon has doubted my affection and has asked to have our vows dissolved. I hope the breach may yet be healed, but I fear not; indeed, I have little or no hope that it will. I must suffer, but I can bear it without repining; I am now determined to do more than ever for the improvement of my mind and body, and if the pleasures of domestic life are denied me the world is not shut from my view; I intend to devote much of my time this summer to the study of the natural sciences and the cultivation of the soil. I have not exercised enough for some years past. I must do better.

April 5, 1841. Nearly a month has passed since I have had the courage to record my feelings. I have been sad, disheartened, miserable. I have endeavored to throw off my gloomy feelings as much as possible, but I cannot entirely escape from them. But I must meet life as it is, and if it presents only a stern aspect I must clothe my heart as with triple steel and meet it as I best can.

The misunderstanding with Miss Lakey had evidently been cleared away, for on August 9, 1841, we find him on his way to Palmyra to be married.

On board steamer Robert Fulton, Lake Erie. Left Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio, for New York. Spent the 4th and 5th in Cincinnati at

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Dr. Mosher's. Had some pleasant chats with Dr. Lakey about all sorts of things.

Left Cincinnati at half past eight o'clock for Cleveland. The stage was full, and I was obliged to ride on the outside. It was a pleasant day, however, and I did not regret it. Took dinner in Lebanon and tea in Dayton, a fine town of about six thousand inhabitants, with a good water power, streets broad, situation level, and many beautiful residences. Started from Dayton with appeased appetites, a good team, and a go-ahead driver. Arrived in Springfield at midnight: a much larger place than I expected to find. Reached Columbus at half past seven A.M. This place is the capital. Contains about six thousand inhabitants, many fine buildings, a penitentiary, a lunatic asylum, and preparations are making for building a new State House. Left Columbus at half past nine, found the roads dusty. Was almost suffocated at times, but got along very comfortably at the rate of five miles an hour. Arrived in Cleveland on the night of the eighth; had a good night's rest, and the next day at twelve o'clock left on board the *Robert Fulton* for Buffalo. The boat is slow.

Palmyra, Sept. 1, 1841. I was sick and did not enjoy the sail very much. The lake was smooth and but few were troubled with sickness. Arrived in Buffalo at eight A.M. on the tenth, and took a packet boat immediately for Palmyra, which I reached on the 11th of August, at twelve noon.

Since my arrival here I have spent my time in visiting, have been unwell most of the time, but have enjoyed the society of my friends very much, and I now rejoice in the anticipation of being united to one who will be more than a friend to me. The idea of home has haunted me from my boyhood, and it now seems about to be realized. But I cannot write upon this subject now.

Hamilton, Sept. 16, 1841. Since my last date an important change has taken place in my situation. My fate has been united to another. This occurred on Wednesday morning, September 8th, at nine o'clock. Immediately after our marriage we set out for this place. The first day we went only to Rochester. Were accompanied a short distance by a number of friends. We spent the night in Rochester, and pro-

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ceeded the next day to Buffalo by packet. The day was warm, we were both unwell, and the time hung rather heavily on our hands. Arrived in Buffalo the next morning at eight o'clock. Breakfasted and went to the Falls by railroad. We spent some hours in viewing the scenery, and returned to Buffalo in time to take the evening boat for Cleveland. When we left, the lake was quiet and we thought we should have a pleasant trip, but before long it became very rough; I was somewhat sick, but Eunice was much more so. We arrived safely at Cleveland the next evening about five o'clock. We remained there until Monday, when we left for this place. We were so fortunate as to have pleasant weather all this time, with good roads and good company. It was a long and fatiguing ride, however, and I was glad when we found ourselves safely in our rooms here.

Hamilton, Sept. 21, 1841. We have removed our quarters from the hotel, and are now making preparations for a home for the winter.

What a change has taken place in my whole life within a few short weeks! From the loneliness and desolation which has been my lot for many years, I have now a companion, the chosen one of my heart, to sit with me, to cheer me in sadness, to comfort, to sustain and guide. When I return from school I have a glad smile and a cheerful heart to greet me. I am no longer compelled to resort to my books to drive away unpleasant thoughts. And yet I can hardly realize the change. Have I a companion for life? Is she to go with me through good and evil, through joy and sorrow, through prosperity and adversity? Each day I feel more and more how richly I am blessed, but it will be a long time before I can fully comprehend the length and breadth of my happiness. May I have wisdom to fulfill all my duties aright; to be careful of her feelings and to guard her interests and welfare as my own, as dearer than my own. We arrived here the 16th of September and remained at the hotel until the 20th, when we commenced boarding at Mr. Garrison's. I shall begin school to-morrow. I do not expect a great number. The people care but little for education. It is too expensive, — the terms are too high. But I hope to be able to make a living and have some time for mental improvement.

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It was at Mr. Garrison's that Mr. Giles first became acquainted with Swedenborg. A copy of "Conjugal Love" was lying on the table. He picked it up and opened to the Memorable Relation on the "Joys of Heaven." After reading it he said, "Well, if the crazy man has written nothing worse than that he is not so crazy after all."

Oct. 6. Every one has two histories: the history of his outward life, of his acts, — the tangible, the visible, — and the far more important history of his inner life, of his heart, his hopes, his fears, his daily acquisitions in knowledge, his progress in virtue. This part of my life has assumed a new aspect. Over it has been thrown a cheerful radiance which, if it does not exhibit itself in outward acts and appearances, shines with a healing light and an enlivening warmth over my heart.

The records of deep affection can never be written. Something may be told. As in statuary, the form may be given, but the life, the animating soul, is and ever must be wanting.

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT HAMILTON

IN his "Boy's Town" W. D. Howells speaks of the Hamilton of this period as a "very simple little town of some three thousand people, living for the most part in small one-story modern houses, with here and there a brick house of two stories, and here and there a log cabin. . . . It stretched eastward from the river to the Canal Basin, with the market house, the county buildings and the stores and hotels on one street, and a few other stores and taverns scattering off on streets that branched from it to the southward. . . . All around the Boy's Town stood the forest, with the trees that must have been well grown when Mad Anthony Wayne drove the Indians from their shadow forever. . . .

"The white people had hewn space for their streets and houses, for their fields and farmsteads out of the woods, but where the roads had been left they were of immemorial age. They were not very dense and the timber was not very heavy. . . . There was little or no undergrowth except here and there a pawpaw thicket, and there were sometimes grassy spaces between them in which the may-apples pitched their pretty tents in the spring. . . . The forest at some points was nearer and at some farther, but nearer or farther, the forest encompassed the town."

Hamilton is situated on the Miami River. It is also on a canal which connects the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Ohio River, some twenty miles south of the town. The canal basin is in the very heart of the town itself. There is a "Hydraulic" which pumps the waters from the old river into two reservoirs in the town and provides for manufacturing purposes. The miasmas from the old river bed produced much illness, and fever and ague and remittent fever were so common that they were taken more or less as a matter of course.

The houses were heated by means of open fires, and wood was the fuel used. Water was furnished by wells and cisterns, and usually there was a large hogshhead at every door, placed there to catch the rain water for laundry purposes. Homemade tallow candles and lamps in which lard oil was burned gave light at night for reading and sewing. Although there was some severely cold weather in winter, spring came

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early, and the summer's intense heat began in June and lasted through September.

The town was connected with the outer world by means of the canal boats, which arrived daily, and the stage-coach, which traveled over a corduroy road from Cleveland to Cincinnati, taking Hamilton en route.

The people of the community were either from Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania, or New Jersey. There were very few from New England.

Here in the autumn of 1841 Mr. Giles brought his young bride, a girl of nineteen. At first the young couple boarded at the hotel, and then in a private family, that of a Mr. Garrison.

Mr. Giles was established as principal of the Hamilton and Rossville Academy, and in a letter to Mrs. Giles's uncle, Dr. James Lakey of Cincinnati, writes thus of his prospects:

HAMILTON, Dec. 6, 1841.

I have a very pleasant, orderly school of sixteen scholars, and so far as I can judge from appearances the scholars are well pleased with my method of teaching, and I presume the parents will be when they know anything about it. Some of the young ladies who thought they were old enough to do as they pleased pouted a little at my discipline, but when they found that none of these things moved me they became quiet and now seem well pleased. They have not been well instructed, and if I can get pupils enough to have one examination I think I can show the good people that it is for their interest to send to me. There are several causes that operate against the school and will continue to operate for some time. Many of the parents had sent their children away to other schools, and now they do not wish to take them out until the close of the session. Others don't know there is a school here yet. They have just started a new public school, and because the building is new many think they can learn faster there. My school will probably increase some till the close of the session, and if I can show them something new and prove to them that their children have been well instructed, I have no doubt of my ultimate success. I am not sure that Hamilton is the best place to establish a school, but I think less depends upon the location than the character of the school. But it requires time to gain a reputation of any value in teaching, as well as in other professions. I suppose a

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boarding school would be more profitable than a day school, especially in this part of the country where provisions are cheap and board so dear, and I have it in mind to have one either in this place or some other. From my own experience in teaching and what I have seen, I think a small school with a large price is the most profitable both for parents and teachers. But I cannot tell what I shall do.

I have little or no society to my taste as yet, and I have not been in a situation to read or study much until since the first of January. Since then I have been spending most of my time in reviewing geometry. I intend to commence studying some language soon but I have not decided what. I left almost all my classical books in New York, so that I am poorly provided with ammunition of that kind.

In his diary he writes thus of his home life:

Sabbath, P. M., Dec. 4, 1841. What a change has taken place in my life, in all my feelings within a few months! I did not think it possible that anything could affect me so much, or that so much happiness was ever to be shared by me in this world. After many years of doubt, of desponding, of darkness and pain, after suffering so much and so long that I began to think that the only hope of comfort I had was that derived from the power of enduring pain, acquired by long suffering. After thinking that for me there was no fellow and that the best and noblest part of my nature must forever remain a blank for the want of an opportunity to exercise it, to see once more the visions of my youth brought back, not as visions but as reality; to possess quiet and peaceful thoughts, to be greeted at all times with kind looks and words, to have a home for my heart and my affections, for my thoughts as well as my body; to have the hours which have heretofore been so solitary cheered by the presence of one dearer than life; to be surrounded with elegancies suited to my taste, with books and one to share them; to have almost every means of rational gratification, a good measure of health, a pleasant employment and the satisfaction of thinking I am doing some good while I am ministering to my own necessities; besides all these and more than all these, to have the sunlight of deep, pure, and constant affection thrown over them all. It is more than I can com-

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prehend. I think of it. I wonder at it, and I sometimes fear it. Why is it so? What have I done to merit or acquire it? Will it always last? Are these joys above the changes of time? Age and experience would tell me, "Nay," but I will believe them immortal, and no power shall convince me to the contrary except experience. I have hardly a wish ungratified. And yet many who have been as happy as I am now, and who have felt as secure in the possession of felicity, have been stripped of every comfort, have wandered houseless, homeless, and companionless through many years, and have finally gone down to a dark and hopeless grave. May such a doom be averted from me! May I have wisdom given me from the Source of all wisdom, so to live that I shall not bring such a lot upon myself by my improvidence and that I shall not deserve it for my sins. May I have that meekness which will prevent me from being arrogant and self-willed; which will secure enough of earthly blessings for a competence, and gain the respect and good will of all those with whom I associate.

The old habit of morbid self-depreciation occasionally crops up even in the midst of his new-found happiness. The following from his diary embodies in addition what in after life he frequently expressed: the importance of regarding things from general principles.

Jan. 16, 1842. Yesterday being Saturday, I had the whole day in which to do nothing and accomplished it very well. It was a beautiful day and we rode a few miles in the afternoon. Talked and visited most of the time. In the evening read Guizot's "History of Civilization" and Hallam's "Middle Ages."

Whenever I attempt to examine any question either of history or morals, it assumes so much importance and takes so wide a range, and requires so much research, that I am always deterred from completing the survey, or of even attempting it.

It is our duty, however, to generalize our facts as much as we can, and to look at them all in the light of some principle. For everything is connected with principles either as effect or cause, and generally, perhaps always, as both. But what poor, weak, miserable attempts I make at everything! What have I ever accomplished? The sum

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total seems to be nothing. The history of a day is—nothing; the history of a week, a year, a month—nothing.

Sept. 4, 1842. On the 9th of April we left Mr. Garrison's and commenced keeping house! We had been kindly furnished with something to eat. After we had pushed our things into something like order, made our bed and set up our stove, Eunice made some tea, and for the first time we sat at our own table and partook of our own fare. We were alone, yet it was a sweet meal, and I like now to revert to it. As we felt isolated from the world, dependent upon ourselves, we seemed to be drawn closer together. The cords which bind our hearts in one were tightened and strengthened. It was a happy hour for us both. We thanked God for His mercies and implored His blessing on us, and on the days which followed. How shall I describe them? With sufficient employment to keep our minds and bodies active we passed week after week of happiness, of calm, quiet, but deep-felt joy. My school and garden afforded me constant employment and E. found enough to occupy her attention in domestic matters and in preparation for the coming autumn. Our hearts were active, making happiness from little daily incidents. So passed the first few weeks of our house-keeping. After a while we took two boarders, who remained with us for some weeks.

Further particulars of their life are given in the following letter to Dr. James Lakey:

HAMILTON, May 8, 1842.

Two Dutch friends of mine leave for your city to-morrow, and offer to be the bearers of a letter to you. Since you left I have been very busily engaged in my school and garden. Many of my seeds have come up and I find myself much interested in their growth. On the 5th we had some lettuce and radishes of our own raising. Of course we thought them better than we could obtain in the market. Our peas and beans will not be as early as we could wish, but we shall have an abundance of them when they do come. I have some sweet potato plants and I have some fine *tomatas*, as I find the word spelled in some books. We have a cow also, and I can assure you we live



MR. AND MRS. GILES

About 1842

When Mr. Giles was teaching in Hamilton

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most luxuriously. For the first time in many years I can have good milk and plenty of cream. My mode of life suits me better than it has for a long time. I have had a little too much to do since we commenced keeping house, but that will not continue long. My garden will furnish me with just exercise enough, and a pleasant recreation from the fatigue and anxiety of the schoolroom.

My school celebrated May 1st on the 5th. A large number of our most respectable citizens were present and I gained a great deal of credit from the neat and orderly appearance of the school. You see how barren of incident my life is, that I am obliged to talk of the songs and dances of little girls and the growth of radishes and beans. My mind is at present "of the earth, earthy," and if my letter smells of the mould I trust it will be none the less interesting to you.

My razor strop has very mysteriously disappeared, and though I have not forgotten that "Charity covers a multitude of sins," I "suspicion" an uncle of ours who lately made us a visit, of abstracting it. If it was done feloniously my worst wish is that the use of it may have the same effect upon his razor that the want of it has upon mine. I have a "feeling" sense of my loss as often as I attempt to shave. I have used a Greek reader to give edge to my razor but with very indifferent success. I suppose it contains too many *roots*.

I have looked with much pleasure over those papers you left. I found the names of some of my relatives in one number.

I should like to see an occasional number very much. Those rugged hills have produced some men of clear heads and stout hearts, and though I have spent many days among them in digging the hard and rocky bosom of the earth, I remember them with much interest and affection.

Eunice thinks she grows stronger every day, and I think our new home and mode of life have had a good effect upon us both.

This quiet, happy life continued for some months and then Mr. Giles writes in his diary:

My health has been mostly very good during the summer, and I have labored hard. E. has been very delicate, but most of the time

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she has been able to attend to her household duties. On the 10th of August she was attacked with a violent fever and on the 18th was delivered of a son. The child had died, it was supposed, some days before, during a violent paroxysm of fever. My own feelings during the time of her sickness I cannot describe, and I don't know that I should wish to if I could. E. was dangerously ill for a long time but is now rapidly recovering, and we fondly hope that her health will be much better than it has been since our marriage. She has borne all her pain, sorrow, and disappointment nobly. Every day of our life strengthens my affection for her and I have the hope that our course through life will be one of peace and joy. I am sure it will be one of peace.

In a letter he speaks of one of the school exhibitions.

My examination passed off very well. The young ladies generally gained credit for themselves and for their teacher. The Exhibition was a little *too good*. The young ladies' essays were so much better than the people expected that they think that I or some older heads wrote them. On the whole everything passed off better than I expected, and I think my prospects for a school next session are better than they have ever been.

We have had a letter from Rowena. I believe she has given up the idea of coming out here. Her father cannot furnish her with sufficient funds. This is quite a disappointment to us. I had made my arrangements to have her assist me, but I must now find some one else. I want some one upon whom I can rely, one who has energy and good government. All the young ladies who teach here, so far as my knowledge extends, are milk and water concerns. The one I have had this summer is a good girl enough, but she has no energy, and it has been twice the labor to govern the school that it ever was before. We should be very glad to see you if your business will allow it. If you cannot come soon, please write. I shall be compelled to defer my visit to the city for the present.

Mrs. Giles's father was induced to change his mind and allowed his daughter to go to Ohio. The diary records this fact as follows:

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Sept. 28, 1842. Sister Rowena arrived on the 25th and is a very welcome visitor. I expect she will assist me in school. It seems as though we had a fine prospect for happiness during the coming winter. Eunice is getting better. Is now quite comfortable.

To-morrow there is to be a great barbecue at Dayton. Henry Clay is to be there, and it is expected there will be one of the greatest gatherings that ever took place in the country. The Whigs are preparing for the coming contest with much spirit. Success to them!

Oct. 2, 1842. My school continues very much as it was. Most of the scholars are orderly and industrious. I have some boys who never have studied and I am now making an effort to arouse their ambition to do something. I have scolded and threatened them to no purpose. I tried to make them see how much they could learn in half an hour. This had some effect for half a day but no longer. I then endeavored to appeal to their feelings, to show them the consequences of such slothfulness. And I believe I succeeded in making them feel that the course they are pursuing is one that will ruin their characters, at least for men of business. Afterwards one of them came to me of his own accord and said that they had resolved to do the best they could the rest of the season. I have kindled some ambition. If I can only make the spark live until it bursts into flame I shall do them much good. I want to make those boys learn. For myself there is not much hope. I pursue the same dull course. I have nothing—I am dull, stupid, lifeless. If I read I do not remember.

Oct. 30. I have tried an experiment which so far has succeeded very well; I keep an account of the attendance and conduct of the pupils, and once in four weeks I invite the parents to come to the Academy and hear it read. I never had so good order in school before and with so little difficulty.

As far as the training and education of the children were concerned the school was a decided success, but there were those in the committee who thought Mr. Giles's charges for tuition were too high.

When the lawyers and doctors who composed the board of trustees asked him to put down his rates, he said, "I will go all lengths with the lawyers in reducing my prices;"—a proposition they did not seem to

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like very well. They replied that their income was reduced by their inability to make collections. Of course I could say the same with regard to myself.

He adds:

This demonstration shows me that I can put no confidence in the permanence of my school. They will destroy it before 1844 if it is not discontinued from other causes before then. I never saw any trustees who would let well enough alone. Every one says, "You are making money," and seems to think it strange and wrong. I believe the community generally thinks that a teacher ought not to make anything.

Who would think of asking a lawyer to charge less because it was "hard times"?

The tidings of Mrs. Giles's illness and the death of her baby brought out much sympathy from her relatives in Palmyra. The following letter from her Aunt Cynthia, the wife of Thomas Lakey, is so sweetly affectionate and shows such tender solicitude, it gives at the same time such wise counsel, that it must greatly have cheered the heart of the young motherless girl in the new country, away from the large family of relatives to which she was accustomed, and striving in her inexperience to meet the new life bravely.

To Mrs. Giles from her Aunt Cynthia Lakey

PALMYRA, 1st month, 1842.

I had intended to reply to your mutual letter before this, but since the departure of thy uncle my health has been too good to afford leisure for aught save the multiplied avocations of home. My letters are commonly the result of illness, for I dare not appropriate to my own enjoyment the time which my children properly claim.

Is it true, my dear, that thou hast been sick? Luther called to-day and said that that was the last intelligence though he thought it was some time since any had been received. I was truly sorry to hear it and hope thou art better before this. If not, I cannot forbear fancying how sadly time will pass, how thou wilt wish for the cheering influence of familiar faces, the kind attentions of sisters, and in this I am not unaware of the value of those attentions thou art receiving, having

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been so often obliged to test them and feel their repose. But thou art inexperienced in the real trials of life, in a new home and nearly surrounded by strangers. It will test thy strength but I hope it will not be found wanting.

I know indeed thou hast not been exempt from trials—very few are—but thou wilt find them so various that the past will appear less, perhaps the farther thou advances. Strength for all things is the most we need and that is all derived from one unfailing source.

Does it not seem a very long time since thou wert here with us? Time and distance will become less and less. I used to think Cincinnati too remote for calculation, now it appears nearer than New York. We receive frequent little embassies thence and think of it often.

E. P. thou saidst was a Catholic. Why do her parents so much regret it? To me various investments of religion are shadows. Once I confided much, but the schism in the society of which I am a member destroyed all confidence in names merely. It has been useful to me. Since then my confidence has not been placed on human institutions nor my devotions intercepted by aught of earth.

As society exists at present, sects are doubtless necessary. They are as inns to the traveler, homes to the homeless, aids to those who falter; but I should not presume to direct to one more than another, where the great truths of religion were professed and practised. Catholicism has had her full share of the good and great and has contributed largely toward alleviating human misery.

The above was written last night, after my children were in bed.

I fear this letter will not be what thou wilt wish. I know the yearnings of the heart for home. After absence every circumstance connected with it becomes interesting. Home embraces much, but I must leave the rest for thy sisters; they will doubtless write soon.

In my last I intended to have drawn from my own experience and observation of married life for thy benefit. I am not much in the habit of giving advice—you girls, I think, are the only exceptions to a general rule—unless it is solicited. Had thy excellent mother been spared you, this solicitude of mine would have been unfelt, uncalled for.

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I am not intending to write a dissertation on married life, or to lay down rules of conduct. Thy own good sense will direct thee better than volumes that are written on the subject. But there is one rule that I adopted early that has been of more importance than aught else, and contributed to my happiness more than unbounded wealth could possibly have done without it; a rule which should be applied to every situation in life, but which is sadly overlooked even by those who profess to be Christians, and that is to acknowledge the hand of Heaven in all things and apply the acknowledgment to daily life. While we are young and sheltered by home and parents we have but little responsibility or care, but when we become heads of families we soon feel the need of strength not our own. There is a great amount of fearfulness, of real trial in the way of our sex, and it is found in almost every day of our lives. Thou dost not now feel it, but arm, my dear, for the contest, for it will most assuredly meet thee.

My own married life is familiar to thee but thou hast seen and felt with the mind of a child. We have had a great amount of real suffering in an almost unbroken course of sickness. I am constitutionally fearful and sensitive, and had it not been for this early confidence I cannot fancy what would have sustained me. Often, so great has been my despondency that I have as it were held my breath, nor dared to think lest my weak heart should rebel. But Heaven was kind and gave strength for all things. This trust and repose in God becomes a living principle in the heart and invests even the visible creation with beauty unseen before. It becomes associated with all that we think or do. To acknowledge it lends a new charm and affords a new impulse for the performance of every duty. It warns us too of the approach of trial, not in idle dreams, but in a happy consciousness of security and rest in Him who is Lord over all. Apart from this I cannot fancy security or rest.

Do not consider any preparation necessary to perform this simple act of reliance and trust. It will shield thee from evil and unite thee to God. Nothing but love for thee has induced this. I am not disposed to make religion a topick, and seldom introduce my own opinions, and when I do, feel afraid I have dishonored more than elevated. I like

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best the little rill that betrays its presence by the verdant appearance that marks its progress.

I see I am near the bottom of the page. My thanks to thy good husband for his part of your letter. I accept his apology for not calling on me and think it a good and sufficient one, but regret much being obliged to have recourse to pen and ink to form his acquaintance. I cannot fancy your marriage. I know thou art far away and feel as though all were right, but had you both called I should have enjoyed the recollection greatly. I hoped to hear thou wast engaged in school, for I feared the intervals of solitude would not conduce to happiness. But thou must open thy heart to pleasant thoughts and learn to love the "Buckeyes." If I were in the habit of wishing I should wish ourselves nearer you, somewhere in the warm valley of the Mississippi. Let me hear from you soon.

It was not many months after this letter was sent that the writer died. My mother comments on it and other matters in a letter to her Uncle James.

HAMILTON, OHIO, Oct. 8, 1842.

The sad news of our dear aunt's death we received in a letter from Rowena before your paper came. I cannot realize that she has passed away; the chill shadow of death is not so sensibly felt at a distance.

Sister Rowena set out from home the 18th of Sept. and arrived here the 25th. I was so glad to see her I did not know what to do. We had been looking for her Saturday, but as she did not come we gave up seeing her for another week. Sunday night the stage stopped and so did Rowena. A Southern family chartered the stage and so she had to wait one day in Hebron. I can't say much of her journey, we have had so much to talk about. She visited Dr. W——'s and Mr. D——'s families on her way, and without losing either herself or her baggage found Hamilton, Chauncey, and me.

If you are tired of this namby-pamby stuff turn over the page, the balance of the sheet will be better filled.

The truth is, dear uncle, I never wrote a dozen letters in my life, and I hesitate and stammer as much in writing as I sometimes do in

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talking. Notwithstanding this, Chauncey thinks I can write if I try and wishes me to practise. Possibly I am some like the Irishman's fiddle that had music enough in it, the trouble was in getting it out.

Mr. Giles added a few words:

Dear Uncle:

Eunice has referred you to this *interesting* page. If a weary body and a faint heart can produce anything interesting you may find it here. It never cost me such effort to *live* before. I make mountains out of molehills, even breathing seems to be an uphill business, and I sometimes feel as if I should like to stop a little while and rest. I have a "heap" of work to do this autumn. My potatoes are not yet dug and my beets and carrots remain in their mother earth. My school occupies more of my time than usual. I shall deliver a course of lectures on chemistry to a class, and I am making a strong effort to have a better school than I have ever had and I think I shall succeed.

We have had about two hundred ministers here for two weeks. All the "help" in the town has been engaged and we were obliged to help ourselves.

Rowena is now with us and contributes much to our happiness. She assists me in school and Eunice out, and we move along very happily and comfortably. She brought us a letter from Ira and a fine collection of shells.

Your affectionate nephew

C. C. GILES.

Mrs. Giles continues:

Yet there is room, and according to the rule for female letter-writers I must have a P.S. If you will favour me with a visit I would much rather express my gratitude by word of mouth than on paper (do not infer that my tongue acts more readily than my hands). The passage of ideas, or rather words, from my head seems to be so difficult that few are deposited in black and white (blue ink is now in common use), and those are usually in so mutilated condition that it is with shame I ever acknowledge them. I always find they are not what I once thought them.

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I am much obliged to you for Thomas's "Reminiscences of the Last Sixty-five Years." They contain some fine extracts and valuable facts, but there is much of the editorial "*we*" in the style. He seems to think that there is not half the hospitality and good feeling in our country that there was when youth, health, and wealth gathered around him a circle of acquaintances that time and time's changes have scattered forever.

I am much indebted to friends and neighbors for kindness and attention during my sickness, but in common with other housekeepers I subscribe to the generally expressed opinion that the "Helps" are a "trifling" class.

Early in 1843 Mr. Giles sent for his parents, brothers, and sisters. It was a longer journey, and one involving more discomfort at that time than a journey across the continent or to South America in these days.

In a letter to his son giving details of the preparations to take his family to Ohio, John Giles writes as follows:

But why all this fuss about going West when, according to Millerism, this insignificant speck with its more insignificant inhabitants compared to the Universe is to be destroyed next April. We may as well be destroyed here as anywhere else. There are few believers in the doctrine in this vicinity.

For some reason unknown to me the youngest son, Edward, a boy of fifteen, was left behind. Soon after, he went to sea and was not heard from until twenty years later, when he returned broken in health and died at the home of his sister Almira in Decatur, Illinois. There are several of his letters which have been preserved. They express, even after the long absence, strong family affection. The other brother, James, stayed about a year at Hamilton, and then went to California. In this state he settled, married, and had a large family of children.

Of the sisters, Caroline and Ellen, the former helped in the school until she left Hamilton to be married to a brother of her sister Almira's husband, Mr. Powers. She was a woman of great force of character, not only much beloved and respected by her children but of great influence for good in the community, especially in the cause of education.

The sister Maria was with them for a while, until she also married.

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Ellen, the youngest, at this time a child, remained in Father's family until her death of typhoid fever. For a time she taught school in Cincinnati. She died in 1858, while visiting her sisters in Decatur, Ill.

This large addition to her household, in itself a tax upon her strength, must also have been an ordeal for one so young and timid as my mother. She was still grieving for her dead baby and had not yet regained her physical strength.

The first meeting with new relatives is always an ordeal for a newly married woman, and Mother was no exception. When one considers that this large number of "in-laws" were taken into the family, that she had little or no help from servants, that she was in a pioneer country with none of the modern conveniences of living, it seems little short of heroic for this young woman of twenty-one to assume so much responsibility. That she met it bravely and conscientiously none know better than her children, but they do not wonder that she was occasionally sad and dejected.

Hamilton was a very unhealthy town and there was a good deal of illness for them all in the next two years. But I will let the diary tell the story.

Hamilton, June 25, 1843. Since my last date many changes have happened to me in mind and some in external things. My wife still continues to be unwell and I fear she will not recover. My father, mother, and sisters have come from Massachusetts, and my school prospers. In some respects I seem to be doing well, in others — what can I say?

At the close of the term he writes:

I shall have a good school in a few years if the trustees do not interfere with me. In house and home affairs we move along as usual. We have some difficulties to contend against, as who has not? Some differences to reconcile, some trials to overcome, some things to bear and suffer, but we have many sources of happiness and many opportunities for improvement. I have now a long vacation. I intend to use some of it in visiting schools in the city, in recruiting my health and spirits, and in making preparations for the coming session. There are many things which lead me to suppose that I shall not make this a per-

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manent residence. My prospects, however, for the present are very good.

Dec. 31, 1843. If there is anything in the history of the past year worthy of notice it is that I have become interested in the writings of Swedenborg. They have opened new views of life to me. The world wears a new face. Whether they are true or false they will exert a most important influence upon my life.

Jan. 1, 1844. If I mistake not, the new ideas of life which I have obtained from the New Church works will assist me much in overcoming some defects in my character. I think they will give me new strength of purpose, and perhaps in time enable me to overcome and correct some original deficiencies in my nature. I must set myself seriously at work, and though I put no confidence in myself, yet there is One Who has strength and Who is ever willing to impart it to others if they are willing to receive it.

I have been reading some of the New Church doctrines lately, and if I have health this winter I shall investigate them more fully than I have yet done.

The idea that a kind Providence watches over us and directs all things for our good, an idea which has now become a part of my life, will do much to strengthen me in remedying some of the greatest defects of my character.

April 15, 1844. Uncle James visited us on the 9th and remained until this morning. We enjoyed his society much. He is full of anecdotes, and we have learned much from him about men and things. He has the most extensive acquaintance with history of any man I ever saw. He is matter of fact and hates metaphysics as he does the devil. He advises me to study law. I hardly know what to think of it. I think I am unfitted for it by nature and habit though many of my friends think differently.

Surely, I do not know what to do. I feel as if it were an enormous task to go through with the vast volumes of the law at my age (thirty-one), poor, with a family. It must be a hard struggle. I don't know what to do.

May 11, 1844. What is my situation? Poor, with no means of

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support but my own labor, with a mind not well disciplined, with habits which have in some degree become fixed, which will not permit the closest application to study, with a total dislike of parade and show, with a sensitive shrinking from all unpleasant contact with my fellows, and with the certain knowledge that the rewards of wealth and gratified ambition are very unsatisfying. What can I do? If I study law and practise it I must do it against the current of all my feelings, for I believe that very few fair decisions are obtained in what are called the courts of justice. If I bend all my energies to the accumulation of wealth I should feel that even if I succeeded I had gained very little. If I continue in my present occupation I must feel that the influence I exert is very small. To spend all my life teaching the rules of arithmetic and grammar—I sometimes shrink from it. It is perhaps as good a vocation as any. But the little influence that I could exert is counteracted by parents and associates of the pupils. We cannot even correct faults in the use of language. How much more difficult, those which belong to the character, to the thoughts and life!

Hamilton, May 14, 1844. This day began reading a course of law. I think it very doubtful whether I shall ever complete it, but the reading will do me no harm. I have so much to do, however, so many things to attract my attention, that I cannot expect to accomplish much this summer. I have a larger school, a sick wife, my father's family, and various other things to attend to, so that I cannot make much progress. Last night and this morning I have looked over Hoffman's "Legal Study," Vol. I. I intend to commence "Blackstone" to-night.

May 16. I have a task before me; I have never accustomed myself to close and vigorous study; I have not the patience to examine difficult and knotty subjects as thoroughly as I ought; I have never been accustomed to confine myself at fixed and stated times. My reading has been very miscellaneous, and I have suffered one thought to push out another. Have I not something to do? This book for a while shall be the record of my success or failure.

May 26, 1844. About 2 P. M. Sunday, this 26th of May, was born to me a daughter (Lucy Pomeroy). It appears healthy and quiet. This is a matter of joy to me, both for its own sake and that of its mother.

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The loss of a son about two years ago has been a source of perpetual grief to her, and I think has done much to keep her in poor health. She will now have something upon which her thoughts can rest. I have been asked how I felt—I cannot tell. New joys, like new shoes, do not fit easily to me. Sorrows affect me in nearly the same manner,—I am not overwhelmed at once. A great sorrow stuns me rather, and gradually I seem to become conscious of it. One object after another recalls it to mind, and it is only when I look back that I can form any adequate conception of the magnitude of my loss. It was so with the death of our little boy. I hardly thought of it at the time. But the loss seemed to grow upon me; the joy of other mothers compared to the grief of Eunice. The innocent prattle of children, the thousand endearing associations and thoughts which cluster around them,—all this joy will hide many griefs. May it be lasting! And may she who is now born to us live to be an ornament to society, a joy and comfort to her parents, and a partaker of those joys which will follow a well-regulated heart and life.

May we who have now taken upon us the training of an immortal soul for life have patience and wisdom to perform our duty aright.

E. still continues to improve. The child is well and we are all rejoicing. The prospect now is that E. will recover her health again. If she should our joy will know no bounds.

How strange it seems to have such a little one around, to hear its low moans, or its shrill cries. Surely I shall never forget the first one I heard. How much talk it makes! Who would have thought that a little helpless thing could be the theme of so many words! Well, joy to us, to it, and to all!

June 8. Since the last date I have been through a series of trials and excitements, of fears and hopes; E. has been very sick. We almost despaired of her life. I have watched and hoped and feared. She is now out of danger, we think, and seems to be getting well fast. Uncle James has been with us since Sunday the 2d. I think we owe E's life to him.

June 30. My soul and body are sometimes weak and faint with my burdens, but I have a strange strength and I meet all my trials with

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much calmness and fortitude. I have nearly overcome that sadness which once so weighed me down. I believe *firmly* in the Infinite Love with which God regards His creatures. And I feel assured that out of this seeming evil good will be adduced,—a higher and more enduring good than any which this life can confer.

Oct. 10, 1844. It is now more than four months since I have written in my journal, though my life has been full of incident. My father has departed to the world of spirits, my wife has lain for a long time trembling upon the borders of the grave, and I have been very ill myself, for the first time in my life. I have been teaching for some weeks, but I am very weak. Have had the ague. Occasionally I have been obliged to leave school for several days. Brother James and all my sisters but Ellen have been sick.

My sister Almira, now Mrs. Powers, came from Illinois with her husband and two children to make me a visit. They arrived here the day I was taken ill. They were all sick while here, and were obliged on that account to remain some weeks longer than they anticipated. I had no visit with them, being most of the time very ill myself.

March 31, 1845. School opened to-day with only twenty-eight scholars. I feel somewhat discouraged though I suppose it will all prove right in the end. Eunice and Rowena think of going to New York in a few days. I shall then be lonely enough, but I shall have enough to do to keep me awake and active. I see that my school will go down here in spite of all I can do, and the sooner I can get away from here the better. But I do not regret coming to Hamilton, though my lot has been one of suffering most of the time. Sickness and I know not what has laid me low and kept me so. But I have become acquainted with the New Church doctrines, and I think I have found in them what will be of more value to me than physical health or wealth.

The foregoing is the last entry in the diary written in Hamilton.

W. D. Howells was one of Father's pupils for a time and thus refers to his experience: "He stopped going there [to the Academy] because the teacher gave up the school to become a New Church minister, and we my boy's father and mother were New Church people, there must have

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been some intimacy between them and the teacher of which he did not know. But he only stood in awe, not terror of him; and he was not surprised when he met him many long years after, to find him a man peculiarly wise, gentle, and kind."

Mr. Giles found congenial friends in Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Howells, parents of the author. Mr. Howells, Sr., edited for a time a New Church paper called *The Arena*. The two families held meetings on Sundays at the home of Mr. Howells.

My parents lived so continually in the present that they seldom referred to these early days in Hamilton. When they did so the severe trials of these years were ignored, and they spoke only of the pleasant friendships formed, and of the greatest blessing of all, — the finding of the New Church. Mother mentioned the extreme kindness and friendliness of the people, saying they were all in a new country together and felt the necessity of bearing one another's burdens.

As an instance of the unremitting effort of Mr. Giles to learn new and improved methods of teaching, the following reply from Horace Mann to a letter of inquiry on Mr. Giles's part is given.

To Chauncey Giles from Horace Mann

I am always glad to hear from any friend of education and to help him if in my power.

I have directed my publishers to send you the volumes for 1844 and 1845, according to your request. My last report which you request to have forwarded, you will find in the numbers of the journal for the current year.

There are many valuable works on the subject of education which I think that you or any intelligent teacher could examine with profit. The previous volumes of the common school journals I have endeavored to make useful and acceptable to teachers, and it has had some of the wisest men amongst us as contributors. You can see by the volumes now sent how you like it.

If I may be pardoned for mentioning my own works, I have lately published a volume of "Lectures on Education." Then there is "The School and the School Master," by Dr. Potter and George B. Emerson; "The Teacher Taught," by the Rev. Emerson Davis, together with a great number of European works.

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If I had an opportunity I should like to send you some of the Abstracts of the Massachusetts School Returns, which contain compilations from the reports of our school committees.

Should you ever visit this part of the country I should be happy to see you.

It may be interesting to learn how Mr. Giles's school appeared to others. The following is told by Mrs. Giles's sister, Rowena Lakey, who gave her assistance as teacher for some time. She writes:

The first thing I observed in his school was the perfectly good understanding apparent between teacher and pupils, and the courtesy and kindness manifested in their intercourse with each and all. It resembled the home life in a well-trained family, I thought. Then my attention was called to a wonderful clock which was said to govern the school. A double stroke sounded two and a half minutes before the hour or half-hour. The children knew that they had liberty to speak quietly if they wished to, and the classes took their places for the next recitation of their own accord. Another double stroke announced the hour, and all was still again.

Mr. Giles's teaching was noticeable for its thoroughness. His object seemed to be to cultivate a love of knowledge, to form a habit of acquiring it; and at the same time he tried to make it practical in every possible way. He sought to develop the mind and character in a natural and orderly manner instead of forcing and cramming for display or present results. To illustrate: in teaching a class of beginners in arithmetic, he kept them practising notation and numeration until they each and all could write and read numbers with the greatest ease and correctness. Meantime, to keep up the interest, the exercises were varied by some examples in addition or by learning the tables, etc. They practised on each one of the ground rules in the same way until they could add and subtract, multiply and divide, as fast as they could see the figures. As there are not examples enough given in any arithmetic to cultivate such facility, examples were improvised or taken from other books.

By this time the multiplication tables and the other tables were as

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familiar to the children as A, B, C. They take pride in buying and furnishing houses, making dry-goods and mantua-makers' bills and settling them, all of which they find interesting and rather amusing exercises; and incidentally the idea enters their minds that this study may be of some use to them in the future. Of course it takes time to go through the arithmetic in this way, but it was never necessary to go through a second time, and as they were not hurried on from one thing to another before becoming perfectly familiar with it, they found the study easy and delightful instead of hard and disagreeable. And they were thoroughly equipped for the higher mathematics both by their habits of study and the amount of knowledge already acquired.

The classes in natural sciences were encouraged in the study of principles presenting themselves in ordinary life. The children became enthusiastic in studying out the mechanical principles involved in the ordinary implements used in their homes and the streets, and the chemical changes taking place under their own eyes.

The idea that a schoolbook ever exhausted a subject was never tolerated, or that of finishing one's education on leaving school. If the taste for knowledge has been quickened and developed in the school, and habits of acquiring it are formed there, the business of education is merely well begun. Mr. Giles's methods of teaching were, perhaps, better adapted to the development of a well-rounded, harmonious character than to extraordinary acquirement in any one direction.

His schools were the most perfect specimens of true democracy with which I was ever brought in contact. The only distinction recognized seemed to be moral worth. So far as one could see, all were on a perfect equality. The efforts of the teacher and his interest in their individual progress were unwearied. His patience was not exhausted by the dullest, nor were his interest and pride centred upon the gifted. All he asked was that each should try to improve and do the best he could. You could never guess who were the children of the rich or influential patrons. Some of the children of one of the rival churches in town, it is said, were once told by their parents to notice and see if the teacher were not partial to So and So's children of the other church. In a few days the children reported that they had watched carefully and

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did not see any partiality. It seems quite surprising, under the circumstances, that the children should recognize Mr. Giles's sense of justice.

In the primary department Mr. Giles did not insist upon the little ones sitting up straight and still by the hour, neither did he expect them to give their attention to any particular subject more than a few minutes at a time. Their lessons were very short and rehearsals frequent, and their slates and pencils were always at hand ready for use, and they did use them a great deal. There were generally on one of the blackboards some of the capital letters written, or some simple drawing easily imitated, — a cup, slate, or book, — which they might copy if they chose. They had learned a variety of pretty little songs for children which they delighted in singing, and singing and marching were much relied upon to relieve the little ones of the weariness of long sitting. Mr. Giles's sister Caroline had charge of this department for a time in Hamilton. To see her with her fine voice leading the children's voices in their marching music was something one would not willingly forget. The children were as happy as birds and as musical. One of the mothers remarked that she did not know but it was extravagant to send all of her children to Mr. Giles, but when she saw the little ones so happy she felt she could well afford the extra expense. "Why," she added, "they sing themselves to sleep every night and awake in the morning singing, and during the day it must be a serious discomfort that a song will not dispel."

CHAPTER IV

LEBANON AND YELLOW SPRINGS

THE following information was given to me by Mr. Josiah Morrow, a lawyer of Lebanon, Ohio:

At Lebanon, Ohio, thirty miles from Cincinnati, the intelligent citizens organized a company for the purpose of establishing the Lebanon Academy. The Academy building, a two-story brick structure, is still standing, with 1844 on its date block.

The first principal was C. C. Giles, who had for his assistants William Norris Edwards, a graduate of Williams College, afterwards the highly esteemed superintendent of the Troy, Ohio, public schools, and Miss Rowena Lakey. There is abundant evidence that the academy was regarded as a school of a superior excellence. It was patronized by the best families of the town of Lebanon and the county of Warren. The principal was looked upon not only as a fine teacher, but as a man of high culture. Many intelligent men and women who had his guidance and instruction have remembered him with gratitude. In December, 1847, leading teachers in Ohio organized the Ohio Teachers' Association, C. C. Giles of Warren County being one of the vice presidents. Mr. Giles remained at Lebanon until 1848.

Disheartened by the dark days at Hamilton, Mr. Giles hesitated to apply for the position at Lebanon. He was encouraged to do so by Mr. Ogden Ross, one of the early New Churchmen of Ohio. "When a man has ability and wants to be useful," said he, "the Lord opens the way for him. You will get the position."

Mr. Ross was a warm friend of my father's, and a man so well beloved that he was popularly known as "Grandpa Ross." He lived to be more than ninety years old.

He was of commanding presence, and with his long white hair looked a very patriarch. The portrait of him which we had for many years

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might have been used by an artist as typical of beautiful old age. He had two sons and a daughter. They were all strong in the New Church faith and useful members of their respective societies. The childlike directness and integrity of Mr. Ross's character are well illustrated by the following incident. When a would-be purchaser for a farm which he had for sale came to him, naming a definite price, he said, "Oh, no. I cannot sell it to you for that." The man immediately offered more. "No," said Mr. Ross, "I have worked that farm many years and I know its exact value; it is not worth so much. I will sell it for so and so," mentioning a much smaller sum than the first offer.

The school in Lebanon opened September 1, 1845. About six weeks later, October 12, the diary records the birth of a "fine son," Frank Warren Giles.

The living conditions of those days were not easy, and housekeeping with little or no service and the lack of conveniences made the daily practical life a struggle. But there was much friendly intercourse in the way of calls, and music and reading brightened the humdrum life.

An item of unceasing wonder to one of this generation who reads the diary and the letters of that time is how Mrs. Giles, with frequently recurring illnesses in the family, — illnesses which included herself, — and with the care of young children, managed to provide so good a home, not only for her own family but for the teachers and pupils whom they boarded. Again and again in after life Mr. Giles has said, "Oh, I never would have been anything without you!" And though in her modesty she kept in the background, there must have been a strong sustaining influence in her never-failing devotion. His heart could rest in her.

Two months after the school opened Mr. Giles writes to Uncle James hopefully of his prospects:

LEBANON, Nov. 22, 1845.

My school is much larger than it was in Hamilton and I think it will be more profitable. Rowena is going into it on the 24th. I have no difficulty in governing it and I think I shall give good satisfaction. The clouds which have so long darkened the horizon seem to be gradually breaking away, and the light of hope dawns upon my pathway. I have walked by faith for a long time, often, it is true, with doubtful and stumbling steps, but still I trust I have never stopped entirely. If the light which now seems dawning proves to be a steady and benignant

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one I hope to move on with a steady and firmer step. We all have enough to do and are willing to do all we can. What can we want more!

I believe I am getting rather rusty in my literary studies and I hope soon to have time to brighten up a little. The duties which have so constantly pressed upon my attention and demanded all my energies for the last five years have unfitted me in some measure for all literary effort. I have read nothing of any account for several years. I am very anxious to look over my classical studies this winter and shall do it if I have time. My school requires a greater amount of knowledge of the languages and of higher mathematics than any I have ever taught since I left New England.

Mr. Corwin left on the 24th for Washington. I was passing his house one Sunday when he rapped on the window and invited me to call in. His family were all at church and I had a long and interesting chat with him. He is certainly a man of much intelligence and extensive reading.

The school prospered and throughout the year 1846 the family was well. In the following cheerful letter to Dr. Lakey we find a growing interest and delight in the New Church.

May 13, 1846.

The history of the last seven months is somewhat instructive. I find I have enemies as well as friends. Some persons for purposes best known to themselves have tried hard to drive me from the Academy, but they have not succeeded, and I think the prospect is now fair that I shall remain and have a fine school. Mr. Prescott came to town on Saturday and has preached several discourses on the doctrines of the New Church. It is cheering and comforting to me to hear him. I always gain new strength every time, and when he goes away I feel refreshed and can enter upon the duties of life with new vigor. I have many blessings. My children grow finely and bid fair to be intelligent and active; my wife has much better health than she has had for some years, and my school is the most lucrative one I have ever had. My own health is tolerably good. My school is very pleasant and orderly.

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My sisters Maria and Ellen are with me. Our family is large, but we contrive to get along very comfortably.

May 16, 1846, Mr. Giles writes:

It is impossible for me to believe as I once did. The doctrines of the New Church have thrown new light upon the Word, upon life, upon everything, and I hardly know what my duty is with regard to an open profession of adherence to those doctrines.

The period of sunshine was brief. In July, 1847, Mr. Giles again became ill, suffering from both pleurisy and sciatica; and the baby too was ailing. With a pathetic courage that is truly appealing, my dear mother writes to her tried friend and counsellor, Dr. Lakey.

To Dr. James Lakey from Mrs. Giles

LEBANON, July 2, 1847.

I know not what to write. Mr. Giles gains so slowly, is still so feeble, his cough is so painful, he has so little appetite, and withal seems to feel, as he says, that it will end in something worse, that I have no heart to write anything. I wish you were here.

Aug. 29, 1847.

Nearly a month has elapsed since I commenced this letter. Our little boy has struggled through a wasting sickness. For a time he appeared vibrating between life and death, but is now decidedly better and has gained very fast for the last ten days.

Mr. Duverger leaves us for your city to-morrow. He will hand this letter to you. I was intending to have sent it by Mr. Giles, but our little boy was so weak and required so much nursing that I was too fatigued to finish it. Mr. Giles expects to go to Cincinnati the last of this week. I should like very much to have him bring up your portrait if he feels strong enough to do so.

Should I get up well from my confinement I think of taking some day boarders this winter, as expenses have been enormous since Mr. Giles's sickness, and though Chauncey says nothing I think he feels sad and troubled.

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Do you hear from New York often? It has been a long time since I have written or heard from there. Caroline sends much love.

In the previous spring Caroline Lakey had come to assist Rowena in the school.

While Mother thought to sustain Father and lighten expenses he on his part sought, even while ill, to cheer her sadness, for he writes:

Why do you look so sad, Dearest? Do not think that the sun has departed because a passing cloud obscures his brightness. He will soon reappear and then the present will be as bright as ever. We have a comfortable home, a pleasant room, a few books, and roast apples and chicken broth enough to last until we get more.

If we do suffer some pain, and if we are not the richest and the handsomest and wisest in the world, why, we are not the poorest nor the ugliest nor the foolishlest. If we do have some care, and some pain, and some glimpses of the future which are not quite so bright, we have an alchemy in our hearts which ought to turn more stubborn things than these into pure gold. Why, Dearest, have we not almost all things? What have we not? Come, let us count our negative possessions. We have not so much wealth as Cræsus, we are not as wise as Solomon, though I believe we have some things of which he never dreamed. Could he write a letter to his wife when he was lying on the sofa? Did he have any sofa? Could he get any paper?

We are not as healthy as the New Zealanders, our digestion is not so good as that of the ostrich, but we have some strength left. Why, my Dearest, should the past cast a shadow over the present and the future? And why should the future reflect back that darkness upon the present and the past. Let not the fear of coming evils create real ones in the present.

The future has trials for us, no doubt. If it had not, where would be our fortitude? It has joys, too, I believe,—many deep and pure joys. So has the present, if we do not throw them away or neglect them. Fear no imaginary lions, Dearest; they are chained. Because you have a good roasted apple to-day which tastes well, do not fear that the next one will be too sour or too bitter or too anything. If you have

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pleasures now you will be more likely to find some to-morrow. If one good is taken from us let it go. There are other things as good, probably better. He who takes from us a penny and leaves us a guinea does us a favour. So it may be with us. If we are deprived of one thing it may lead us to pursue and obtain something better. Saul no doubt sorrowed at the loss of his father's asses but he found a kingdom while searching for them. So it may be with us. If we lose riches (of which there is not much danger until we get them) we may find wealth of another and better kind. If we have poor health, even, we may find something infinitely better, a much higher degree of moral excellence. But if we lose all we possess we cannot lose what we are, we cannot lose our love for each other. We cannot lose our immortality if we are good. If we are to suffer pain all our days, as I expect to, every day makes one the less, and at farthest, our change can't be far off, and if we have done well then shall we receive the reward of our doings. Then pain, sorrow, fear, and all anxiety for the future, all regrets for the past, all doubt and pain for the present will be behind us, and we can look forward to eternity without a shadow of anything. All will be bright, joyful, glorious. Cheer up then, my love,—while I eat my supper.

From Dr. Lakey to Mrs. Giles

Sept. 2, 1847.

Your husband spent very little time with me when here in August. I fear it will take time to restore his body and mind to the state that they were in at the beginning of 1844. I then, in September, "saved him so as by fire." His losses by sickness have not exceeded your father's losses from the same cause between 1812 and 1818. But your father suffered nothing from the dishonesty of a friend. [For ten years Mr. Giles struggled to pay debts contracted by endorsing a note for an irresponsible friend.] Does the vinegar that I sent you in March hold out? You have the casks and can make good vinegar from cider or ripe grapes. Your mother made her own vinegar and it was always good. She put into the cask her cold tea, which wasteful wives always throw away. A wasteful wife! Many an honest man has been

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ruined by her, has split upon that rock. I have no fears for my nieces on that head for, like Ensign ——'s uncle, "I have full confidence in the blood."

The sixth anniversary of your marriage is near. It ought to be celebrated by a dinner. Were I near enough I would bring a bottle of wine and join in the festivity.

After Mr. Giles had recovered sufficiently to reopen his school he writes in his diary:

Sept. 11, 1847. My sickness has left my mind weak as well as my body; I am very gloomy. The future seems dark indeed, but I shall get along somehow. If I once had firm health! But I must make the best use of what I have. Spiritually, I do not seem to have gained much. The doctrines of the New Church have reached my understanding but not my will. Sometimes I have thought I was gaining, but I can hardly tell.

This letter to Uncle James gives a good account of the autumn's experiences:

LEBANON, Sept. 24, 1847.

Being prevented by lameness from going to school to-day, I will spend a part of my leisure in writing to you.

What you surmised about my leg is true. The sciatic nerve is affected, and I am tortured at times with the most excruciating pain; sometimes I can hardly walk across the floor. I had my classes come to my house to-day and recite to me. So my school has gone on as usual.

On the 19th Eunice was confined by the birth of a daughter. The child did not seem to be well from the first and died in twenty hours, making a brief passage through this world of pain and care. Eunice seems to be doing very well. I have never before seen her so strong and look so well under similar circumstances. If nothing unforeseen occurs I think she will get up very well. The rest of the family is well. We have two boys boarding with us. We have accommodations for four more. If we could get them we should be much pleased. It is the only way in which anything can be made by teaching in this place.

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Rowena is preparing to go to New Orleans. She spends only half a day in school, and I suppose she will not spend any time before long. The school is so small that I can get along very well with Caroline and John. Elizabeth and Mr. Lillie have given her a very warm invitation to spend the winter with them, and I have advised her to accept the invitation. She has led a miserable existence for a long time on account of poor health, and I have thought the experiment of spending a winter in a warmer climate was well worth a trial.

The diary and letters record the discouragements in connection with the school. It remains for Miss Lakey, who, as in Hamilton, acted as Mr. Giles's assistant, to draw a brighter picture of the school itself.

Mr. Giles organized a club which met in the long winter evenings and served a good use in the days when books were less common than now, in awakening an interest in historical and literary subjects. Music was an important feature of the meetings, as it was of the school exercises. Mr. Giles had a happy way of overcoming the difficulties of writing compositions by asking the children to write descriptions of familiar and interesting things. Their exercises were sometimes given the form of letters to real or imaginary people.

The school day always began with devotional exercises, — reading from the Word, music and prayer, which was often followed by a little morning talk, which never occupied more than five minutes and seldom more than two. A practical suggestion was offered, current events alluded to, or the effects of some historical event were noted. The death of some distinguished man was mentioned, discoveries and inventions were spoken of, anything having a tendency to expand and broaden the visible horizon of these active-minded young people was seized and utilized for this purpose. If the children asked hard questions he did not hesitate to say that he did not know but would look into it.

He took educational journals and kept himself abreast of the times in his work. Methods of interesting his pupils were a constant study with him. His heart was in his work, and of course from year to year he was constantly perfecting himself in it.

Very pleasant memories of this school in Lebanon linger in the minds

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of many who there came under Mr. Giles's care. One of his pupils speaks most affectionately of Mr. Giles, and says, "Lebanon has never had a teacher so accomplished as he, nor one whose memory is so warmly cherished." The same friend tells an interesting incident. The Academy was new and the grounds nearly bare of trees. The first spring after going to Lebanon Mr. Giles one day took the boys to the woods with a large wagon and picks and spades. There was much fun among the boys as each took up a tree and planted it on the Academy grounds under Mr. Giles's direction. As the planting was going on Mr. Giles suggested that some day they might come with their children and sit under the shade of their trees. They were a bright, ambitious, studious set of scholars, and many of them have since held positions of trust and influence. One, at least, in fulfillment of Mr. Giles's prophecy, has taken his son to the scene of his own school days and sat with him in the shade of the tree which he planted.

Mr. Thomas Corwin, the well-known senator, was one of the family friends in Lebanon. In a letter written to Uncle James Mr. Giles describes the effect of his eloquence upon his hearers:

We have nothing in our town that is new or interesting. The Democrats tried to get up some excitement yesterday by celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Monterey, but it did not succeed. There were hardly a baker's dozen of them. Mr. Corwin is here occasionally. He made a great speech at the Whig meeting a short time ago. All who heard it thought it excelled the one he gave in the senate last winter. You may judge something of its power when you know that he kept an audience which had already listened to a speech of two hours, in a densely crowded room with the mercury above eighty degrees, two hours and three quarters, as still as though the fate of every one were hanging on his words. He was very much affected; at times could hardly go on. Governor Bebb, John Woods, L. D. Campbell, and others who have become hardened by many years' service in political life, wept like children. I believe Mr. Corwin is earnest in his opposition to the war and I think he will be heard from again when Congress is assembled.

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In January Mr. Giles makes the following entries in his diary:

Lebanon, Jan. 1, 1848. My health has been very poor and I have concluded to give up my school. I cannot do justice to myself or to my scholars. Hardly a week elapses in which I do not have to be out of my school more or less. I have resolved to establish a family boarding school for boys. I think it will be more profitable and less laborious. I can make as much from one boarder at forty dollars a quarter as I can from ten day scholars, so that ten scholars would be as profitable as ninety. I record this as my conviction here and will next year give the actual result.

Eunice and myself have joined the New Church. A small society has been formed in this place and we have added our names to the number. This society is small in the world yet, but I believe it is destined to meet a want which has long been felt, — a rational religion, — one that will satisfy not only the heart but the understanding.

It will be of interest to New Church people that the society in Lebanon of which Mr. and Mrs. Giles became members soon after moving to that place was a successor to one of the oldest, if not the oldest, west of the Alleghany Mountains. It was founded by Rev. Thos. Newport, who came to Ohio from Delaware. He was one of those who came into the Church through Miss Barclay, of Philadelphia, after her removal to Bedford, Pennsylvania. Mr. Newport was a brother-in-law of Rev. David Powers, Sr. He organized the society in Lebanon under the name of the Turtle Creek Society in 1812, and was ordained by Mr. Powers in 1818. He was also the founder of the Western Association, the forerunner of the Western Convention.

In this letter to Dr. Lakey Mr. Giles explains somewhat in detail his position:

LEBANON, Jan. 23, 1848.

I do not wish to obtain any day scholars, and I would not care if I did not have more than ten boys the first session — never more than twenty or twenty-five. Fifteen would be a good number, and with that number I am very sure I could clear a thousand dollars a year.

The house which we are now occupying was sold by the sheriff yesterday and we are warned to leave in two weeks. We can get no

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house in town at this time, and I suppose we shall be compelled to pack up our furniture and board for a while.

Mr. Corwin is friendly. I think he and his family are the warmest friends we have in town. I have never corresponded with him, though I wrote to him some time ago making known my plan and asking for some letters. In his reply he says he "sincerely regrets my determination to leave the Academy," but "necessity in this as in all other like cases makes her own law." He gave me a letter to —— of your city and one to a gentleman in New Orleans. The letters were as complimentary as I could ask.

I see only two obstacles to my success now,—health and a house. My health is very poor and is growing worse. I intend to take some active measures for recovery as soon as my school is out. Eunice and the children are better now but have been quite unwell. Caroline will take a class in drawing when the session closes, and when the navigation opens will return to New York.

The decision to give up the Academy in Lebanon was decidedly opposed by the relatives, who wrote quite freely expressing their opinions.

From Miss Rowena Lakey to Mr. Chauncey Giles

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 9, 1848.

It is with a great deal of anxiety I learn by your last letter that you have nearly determined upon leaving the Academy. Not that I distrust your judgment as to what is right and best, or your ability to carry out your convictions; but I do fear that in a fit of despondency, resulting from your most excruciating pain, you may have been blinded to your own position in Lebanon. I do not believe you or your school has a single opposer that would dare undertake to bring a charge against you or your doings. There are a few families who know they have wronged you, perhaps ignorantly and possibly maliciously. No doubt your prosperity and even presence is an eyesore to them, and they would gladly see you remove from the institution and will come out once in a while and get up some excitement for the accomplishment of that object. This is to be expected in Lebanon and every other place as long as

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human nature is what it is. But you have many and warm friends there, those whose good will and esteem have been elicited by your wisdom and goodness. You have passed through the ordeal which prejudice and bigotry prepare for trying and proving strangers, and emerged, I am proud to say, unscathed and triumphant. I consider the decisive battle won. You have earned the confidence and respect of a vast majority of the community, and you have a right now to make it serviceable to yourself and the institution. You ought to be able to gain a comfortable livelihood and something more from it. If you cannot I suppose you will be obliged to leave, but any sudden change will be attended with great pecuniary sacrifice of course, and you will not expect to realize much more than a subsistence from your boys' school the first year, even if everything should prove propitious. Would it not be better to retain the Academy for six months or a year and pay rent until you have all suitable arrangements made to commence your private school to advantage? What say Eunice and the rest of the folks to the proposed change? Mr. Corwin is a true friend, I believe, and you have a host of others not less true, not as influential perhaps, but who really appreciate your efforts and wish you success. Northern names will not be as efficient for you here as Southern. No doubt you will do what is for the best, only do not act upon plans made while suffering from one of those dreadful paroxysms.

My thoughts are with you in Lebanon every day. I mingle with you in the schoolroom and home around the fireside. Do tell me how my classes get along in school.

In this letter to Mrs. Giles of mingled historical references, advice as to the bringing up of children, together with an offer of sundry miscellaneous articles, Uncle James has also his comments to make upon the proposed change of plans:

CINCINNATI, Jan. 8, 1848.

Yours of Dec. 28th in answer to mine of Dec. 4th was duly received.

This is an anniversary of the last land battle in the War of 1812. It is actually remembered, and its date duly kept by many of our people. And why? Because certain politicians had an axe to grind and drove

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this solitary fact into the brains of a bamboozled people in 1828 and 1832. No result whatever followed the victory of New Orleans; we could say we had killed the English and that our enemy had got the last kick in the contest. The date of no other battle by sea or land is known at all by our enlightened yeomanry or by our college graduates, — I mean the War of 1812, which lasted until 1815. Quite a portion of our countrymen place the battle of New Orleans after that of Waterloo, among whom may be reckoned a large number of editors. I have been frequently asked by well-dressed young men which battle was first, although the date of both battles has been in all the almanacs for the last thirty-two years.

Possibly you may think, "What is that to me?" Much to you, for you are the mother of fine children. Let it be your care that they do not add to the mountain mass of ignorance that overshadows our land.

My mother and my older sisters first told me of the Revolution. They sowed the seeds which brought forth fruit in after time, when they had gone to eternity.

Mothers can be useful without literature. Your stern Aunt Eunice could not write, and it was said that she could not read, and yet she knew more than many of her sex that could, but did not, read.

But that iron age has passed away, and individuals like nations can unite high intelligence with iron industry and great strength.

I have been unfortunate in my efforts to aid you and your sister. In May last I offered to give twenty-five dollars' worth of cabinet furniture, but none of my nieces seemed to want any articles in that line, although it is said to be thirty per cent. cheaper than in 1841 when your husband made his purchases for you. If a communication had been established between Lebanon and Cincinnati by team I would have sent you the following articles:

1. A looking-glass, cost \$25.
2. One painting, cost \$45.
3. An ice chest, \$5.
4. A "right smart chance" of China tea, coffee, etc.

The articles with their prices marked are what they cost me in cash.

Now I do not know a single teamster in your good town except

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Thomas Corwin the "Waggon Boy," and he has long since laid up his whip. The articles are still kept for your "use and behoof," and for you "to have and to hold." If you had lived in Hamilton I would have sent them by canal at my own expense. Your husband's sickness no doubt prevented his attending to this business.

I am glad that you and your husband have joined a church. It will extend your acquaintance and gain you friends. I am sorry that the "New Jerusalem" is so small and that it is not likely to increase much. It requires too much study and a more advanced cultivation of intellect than exists at present, to understand its doctrinal mysteries. Its peaceful maxims are worthy of praise; they are the precepts not of Confucius but of a greater, even Christ.

Jan. 9.

Chauncey's letter is received and will be answered soon. His boarding-school plan may succeed, but I fear not in the country. I think he would better stay among men than go into the woods. It will require capital to set a school going in a solitary place. But I must think longer before I can give any valuable advice.

From the diary:

It is now evening. I have been up street and down street, have collected \$8.40 of my old school bills, and have handed in my resignation to the trustees of the Academy. If I fail in my new plan I think it would be well for me to sell everything I have, clear myself of debt, and begin anew. I may yet be able to do something more than make a bare living. I have failed in some respects when I might have avoided it, and I have many things in my own mental habits which I ought to reform, and I might change some things in my family with great advantage to them and to myself. I spend too much of my time in reading and too little in conversing with my family, and my thoughts dwell too much on my pecuniary affairs, and I have too many fears for the results of my operations. I must try to act more and think less of unprofitable things. Well, a new year is before me, or rather all years are before me. Shall I not act as if the character of them all was in

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some measure to be influenced by each act of every day. I have a wife and two children dear to me as life, and I must do all I can to contribute to their happiness and permanent well-being.

Contrary to the agreement made with them when taking charge of the Academy at Lebanon, the trustees now wished to charge Mr. Giles rent for the use of the building. This he refused to pay. As he concisely observes in his diary, "The trustees sued me and I beat them."

Rowena Lakey to Mr. and Mrs. Giles

NEW ORLEANS, April 25, 1848.

Oh, don't I rejoice in the result of your lawsuit! Are the Lebanonians crazy, or what possesses them? If it is an "evil spirit" I hope you have exorcised it. I can easily imagine that you have not been reposing on a bed of roses for the last few months. The breaking up and removals in the school and at home would be a terrible task under any circumstances, but with the addition of sickness and the spite and malice of a set of bigots, I almost wonder, as I rejoice, at your present good prospects and hope Eunice's indisposition will disappear with the anxiety and agitation that I am sure must have been sufficient cause for it. You have the best wishes of us all in your new enterprise, but whether we shall be able to do anything more remains to be seen. I think if I had some of your circulars to distribute they might excite the attention of some of our business men who educate their children North and spend their summers there. Have you any scholars engaged in Yellow Springs? You must make the acquaintance of the citizens, and as far as possible excite in them an interest in your success. If you had received the hearty coöperation of half of the trustees in Lebanon there is not a school in the state that could compete with you. School teachers cannot be independent of society if they would. That they were never made to live alone is certain. So I would recommend taking advantage of it and mingle freely with the society of the place at first, and not let first impressions tell of the misanthrope or ascetic.

Elisabeth wishes to know if you do not wish Jack for a scholar this summer. She designs to have Mr. Giles educate him.

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In April, 1848, the little family again changes its surroundings and somewhat its manner of life by going to Yellow Springs. Mr. Giles is no longer subject to the caprice of dominating trustees, but begins in this lovely village a small home boarding school for boys. Family letters and the diary give many details of their life here and of the steps which led to it. To the latter we will turn.

Yellow Springs, April 28, 1848. A few days after my school closed in Lebanon we discontinued housekeeping and commenced boarding at Mr. ——'s. We remained there until the 22nd of April, when we removed to this place. My time during the stay there was principally spent in settling my business and getting ready to come here. Some of the time I was in Cincinnati. My health improved some, and I am now able to do much more than when I left my school. The trustees sued me for the rent of the Academy and I beat them. Many hard things were said, but I finally got away and am now making arrangements for my new school.

The interpolation of the following letters gives some additional light upon events which Mr. Giles subsequently notes in his diary:

To Mrs. Giles from Dr. Lakey

CINCINNATI, June 8, 1848.

Yours mailed May 8th is now before me. I have delayed answering it until you get warm in the new bed to which you have removed.

You mistake in saying that I am opposed to "all boarding schools." My remarks applied to those "where females finished their education" and to those alone. A boarding school for boys I have never seen, and of course could give no opinion of its merits. Your Uncle James never gives his opinion blindly or in the dark. Your chances of success seem good, better than most earthly enterprises. But after all, my dear girl, teaching is a very uncertain business, as your own remark shows; you cleared five hundred dollars in Lebanon not by teaching but by boarding and books.

The Rev. Dr. Chapin of Wethersfield, Connecticut, is now eighty-five; in 1811 he told me that teaching would never do to ride double with,

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meaning that it would never support a man with a family. I mentioned this to your husband in 1842, and advised him to seek some surer business. On the night of Feb. 16th I sat up until twelve to write you a letter, the receipt of which you have not mentioned in yours of May 6th. I also sent a small bundle, the contents of which were described, but have not heard from you whether it was even welcome. Business men say "the smallest favors thankfully received;" and perhaps we may learn from them. A friendly letter should always be acknowledged, even if months and years intervene.

Let me say a few words concerning your eldest child. Perhaps John Wesley's mother would be a good model for you. She did not tell her boys aught of letters until they were five, then put them into the first chapter of Genesis, and in five days young Jack mastered his alphabet and could read. But a girl of four is as old in mind as a boy of five. Wesley was born north of the parallel of fifty-one degrees and your child on the thirty-ninth degree. The sun ripens men as well as plants. You can judge of the proper time to begin the lettered part of Lucy's education. But the moment she can spell be careful not to let her speak any word that she cannot spell. The neglect of this salutary rule has filled our country with barbarians of both sexes, — barbarians in broadcloth and barbarians in silk. Let the child in every case associate words with letters. Let her be taught the right use and the true definition of words. I know of no school unless it be your husband's where this is done. I could say much more, but enough for once.

Let me have your opinion on this subject. I had your letter before me when writing and recommend you to do the same in writing to me.

To Dr. Lakey from Mrs. Giles

YELLOW SPRINGS, July 10, 1848.

Yours of the eighth of June lies before me, and I am much obliged to you for your expressions of interest in our children. They are opposite in character but very fond of each other and as smart as most children.

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The first summer I taught school I had sixteen children in the alphabet, but I do not remember that the girls were quicker than the boys of the same age. Mr. Giles thinks they are, and I have noticed it in older pupils.

As to the uncertainty of teaching, all business so far as my observation goes has its risks. I really do not know how a man—with a family, one who has devoted his time and money to acquiring the art of teaching and who has a first rate reputation, and who is moreover a man of sense, delicacy, and refinement, one who has had his own way to make in the world without advice, money, or patronage—can do better than stick to his business.

Not to go out of the family, Father, who has spent years in trying to acquire money in almost every kind of business, in his old age finds himself poor. In Father's family it was always hard times, in fact all work and no play, and I was well grounded in habits of economy.

I am glad to hear your health is so good. Mr. Giles was thrown from a horse a few weeks ago, and has not entirely recovered. Rowena unites with me in sending her love. If I ever send you another letter I will try to make a better looking one. It was past my bedtime when I commenced. Good night.

There are no entries in the diary for many months, but in the following letter to Dr. Lakey Mr. Giles gives some account of their life in the interim.

YELLOW SPRINGS, Dec. 27, 1848.

The mercury stands at ten degrees above zero this morning. I have seven fires in constant operation, and some of the time nine.

Dec. 29.

I was interrupted in the midst of the last sentence by an additional fire. My fireboard had caught and was burning quite briskly. A pitcher of water soon extinguished it and nearly extinguished my letter.

The little ones are well and grow finely.

My school continues to increase, and when we get everything ar-

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ranged I think we shall be as well situated as I could wish. But you can hardly conceive how great my expenses have been since I came here and how hard I have worked. There is no danger of my dying from *ennui*. But I do more than I wish. I engage in my duties cheerfully, for I believe labor not only to be the lot of man but the best possible thing for him. An eternity of idleness would be either a hell or a state of mental inanition. Activity must be essential to our happiness unless we enter a lower order of life when we put off the exuviae of the soul, and I can conceive of no higher happiness than to have every power of the soul called into harmonious activity, in circumstances where no law of nature or feeling or thought would be violated. I believe such a state is before every well-doer and I cheerfully accept the conditions upon which it is to be obtained. I look to the future without any misgivings or doubts or fears. I expect neither wealth, ease, nor honor in this world, nor any exemption from the cares and trials of life.

The pathway of life has not been so far entirely free from thorns, and if I have ever shrunk from the future or felt like fainting by the way it was owing to weakness of body more than mind. But I will not boast till I "take the harness off."

You ask me about my vacation. I do not know when it will come, probably not before March, and then it will be very short. I think I shall be in the city before that time.

I want to get a teacher of music and French. I could give steady employment to one who could teach those branches well, and good wages. I should prefer a lady. If you should hear of any one who would answer my purpose you would be doing me a great favor by letting me know it.

My successor in Hamilton, I understand, is not doing very well. I saw —— from there yesterday and he thought the school was not of "much account." I see they are beginning to talk of Mr. Bebb for governor, or rather for a candidate. I think he would do very well.

Mr. Giles's letters of this period are signed C. C. Giles. He was named for Commodore Chauncey and when a boy was often called

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Commodore. For many years he signed his letters as above, but eventually dropped the Commodore entirely.

Yellow Springs, Feb. 20, 1849. When we came here I made an entry in my journal but have not made any since. Eunice and I were both quite unwell; we had little or no assistance and before we got our furniture arranged were nearly exhausted. We had received the promise of but two scholars though several gentlemen promised to think of it and write. The day advertised for the school to open was looked to with much anxiety. It came and the cars came, but no boys. Thus we waited for nearly two weeks. Finally one boy arrived. After our patience was exhausted in waiting I went to the city, though I had only ten dollars left, and if I should not get any scholars that was all we had to live upon. I went and returned with four boys. One gentleman paid me fifty dollars in advance and thus we were enabled to live. School opened and all things went on very smoothly. I had five boys, nearly enough to pay my expenses. My own health was tolerably good and so was E's.

About the 20th of May I was thrown from a horse and hurt my hip. It did not immediately trouble me very much, but continued to swell gradually until it was very difficult to get about. In the meantime, about August, my numbers had increased to ten and several more were talking of coming; then my hip and thigh became so painful that I could not teach any longer.

I taught until I could not go to the schoolroom and then I took my boys into the house; afterwards I heard them in bed.

Finally Miss Lakey offered to take charge of them until I got better. She taught them two weeks but found that she could not get along with them very pleasantly and we concluded to send them home, which we finally did. The large muscle on the outside of my leg seemed to be the principal seat of the disease. The doctor tried poultices for some time but found they would not do. He then resorted to blisters, but they did not seem to have the desired effect. The doctor advised me to get some other physician. We sent for Dr. Lakey, but before he came Dr. Thorn had probed the swelling, found my leg had suppurated, and

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had opened it. This gave me great relief, and from that time I began to recover. For nearly three months I was in constant pain, and much of the time it was very severe. For some weeks I could not turn myself in bed without the most excruciating pain. My nervous powers were nearly exhausted by the constant suffering and I was weak in body and mind. E. was also worn down with anxiety and fatigue.

The pay for our pupils, some of it received in advance, was sufficient to supply us with means to live, so that we had no anxiety on that score. It has been a season of great trial, and I have had abundant evidence of my weakness. I was determined that I would not give up my school, and I believe I did fight it out to the last.

Some of my boys had been here but a few weeks and I thought I should not get them again if they went home. But they all came back but two.

After a vacation of five weeks I began school again with eight scholars. My illness had compelled me to defer the winter session until it was so late that most parents had disposed of their children. Indeed the report had been circulated that I did not intend to reopen the school. My health has been tolerably good, and on the whole we have moved along very pleasantly and quietly. We have made some very agreeable acquaintances during the summer and some who seem to take quite an active interest in our welfare. One of them is S. W. P——y, Esq., of Cincinnati. He brought a son here to place under our care and at the same time mentioned that the people of Pomeroy were making preparations for an Academy, and he thought it would be a very good situation. I had not the most remote idea at the time that I should go, but negotiations were opened and I have engaged to go in the spring. My school here will about pay expenses during the year.

The offer they have made me is the best I have ever had and we hope to be able to make enough to get out of debt and make a good living besides.

The breaking up of my school was a severe blow to me. It almost seemed to shake my faith in the goodness of Providence and I struggled and murmured. Everything was dark, dark. "All these things are

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against me," I cried, and I felt as though I had made a very serious retrograde movement in spiritual life. This, however, has now passed away and I feel more than ever that it is good for me that I have been afflicted. I have been too discouraged at my want of success in temporal things. I believe that such ideas are now losing their hold upon me, and that those divine realities which constitute the true life of the soul are taking a deeper and stronger hold upon me. A happy change also seems to have taken place in Eunice. She says that she is better pleased with the past, present, and future than ever before. I cannot now record all we have felt and experienced, but I may do so at some future time.

Feb. 22, 1849. I have been reading the "Life of Dr. Channing" and I feel so abased. I see such an infinite distance between him and myself that I am ready to sink down in despair; and yet he felt in the same way, and his sense of his failures, of his weakness, his sin, was as keen, as painful as mine. It is a slight encouragement that I can appreciate such characters to some extent. It shows that I can see.

Feb. 26. Is it not possible that a man can make perceptible progress in spiritual life every day? Or is our moral nature of such slow growth that like the oak and the more hardy plants its increase can only be measured by years?

Warren and Lucy are enjoying themselves as well as youth, health, innocence, and perfect freedom from care will allow them. Both of them seem in the partial eyes of their parents to be very promising.

March 2. I received a number of the *New Jerusalem* magazine to-day. I think it will be of much service in keeping alive my interest in spiritual subjects.

How strange it is that we should be disinclined to do that which we know will be for our own spiritual good! How sad that we who have the gift of looking before and after should be so prone to take up with a mess of pottage instead of our celestial birthright! But we all do it to some extent. If we could only bring the will and the understanding in harmony what a glorious thing it would be! A Sabbath of rest indeed! But we are so evil, so changed are our forms from their bright,

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celestial beauty, and these changes have become so organized, that it must take a long time before we can get into harmony with the Lord and with the principles of nature.

One of the greatest difficulties in keeping a journal is the barrenness of the events which one has to record. It ought not to be so, perhaps, for if well kept it should be the record of one's inner life. Yet how few have any history worth recording even to themselves! What would a shoemaker's journal be, but a record of the number of pegs he had driven or the stitches he had taken, unless besides the mechanical process there was an inward life worth recording? Small events are often of great importance to us. It is the last drop which makes the cup run over. When the scale is nearly balanced a grain makes it turn.

I have been reading in the life of Swedenborg. I know of no one in the annals of history who ever went to work so systematically and steadily to publish his doctrines, and who seemed to await with so little concern or with so much faith for the time when they should be received. It did not seem to be his object to build up an edifice but to lay the foundation. Like the husbandman he cast his seed into the ground and awaited with cheerful confidence the time when it should take root and bear fruit.

March 3, 1849. This morning I received a letter from the Rev. J. P. Stuart in which he announced his intention to visit us again soon. He has hinted several times that I would sometime preach New Church doctrines.

If I were free from debt and qualified I should like nothing better. But I am neither and so I can do nothing at present. My intellectual culture has been too meagre and my habits of thought and reading too desultory to enable me ever to be an able expounder of the doctrines of the New Church. But if I were going to preach at all I would wish to preach them — they are so consistent with the nature of man and themselves. There seems to be no weak point in them. They meet every want of the human heart, they embrace every idea that is rational concerning God and the spiritual world, and embrace in their noble philosophy every atom of matter.

One beautiful feature of these doctrines is that they bring our

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Heavenly Father near in every object of the universe. The beautiful and wonderful objects which lie around us on every side are no longer merely wonderful and beautiful, but they are tokens of the love and wisdom and power of Him Who hath all power and Who is Love Itself.

The flower has an additional charm,—God's love smiles to us through its beauty. We breathe it in the grateful fragrance, we hear it in the ten thousand harmonies which swell and die away upon the air. Oh that I could keep alive this feeling that it might grow and become more active and constant in its operations, until I could see nothing in the unmarred works of God which did not remind me of Him Who made me to be happy, and Who arranges all the workings of His providences to bring us into conjunction with Him!

Have I made any progress to-day? I fear not. There is a strange feeling hanging over me; I cannot describe it. Eternal realities constantly press upon my mind and yet I fear they do not have the influence they ought. Good thoughts are nothing only as they lead to good actions. Use is full of good. Am I of any use? That is the question. It seems to me that it must be very small. But am I not capable of doing more than I have ever done? Yes, yes, I am sure I am. Oh, had I improved my time as I might, what could I have accomplished!

If my children should ever see this, let them take warning before the best of life is wasted, and be diligent, active, persevering, brave, energetic in overcoming every obstacle. Then may they be of some use in their day and generation, and be saved from the bitter regrets of those who have wasted their strength in useless retrospections or in vain and idle thoughts. God help me at this late day to overcome my sloth and stupidity and improve even the eleventh hour.

His children have indeed read the above, but not as their father thought have they received it as a "terrible warning." The idea of him in that capacity seemed almost ludicrous. We read it with smiles, and thought instead of the noble example he has been to us continually.

Yellow Springs, March 6, 1849. Yesterday General Taylor was inaugurated, and his inaugural was printed in Cincinnati yesterday and sent here to-day. Such is the triumph of modern genius and art. The

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telegraph has annihilated space. We can now talk with those who are thousands of miles from us, and by means of railroads and steamboats we can soon traverse the whole length of our land. If our moral progress kept pace with our physical we should be a better race than was ever beheld on the earth since the days of Adam. But it will be a very long time before we shall arrive at this height of perfection, yet the way is preparing and the time will come. Can I do nothing to help bring near that glorious day when all shall know the Lord?

This morning one of my boys received a letter from his father saying that he could not go to Pomeroy with me to school. He seemed very much disappointed and wrote a letter immediately, expressing a strong wish to change his father's decision. This has depressed me all day, so little confidence have I in the government of a Divine Providence. Everything frightens me. Oh that I could trust Him implicitly, whatever men may say or do! What matters it whether we have much or little in this life! The main thing is to do our duty, to eradicate from our hearts the love of self and the world. If we were constantly impressed with the thought that we are acting for eternity, and that the happiness and blessedness of that eternity must depend upon the characters we form here, how would all other interests fade into nothing compared with this. What if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul! What a work have I to do before I can gain my freedom from these bonds of sin, of evil habits, of false principles and views of life. Work! work, toil, and that against yourself, apparently. When the whole world goes rushing along, mad after honor; to be calm and to possess your soul in patience; to resist your own inclinations and the influences of the world around you; to think and be satisfied that you are doing well when you are laying up nothing of this world's goods, provided you are resisting your own inclinations to evil and are striving to do right—who can do it? I feel every day as if I made no progress, but if I resist the disposition to evil, if I go not back, I do something. But I would be free from this constant struggle, this unremitting warfare. I would fain have a Sabbath of rest. When will it come? Not until I have overcome myself.

I read a book called "Reed on the Growth of the Mind," which I

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very much admire. It contains many beautiful and noble thoughts and I trust I shall profit by it. It would be an interesting thing if we could tell exactly what effect any book has upon our views and opinions, what aliment it furnishes to our mental growth.

March 16, 1849. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Stuart and Mr. Espy came to make us a visit from the Twenty-Mile Stand. Mr. Stuart preached in the evening, in the schoolhouse, to a very good audience, on the Resurrection. Last evening he preached on the Atonement. So far as I have heard all except the most zealous Methodists were pleased with what he said. They listened very attentively, and I trust they obtained some truths which may be of some use to them in life. I presume many will think the New Church doctrines not quite so extravagant and absurd as they supposed.

I have had a very pleasant time. I have enjoyed Mr. Stuart's society very much. We have conversed upon various matters, ranging from the lowest points of science to the highest of philosophy. I have had no school and the boys have enjoyed the holiday. Mr. S. presented me with a copy of "Noble's Lectures." I shall prize them much.

Surely there is great pleasure and profit in exchanging views with those who are intelligent and whose thoughts harmonize with ours somewhat. I have obtained many brighter and clearer views from our conversation.

The thought occurred to me to-day that every one shows clearly how much he desires to go to heaven by the efforts he makes to get there. Many pray loudly that God will save them, but they do not cultivate their affections and perform those uses in which heaven consists, and they have no pleasure in them. What, then, is the heaven which they wish? Do they not want to be saved *in* their sins and not *from* them?

I began to-day to read "Heaven and Hell." I find it very interesting. What a wonderful book! The wildest romance could not be so interesting.

March 19, 1849. Yesterday I went to church and the Presiding Elder preached. He spoke very well, but the great mistake is, he like others wants to make Christians in a moment. "Get religion," is the term they use, as though religion was anything that could be obtained

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as we can obtain money or food. Religion, it has been well said, is a life. The house was crowded and there was some attempt to get up an excitement, but I do not think it will succeed.

I began reading one of the posthumous tracts of Swedenborg on the "Infinite," and it bears evidence of a greatness of mind that I have never seen before. We can judge better by this than by his theological works, because here we can compare him with others. The tract was about as interesting to me as any novel I ever read, and I think I shall derive much benefit from it.

March 20, 1849. I do not feel much like work in anything. Change has always affected me in this way. I never feel as if I could carry out my business square to the end when I expect to make a great change soon. This is not as it should be. I find I need application of new stimulus every day to keep me faithful and active. I fear I am one of those who work too much from necessity and not enough from principle. I must try to improve in this respect.

March 24. I have been reading "Noble's Lectures" and some of Swedenborg's tracts. The more I read the more I am amazed, the more every created thing seems to rise in importance, and the Infinite and Holy One seems to be brought nearer and nearer to view. I seem to myself to be getting glimpses of higher and nobler truths, of views of the Lord and life that will have an important effect upon me during my whole existence. As these new truths beam forth to view they seem so wonderful that I am sometimes tempted to think they cannot be true. And yet I feel that they must be, or the whole of life is a vain dream and mockery. May my faith grow stronger, my views of truth clearer and brighter, that I may know Him Whom to know aright is life eternal.

I have spent most of the day in reading "Noble's Lectures." They are full of thought and I do not see how the reasoning can be met or refuted, and yet there are not many who will receive the Doctrines at present. The good Methodists of this place seem horrified at the thought that they may prevail. They call them a species of modern infidelity, though on what they ground their charge it would be difficult to say.

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I consider it the greatest blessing of my life that I became acquainted with them. They have removed the darkness which enveloped many subjects and have made them a matter of reason, when heretofore they were only cognizant to the eye of faith. And they have done more than this. They have presented the Lord in such a light that the whole universe has become radiant with His love. Oh, that that love may so penetrate my heart and my affections that I may constantly become a holy and living sacrifice, acceptable to Him Whose love is unchangeable, and constantly exercised towards all His creatures!

Yellow Springs, April 1, 1849. Yesterday my school closed and the boys went home. I feel as if a very great load of anxiety and care was removed from me. Everything seems so still and quiet. I am not constantly feeling as if some of them might be in mischief.

This winds up another year of labor and completes a cycle in my existence.

We expect soon to make preparations to remove to Pomeroy. On the evening of the 30th of March E. was taken ill and we have many fears about her. If she should be confined by a long sickness it would seem to be very unfortunate, as we wish to remove in two weeks from this place. But it may be the very best thing for us to be prevented from leaving now. We cannot tell, so we will try to make the best of our situation, knowing that nothing of a very serious nature can result from it if we rely firmly upon Divine Providence, and trust implicitly to the Infinite Love of our Heavenly Father. Eunice seems very calm and composed, and I trust she will be sustained in whatever trial she may be called upon to bear.

April 12, 1849. Since writing I have done nothing but wait. The time has passed away very slowly, not to say unpleasantly. I have been expecting letters every day, but none have arrived. It seems very essential that we should know something more definite about our future operations than we do. Several gentlemen are owing me money also, and I do not see how we can get along unless they send it, but it does not come.

CHAPTER V

POMEROY

POMEROY, *April 23, 1849.* It is a long time since I have made an entry in my journal and many events important to us have transpired. The day after I last wrote we began to pack up our goods. They were put aboard the cars on Wednesday evening the 18th and E. and I with the children went to Mr. ——'s to wait for the train. Eunice was quite unwell, and we began to fear that she would be confined before we went over, and it was not long before all our fears were confirmed. About two o'clock of the 19th she was delivered of a boy who lived but an hour. Nothing apparently could be more adverse to our interests or more unfortunate. But dear E. bore it with wonderful fortitude and composure. She surprised us all by her resignation and self-control. She seemed to be comfortable the next day, and as our furniture was on the cars and must be either unloaded or go on, it was thought best that I should leave her in Rowena's care and go on with it.

April 24. Arrived at Pomeroy at about twelve o'clock. I was very kindly received by our friends here and was invited by Judge Irving to lodge at his house and take breakfast and tea with him.

I found the work on the house had been very much delayed by a slide in the land and the prospects looked very discouraging. My goods came on the 27th and on the 28th I put part of the furniture into the house. I remained in Pomeroy until the eighth of May, when I left to meet Eunice and the family. I had all along received very encouraging accounts from her.

We were accommodated with board at Mr. ——'s and stayed there until the 18th of June, when we moved into our home and began school. Our numbers were much larger than we expected and the school on the whole has been very prosperous. Up to the present time we have taught two quarters and four weeks, with only one week's vacation.

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We have had eight boys to board with us for some time past. We went through the trying scenes of the cholera without any sickness in our family of much account. E's health has been tolerably good and so has mine, and we are much pleased with our situation, much better than we have been with any previous one.

The following letters were written during Mrs. Giles's illness in Yellow Springs.

To C. Giles from his wife

YELLOW SPRINGS, April 25, 1849.

Your very good letter came this morning and found me better than I have ever been before at the same time. The doctor was just in and says if I continue to get on so well I may start next week. I can hardly realize it, but feel elated in prospect of so soon being able to join you.

The doctor thinks by avoiding the night air we can safely leave sooner. We have therefore concluded to visit Mr. Espy's and stay a day or two and then take the morning train.

Bub has chills yet. Lucy enjoys having children to play with very much. I suffer a good deal with that old pain in my face and ear. Your letters cheer me very much.

To C. Giles from Rowena Lakey

We intend to leave the Springs the last of next week if nothing prevents, — go to Grandpa Espy's on the three o'clock train and stay over the Sabbath, then take the morning train for the city and go directly from the depot to the 11 o'clock packet. So you may put your house in order. N.B. Look well to the larder. We shall patronize that pretty extensively, I'm thinking. Perhaps you would better send us the means for removal as soon as convenient, that we may not be delayed longer than is necessary. If you can suggest any improvement on our plans please let us know.

The doctor says Eunice may try getting out of bed to-morrow. She sits up in bed while eating. I suppose you are hardly prepared for a letter in her own hand. It is remarkable how well and strong she is.

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To Mrs. Giles from her husband

April 29, 1849, Sat. eve.

It is now just a week since I heard from you. I was so much disappointed last night when no letter came that I almost determined to get into the steamboat and make you a visit. I am in two places all the time,—here in body, with you in spirit. I talk and laugh with the others, and while they are telling stories I am with you and the children.

But I will give an account of myself. Friday I did not do much of anything but wander around. Yesterday I took dinner with Mrs. —, when I saw rather more style than I have seen before in this place. We had a piece of roast pork and a boiled ham, asparagus, and a very nice pudding, silver forks, etc. Mr. Charles Pomeroy and Judge Irving were present with me and we had a very pleasant time. After dinner I commenced moving my furniture from the river to the house. We did not finish until night. To-morrow I shall get all our things into the Ark.

This morning I took a long walk with Judge Irving on the hilltops above the river. I will not try to describe the scene. You will soon be here and then you will see it for yourself.

I went to the Episcopal Church. We had a very respectable sermon; I believe I did not hear much of it. I was away in the spirit. A strange feeling of loneliness and sadness came over me. Spectres from the gloomy past came thronging around me, and that loneliness of feeling which seems to sweep over me and shut me out from all fellowship with my kind almost overmastered me. That old feeling of unfitness for intercourse with my fellows haunts me when I am away from you; it sweeps over me and shuts out every fair and beautiful thing in life.

Oh, what do I not owe to you! Rugged and thorny as has been our path since we were married, I date my happiness, my all of life that is worth naming, from that hour. Hardly a day passes that I do not feel like prostrating myself before our dear Heavenly Father to thank Him for you and the dear little ones.

While I was ascending the hill this morning with Judge Irving, the

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sky cloudless, the air pure as if it were a fresh breath from our Father, the birds singing because they could not help it, the flowers looking up from their winter hiding places with such simple, confiding beauty, I thought of you and the dear little ones, especially of the three little cherubs in heaven. The tears would stream forth, but they were not tears of sorrow or sadness, but rather of gratitude and joy. I thought of those little ones,—how they had escaped all life's trials and sorrows, all its impurities and sins; how they would grow up under the blessed influence of angelic purity, to be themselves angels, always happy, with no dangers, no drawbacks; I felt that it was a blessed thing to have been the instruments of giving existence to those who will ever be happy, and I could not but thank our Heavenly Father for His love to us in this respect.

I had to break away from this train of thought and talk of pastures, fences, and lands.

I took dinner with Mr. H. The more I see of the society here the better I like it. I think it will do us all good, and I doubt not it is wisely ordered that we decided to come here. I think we shall find the kind of social influence and feeling here that will be the means of helping us *farther on*. They treat me with great kindness and attention, and as far as I can judge I have made a favorable impression upon them, though this I cannot tell positively. They are looking out for a maid or maids for you and I think they will do everything in their power to make your residence here pleasant. I think it is exactly the place for Rowena and I regard it as a special Providence that she is coming. I think that she will be appreciated, and there is a very pretty class of girls that she will have for scholars—kind-hearted, polite, unaffected, innocent girls, and some of them beautiful withal.

When you are able, Dearest, you will write to me, but not before; I shall be so glad to hear from you. Oh, how glad I am to hear that you are recovering and will soon be well enough to come! And shall I not be glad to see you and the dear little ones! Ah, Babies, would that I could kiss you to-night. Be good children and do as Mother and Auntie tell you, and in a few days I shall see you, I trust. Now I must bid you all good night.

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My anxiety for you is so intense that it seems as if I could not stay here; that I must be with you. If it were not that I am afraid that we shall be much cramped for money before the close of our first quarter, I would come and remain with you until the house was ready and then we would come on together. But I suppose I ought not to distrust you so. You will exercise your judgment and good sense.

In another letter to Mrs. Giles her husband writes:

POMEROY, May 4, 1849.

I am better and better satisfied with life every day. It seems as though I could look up with joyful eyes to our Heavenly Father, even under the most untoward circumstances. It affords me great pleasure, I cannot tell you how much, that you have borne our present trials with so much fortitude and hope.

Delightful visions of the future cheer me amid every trial and disappointment; visions not of wealth, splendor or honor in this life, but of getting into the harmony of things, of removing all obstacles to the full reception of our Father's infinite love. If there is a remote prospect, a faint glimpse of that, surely it is enough to render all the cares and disappointments of life insignificant.

Have no fears for me, Dearest, while you and the children are left to me.

A great variety of boats pass here every day. Yesterday one went down stream loaded from the top to the bottom with emigrants to California. You can stand on the porch of our house here and see the boats go up and down the river and see the children playing in the town below, and you can see old Virginia too.

To Miss Rowena Lakey from C. Giles

POMEROY, May 5, 1849.

The top o' the morning to you. How do you do? Have you a bad headache? And does everything around, above, and below, look blue? The world seems to be doing her best to be entertaining and she has succeeded very well. The people here are ready to give us a warm

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reception. Here you will find some living souls, and I predict that you will be pleased and say that it was well that we came.

Oh, will it not be pleasant to look around and say "There goes a man or woman who estimates our characters by what we are, and not by our creeds, who can look through the shows and forms of things at the reality."

Let us accept cheerfully the present inconveniences which we have met and look joyfully toward the future.

Adolph and I expect to clean house next week, and when we finish we shall be very happy to receive a call from Mrs. Giles and Miss Lakey and the children. I do not know that we can promise you anything very luxurious in the way of entertainment, but you shall have some bread and butter, and if you will bring your tea with you, a cup of tea. If you want any exercise you may climb the rocks back of the house. Or you may sit on the porch and look over the houses into the river and at the hills beyond. You may listen to the music of the birds and of children as it comes up from below, or you may do whatever you please. Is not that liberal enough? If it is not, please to help yourself to liberty. Ho! Ho! I say to myself, we shall be together again soon and my heart bounds at the thought like a horse impatient of his rider. It does not seem to me now that I could live long away from my family. I am sure I would not for all the wealth of California. I hope you will write to me. A letter is better than gold.

To Mrs. Giles from her husband

POMEROY, May, 1849.

Yours of April 25th came safely to hand last night. It made me very glad, and very sad, — glad to hear that you are getting along so well, and sad that you run such risks by sitting up so soon. I expect you will get down again. I tremble every letter I open from you lest I find confirmation of my fears. It is so safe to wait a little and be careful, and so rash and dangerous to be in too much of a hurry, that I wonder you will not wait.

You have doubtless received long before this my letter which informs

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you of the backsets and the downslips encountered in repairing the Academy. But little progress has been made since I came here.

Yesterday Mr. Horton surveyed the premises and took the management of matters into his own hands, and the work moves more rapidly. But it is a sad-looking place, and I don't want you to see it until it appears more inviting. I have no expectation that it will be completed until the first of June, though doubtless we can get into it before that time.

The ground above the house is full of deep fissures made by the slip; the surface is covered with huge rocks and timbers; the cellar is filled with earth and large stones; the plastering in the rooms above is much cracked. Two of the chimneys have tumbled down; there is a workbench in the parlor and the house is full of shavings and lumber. What think you? Do the prospects of housekeeping seem very bright?

As I wrote you in my last, you need be in no hurry, though I think we shall be able to get into the house as soon as you ought to move. Does it not seem strange that I should try to persuade you not to come to me when I would give my eyes almost to see you and the children and Rowena? But I think it would be no pleasanter for you here than it is at the Springs. Doubtless, too, you would have a great many calls from strangers and perhaps would try to return them. But I leave you to do just what you think best. We can get board here, and if you would prefer this, come as soon as you feel able. I would come after you if I could, but I am getting very short of money and I must deny myself the privilege.

You recollect, my dear, how we used to talk about the difficulties of getting here and how wonderful it would be if everything should work right. Some unexpected difficulties have presented themselves and a much more severe trial of our patience and trust in a kind Providence than we expected. But after all it is of but little consequence. We can wait. The time will soon pass away and we shall once more be settled in a quiet home, our dear ones all around us and, I hope, business enough to afford us a decent support. I doubt not we shall enjoy it very much.

Above all the fogs and clouds of earth the future looks bright and

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glorious to me. If we *are* what we ought to be, we shall become what we *wish* to be. And the dear children—how my interest in them increases and my love for them grows more intense! May they become what they are capable of being, intellectual enough, but above all may they be good. Dear ones, how often I think of you!

Poor little Bub still shakes. Oh, ho, my little boy, get up on Father's knee and let us see if we can shake off the shakes. And Sissy too,—come, let us have a romp. We will go to the top of the hill and get some pretty flowers and see the river and the steamboats and the houses and hills beyond.

Yesterday I took tea and dinner at Mr. H——'s and spent the evening at Mr. S——'s. There were a few ladies there, and we sang and chatted until after ten o'clock. They are just beginning to learn music here and they are quite enamoured of it. I sang the bass to a few tunes, and they said at once that I was just the man they wanted in the choir. But I expect I am just the man they won't get.

Mrs. S—— has a fine piano and plays very well. They have a small organ in the Episcopal Church. The church was dedicated the day I arrived here. It is small and plain. The congregation is not large but comprises the Pomeroy tribe principally.

After some favorable comments upon various new acquaintances Mr. Giles says:

I have never seen so much real affection and good feeling exhibited by connections and relatives. I think we shall derive much benefit by association with them. If I am not deceived you and Rowena, and myself too, will find the society here more congenial to our tastes and feelings than any in which we have ever mingled. I have found more books here that were according to my taste than I have ever seen outside of a bookstore in Ohio. But I have come to the end of my sheet. Kiss the babies for me.

POMEROY, May 6, 1849.

I received your kind letter dated the 30th last evening. It takes five days to get a letter from the Springs, nearly as long as it does from Boston. I must have written you a very gloomy letter

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when I first arrived and I am sorry, but I wrote as I felt. Things did look discouraging, and then I was very tired. I also met with some things in Cincinnati which did not increase my equanimity. But I have written you about all these matters before and need not repeat them. If we all live we shall soon be settled in our new home, our dear family once more united not soon to part again, I hope.

It has been a dark rainy day but I have been quite happy. You have been with me and we have had a delightful season of intercourse with each other and with the dear children. The past, too, has come up before me, not in the darkness which once enveloped it but radiant with the light of your love.

We have indeed seen many a dark hour, the billows have gone over us. A flaming sword which shut us out from our Eden was brandished in every pathway, but it was wielded by a good angel to keep us from evil ways. All that we have lost is as nothing compared with what we have gained.

I thought this morning I would tell you how I felt, how happy I am in the present and in the hopes for the future. But somehow I cannot say what I would or as I would. I thought I would tell you what I owed to you; how much your goodness and love have done to win me from dark thoughts, to purify my heart from bad passions and in every way to make me a better man, and how every thought and feeling, every hope of the future and every joy of the present is indissolubly connected with you. But I cannot; no words that I can command will express what I feel. It seems as if what I would say but cannot has been growing upon me for months. Well, let it be unsaid. May every action hereafter have a thousand tongues to tell you what I mean.

I feel that my illness last summer was a great blessing to me. How dark it was to me then! How I struggled against it! I thought I could not have it so. Did it not seem to us as if our very lives depended upon the success of our school? Upon making a little money? How differently I feel now! Desirable as it really is that we should get out of debt, I feel that there is a higher good than that; I have ceased to have that intense and corroding anxiety about it. I have no fear but we shall be able to do all we wish in that respect here.

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I can echo all you have said to me about trusting in the goodness of our Heavenly Father. He is good. Goodness itself. His love is infinite. He is Love itself. I know it; I feel it in a way that I never did before. All our disappointments and delays will be for our good. I am not gloomy or desponding. I feel at times a great anxiety for you, but I know that you too are in the same kind loving Father's keeping and I have no cause to fear.

Let the love which we bear to each other and to our children, imperfect and feeble as we are, teach us how great and pure is His love for us. Then we shall have no cause to doubt or to fear for the future. No evil thing can happen to us if we are true to Him.

Our friends here are very kind to me.

The first thing Mr. Horton said to his wife after he came home from Cincinnati was, when he heard how much they had been delayed by the slide, "Is Mr. Giles discouraged?" You will rejoice, I know, to learn that I have found more congeniality of feeling and tastes here than anywhere in Ohio. Yes, I may say *anywhere*, and I think it will be the same with you. I think you will love Mrs. — and Mrs. — not only because they are kind to me but because they are lovable.

I hope you will write to me every day if you are not too tired. You can judge by your own feelings when you get a letter from me how much pleasure it affords me to hear from you. How good it is when I go to the Post Office after the mail comes in always to find a letter! I thank you, Dearest, for them all. Surely the people at the Springs are very kind. It is cheering to know that we are regarded with so much interest. I hope your stay there will not be altogether unpleasant.

I have nothing new to write in relation to the Academy. I think the principal part of the work will soon be completed, and I have no doubt I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in it next week.

Kiss the dear children for me. I have never had those who are absent appear so really present as you all are to-day.

As Mr. Giles had predicted, life in Pomeroy was more agreeable to him and his wife than any they had previously experienced since their

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marriage. The school was large and successful, they had congenial friends who added much to their social pleasures, and, as always, the home life was happy.

Their house, the old Pomeroy mansion situated on a bluff overlooking the town and river, is the "Ark" of which mention is made in some of the letters. The lower rooms of the house were reserved for the school, which was both for boarding and day pupils, and some of the time Mrs. Giles had a household of fifteen.

At about this time Mr. Giles, always open to new truth, became convinced of the efficacy of homeopathy. When the cholera raged in the town and people were dying off like flies, Mrs. Giles, to whom homeopathic remedies were administered by her husband, was the first person in the town to recover.

Impressed by this circumstance Dr. Lakey, who had been summoned from Cincinnati to attend the sick, came to Mr. Giles and said, "Chauncey, I have a very sick patient. I am sure the man cannot be cured but I would like to try some of the medicines which you gave Eunice." He did so, and the man got well.

Reference is made in some of the family letters to a rival school, the establishment of which necessarily incurred some pecuniary loss to Mr. Giles. Notwithstanding, he pursued the even tenor of his way and constantly tried to improve his methods of teaching and to afford better educational advantages to his pupils. The visit to the Teachers' Convention at Cleveland throws light on one of his efforts to improve in his profession, and he also visited Cincinnati in order to study French with a view to teaching it. Many years later the writer had the same French teacher who then gave Mr. Giles instruction. He said that Mr. Giles learned more French in the time he allotted for its study than any one he ever saw.

Through all the circumstances and changes of the life in Pomeroy a double thread was woven—the constant endeavor to improve in what then seemed to be his chosen profession, and an ever-deepening interest in the doctrines of the New Church. To one of Mr. Giles's temperament this interest was inseparable from efforts to be of use in the church. At first he was asked to read the sermons of others to the little groups of New Church people settled in Pomeroy and the neighboring small towns. On one occasion, being unable to find a suitable discourse, he wrote a sermon himself. The text was from Revelation. "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." This was received with such favor that he continued to write, with many

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internal misgivings as to his own ability but with an ardent desire to do good work.

He has sometimes spoken of these early efforts, given perhaps in a log schoolhouse by the light of a single candle, his audience practically invisible. Children were always attracted to him, and one old lady, then a child, has written to me of how she loved to go "just for the pleasure of looking at Mr. Giles." As this work became more engrossing it was evident that either the teaching or the preaching must be renounced.

Upon receiving a call from the Cincinnati Society he gave up his school, and so Mr. Giles had at length in his fortieth year found his life work! He began in 1852, without previous theological training, in fact with none which would ordinarily be considered a proper introduction to his profession, the many years of useful work which were to follow.

In after years in tracing the leadings of Divine Providence he felt that his whole previous life had been a preparation for the ministry, and he loved to see in the trials and disappointments of earlier years the Hand which led him to deeper spiritual blessings.

Of the poor health which shortened his college course, a disappointment which embittered his life for many years, he said, "By means of it I was led to the greatest blessings of my life,—my wife and the discovery of the New Church."

None who read Mr. Giles's writings can fail to be impressed with their practical character. Through toil (his boyhood was one of hard work and physical hardship) and suffering, through states of doubt and despair, with keen sympathy for humanity, and yet at times a morbid shrinking from human intercourse, with a longing for self-improvement difficult to achieve because of ill health, he pursued from necessity the at first uncongenial profession of teaching. It is interesting to note in his diary the gradual change in his attitude towards his pupils,—from the "I will show them who is master," to the kindly, interested preceptor strong to instill in heedless brains some notion of the practical importance of the cultivation of their minds and the improvement of their characters.

Through and by means of his own sufferings and mistakes he felt for those of others; the truths which had helped him could aid others. *Never* were the beautiful New Church doctrines mere abstractions to him. They were imparted to the recipients not for their admiration only, but as comfort to their sorrows and aid in the difficulties of daily

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life. So his studies of Swedenborg were not undertaken merely to wander free in new and broader fields of intellectual thought, but even at the outset "to overcome inherent deficiencies" in his own character, and afterwards, when it became his duty to point the way to others, sympathetically to meet as practically as possible the difficulties which he well knew from experience were likely to be encountered.

Many times Mr. Giles's aptness at illustration of spiritual truth has been mentioned. Surely the need of adapting knowledge to the young minds of his pupils, with the experience so gained, was admirable training for the more difficult task of bringing his parishioners into clear perceptions of spiritual truth which would be embodied in their characters.

One word more in regard to this period of Mr. Giles's life. The morbid, gloomy sentiments expressed in his diary will be a great surprise to many. To none was it more overwhelmingly astonishing than to his own children, who saw the diary for the first time after his death. This man who begins his diary "Desolation! Desolation!" and who has many thoughts he "would not care to put on paper" is not the loving, sunny father we knew,—he whose genial smile, humorous stories, loving sympathy, wise counsels, and gentle guidance shed cheerful radiance over our childhood, whose companionship was a liberal education in itself, and whose every influence was that of Christian cheer.

From knowledge of him in after years I have but little doubt that this inward gloom which so long clouded his happiness was much of it imperceptible to others. Notwithstanding the morbid "shrinking from his fellows" recorded in his diary, I have no doubt that shining through these cloud strata were many beams of humorous brightness and cordially sympathetic exchanges of thought and anecdote with others.

The complete triumph over this tendency is well exemplified in a grateful letter Mr. Giles received from a lady who, suffering in like manner, had come to him for help. Mr. Giles's letter I did not see, but the lady refers to his remark that "I have come to rejoice in meeting new people as an opportunity of increasing my sphere of heavenly influence." Self put aside, and only Christian service considered!

To give some details of the life in Pomeroy we must go back and review them as mentioned in the letters.

On December 27, 1850, writing from Cincinnati, he says:

My French teacher comes at ten. I have no fear but that I shall accomplish what I came for, and if I do I suppose I ought to be satis-

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fied. I read nothing, and do nothing but study until I am tired, and then I take a walk and come back and go at it again. I am now waiting for dinner. We dine at two o'clock. Breakfast at eight, and tea at half past six. We live as well as any one could wish, — a little too well for health, I believe. But I would rather have a dinner of herbs with you and the children than board at the Burnet House alone.

As a comment upon one of our earlier ministers, I add the following extract from the same letter:

Eunice Espy looks better than I ever saw her before; she says Mr. Powell holds meetings at their house when he is at home, and they seem to excite considerable interest. She says her father is delighted with the society of Mr. Powell. I have no doubt but he will exert a very charming and happy influence upon them all.

In the summer of 1850 Mrs. Giles with her children went to her old home in Palmyra for a visit. At the same time Mr. Giles made his first visit to Boston to see some of the schools there and to learn of improved methods of education. His letters tell the story.

BOSTON, Aug. 14, 1850.

You see by the date of my letter that I am in the famous capital of the old Bay State. We arrived here last night about six o'clock. We left Albany at seven o'clock in the morning and were soon rushing over the hills to Boston. I have often crossed the mountains before, but never in such a hurry. We actually seemed to fly while going down the mountain. But the cars ran very steadily. I cannot describe my sensations as the mountain scenery began to appear. You can probably form some idea of them from your own when the familiar objects of childhood came in sight. The country from Springfield to Boston is much poorer than I expected to find it. It is rough and barren. As you approach Boston it begins to show signs of cultivation in a more perfect manner, and the barrenness of nature is in a good degree overcome by the art and skill of man. I have already seen some names well known to fame and history.

Every one is now busy in making preparations for the funeral obse-

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quies of General Taylor. I hope I shall be able to get into Faneuil Hall to hear the Oration, but it is very doubtful.

It will take a little time to get accustomed to the roar and bustle of the city, which is tremendous.

I am determined to see something if there is anything to see before I leave. I am afraid, however, that I shall be disappointed in the main object for which I came. It is now vacation in all the schools. I intend to go to West Newton to-morrow or next day to visit a Normal School. I suppose I can learn as much from one good school as from half a dozen.

BOSTON, Aug. 15, 1850.

If I should consult my own feelings I would leave to-morrow morning. I feel so lonely and desolate here. That old feeling of which you have heard me speak comes over me and almost overwhelms me. I should like to flee away from the face of men; I wish I could get rid of it. But I am afraid I never shall; I have been wandering about the city most of the time alone. Yesterday I could not find my way back without inquiring. Last night I went to hear Mr. Booth play Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." I have heard Mr. Horton speak of his acting often, and I was desirous of hearing him. He is the best actor I ever saw. There are many things about him that remind me of my father. I cannot tell what, but I found that I was thinking of him every few minutes.

Two days later he gives an account of a visit to see Laura Bridgman:

Mrs. T——, who went with us, is well acquainted with her and can talk with her. I was much gratified with what I saw and heard. Laura was reciting her lesson in geography. She stood before a very large globe with raised figures upon it and answered the questions by finding them or putting the finger of her teacher upon them.

The moment she touched Mrs. T——'s hand she laughed aloud and expressed the greatest joy. She asked her a great many questions about her health and the weather, seemed very jocose and anxious to talk all the time. They communicate with her by means of the deaf and dumb

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alphabet. She puts her hand on the person with whom she wishes to talk and so knows what letters he makes. Miss Wight, who is her teacher, and who has the sole care of her, is a very amiable and pleasant-looking girl. Laura would pat her on the cheek and put her arms around her, and was constantly exhibiting some signs of affection for her. Miss Wight is reading "The Neighbors" to Laura now, and she is much interested in it. She told me that she could communicate a page of it to her in a very short time unless there were new ideas, and then Laura wished to have everything explained to her. Some think her very handsome, but I do not.

After the exercises in the school they all assembled in the Chapel and sang. After the singing they went to play and we came home.

For a time all went well with the school at Pomeroy. Its success from every standpoint seemed assured, when another school was opened in the little village, too small to support two good schools. This was discouraging, and Dr. Lakey, their guide, philosopher, and friend, writes of it, also commenting on his pleasure in meeting Mrs. Giles in Palmyra.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1850.

Yours of October 14 was received November 4. Its slow passage is still an unexplained mystery!

I rejoice to hear that your health is better, and hope you will continue to gain and continue the cold water. I would also recommend the use of the dumb-bells and a hard bed. My general health is better than in July, yet I am a great sufferer from my unfortunate ankle and am not able to travel. Your late visit afforded me great pleasure, as I was confident that the change of scene would add to your health and strength. In your next you must give me a longer letter. Be careful of your health and let your bedroom have plenty of fresh air. Give my love to your husband and the little ones.

Chauncey, it seems, is threatened with a rival school,—sectarian of course; sectarian schools are anti-American and unchristian in every respect, and yet many of our Protestant sects have them! Is not this one cause of the present low state of our Academies and Colleges? That they are going down is asserted by the Rev. Dr. —, but every

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well-informed man knew of their degradation before! If your husband keeps a steady hand he will triumph over all opposition. He would do well to teach his pupils what is not taught in any school or college in our country: 1. To divide the year correctly. 2. To reckon money aright and to reckon time aright. 3. To speak good English. Let my nephew do this and the immense superiority of his pupils would soon appear. Intelligent parents would prefer his school to any other.

In order to meet the best educators of the day and learn what he could from them, Mr. Giles attended the Teachers' Convention in Cleveland and thus relates his experiences:

To Mrs. Giles from her Husband

CLEVELAND, Aug. 19, 1851.

I arrived here safely from Grandpa's ["Grandpa Espy," as he was affectionately known; one of the earliest New Churchmen of Ohio and a warm friend of Mr. Giles's] last evening. I could not but contrast our passage on the Corduroy Rail ten years ago with that of yesterday. It had rained and there was no dust. The road is good and we went nearly twenty-five miles an hour. We dined in Columbus and arrived here to tea about five o'clock in the evening. I don't know when I have had a more pleasant journey. Nearly all the travel comes this way. They say there are not often more than three or four passengers through to Sandusky. Their day of innings is over, I hope. I put up at the American House. Only two dollars a day. This morning I concluded to accept the hospitality of the city and I was ticketed upon a man by the name of ——, who has a beautiful place about half a mile from the main street. He is a Presbyterian and a hot-headed free-soiler. His wife is away and a very pretty and agreeable daughter does the hospitality of the house. She wears her hair *à la* Jenny Lind and says "Yes" with a rising inflection to everything I say. They live in very good style in a cottage of a somewhat singular construction. There are quite a number of gentlemen from all parts of the Union here. I found T——, but I did not have much conversation with him. I am a total stranger and so have none of the cordial greetings which

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many receive. A book agent occasionally makes up to me and wishes to know if I have recommended his primer; but I shall get acquainted, and that is one step towards fame, — and about the only one, I presume.

Bishop Potter gave us a very fine address and then those who wished to join paid three dollars and thus became members of the American Education Society. I think we shall have a very interesting time of it and I shall enjoy it very much. The old lake looks glorious. I wish I could take a trip on it, but I don't think I shall. I expect now to go to Lima Saturday and then to Urbana, from there to Cincinnati, and then home. Home to you, little Sugar Bun! Oh, I want to see you so much. I expect you will be so fat that you cannot see. Keep your eyes open, Bub, and don't let them cheat you out of your dinners. Wake up and cry if they don't attend to you in time. [This refers to Chauncey Lakey Giles, who was then two months old.]

I have not heard from you yet. I hope I shall to-morrow. When I left Mr. Espy's he was quite well. He felt weak but was free from pain and got up to breakfast. They all send a great deal of love to you and regret very much that you did not come in the winter, and Mr. Espy has promised to make us a visit. It is so dark that I cannot see. I have written this letter as fast as my fingers could fly, in the sitting-room where all are talking and I am compelled to join in the conversation. It will probably take you longer to read it than it did me to write it. Good night.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 21, 1851.

I wish you could be with me. It would afford me great pleasure to have you hear the debates and see this beautiful city. Our Convention holds its sittings in the church we attended when we passed through here on our way to Hamilton. I do not think I have lost anything of my self-esteem by my contact with the great educators of the age. If I were as accustomed to public speaking as many of them I feel as though I could express myself quite as well. I have never felt so great a desire to speak as I have sometimes in the debates of the Convention. If I had yielded to the temptation I presume I should have made as great a fool of myself as have some others. We had a fine lecture

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this evening from Professor Agnew of Michigan on the subject of Female Education. It was highly polished and pretty well developed, but after all it did not seem to come quite up to my ideas of what a lecture of that sort should be. It was a beautiful form but it seemed to lack soul. The president followed the address with some very appropriate remarks and then the subject was open for discussion, but there was not an idea that was new or particularly striking uttered by a single individual. I supposed I should meet men of mature minds who had well-digested ideas on the subjects which would come before the Convention, who could express them with earnestness, dignity, and fervor; but it is more like a debating club of schoolboys. There is the most violent gesticulation and vociferous speaking on the most commonplace topics. As I said before, I have lost nothing in my self-esteem by coming in contact with these great lights of the age. I think it will do me much good and perhaps give me a more just appreciation of myself.

LIMA, Aug. 24, 1851.

I attended church this morning and heard one of the most furious cut-and-thrust sermons I have heard for a long time. It seemed to me the man made a great fool of himself. He gesticulated, screamed, roared, whined, caught his heart as though it was bursting, and groaned as if in agony. The perspiration poured from him and he seemed at times quite exhausted. I looked around at the audience to see what effect his discourse had upon them, but I could not discover that they thought it anything extraordinary. They seemed to think it was all right, gaped, and looked around while he was rolling up his eyes like an expiring chicken and making the most passionate appeals to them to have faith. What an effect it must have upon those who pretend to believe in the truths of these things but do not regard them really in their hearts, to hear them preached in this way! I believe I could preach better myself. I think my bump of self-esteem must be increasing. It surely has lost nothing by my journeying so far.

In 1849 there was a meeting in Cincinnati to plan for the establishment of a New Church school in Urbana. There must have been some

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talk of having Mr. Giles go there as teacher. Later I know he was offered the position of Professor of Languages but he became a New Church minister instead. His interest in the school was, however, un-failing. He was a non-resident president of the school for many years, and his letters to Mr. Milo G. Williams give counsel and running comment on all its affairs.

Dr. Lakey makes the first reference which I find in the family letters to Urbana.

March 5, 1851.

Yours of February 2 is on my table. Eunice writes of a New Church school about to begin in Urbana; that is a rich town and perhaps a school there would be profitable. If some of the wealthy brethren would guarantee to you a salary certain for the first year you might find a removal safe and profitable. Your Church is in Scripture language like a little flock of kids as to numbers, while the others, like the armies of the King of Syria, fill the country. Perhaps the result of the spiritual battle may be the same as in the olden times.

A few months later he writes:

PALMYRA, Aug. 30, 1851.

You speak of Urbana; will your friends continue to keep that berth open and vacant for you? You are now delightfully situated, but will that enable you to provide for age and a rainy day? I know that the great general mass live from hand to mouth, but I think it a wretched way of living. The president of a college has a fixed salary on which he can live and leave something for his children after he has departed to the spirit land. It would give me great pleasure to see you President of Urbana College. You have fought in the ranks long enough. A teacher of a private school has to act also as tax collector, two offices rather incompatible. Remember, "There is a tide in the affairs of men," then take the Urbana tide at "flood" if it flow high enough. I hope you will visit that town.

The following letters from Mr. Giles show his interest in the project of a New Church school. They also mention his election to the Professorship of Languages. After some consideration it was decided not to accept the position and of this also the letters treat.

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To Mr. Milo G. Williams

POMEROY, Nov. 9, 1851.

When I left Urbana I thought you would hear from me long before this, though I have nothing special to communicate. But I have been constantly occupied. Since school commenced I have had no assistance, except in German and French, and of course have a great variety of matters which need my attention. Besides my school duties I am learning the German language. I generally spend four hours a day upon it and one hour in studying music. Thus, in addition to the usual amount of visiting and the time necessarily occupied in supplying the wants of a family consisting of fifteen members, I am kept pretty busily engaged. From the little I have already learned of German I am delighted with it, and though I am not able to give a specific answer to the oft-repeated question of my friends, "Of what use will it be to you?" I have no fear that it will be labor spent in vain. The pleasure which I shall derive from roaming at will in a field so rich in thought will be ample compensation if I receive no other. There has been no essential change in my school. The opposition school is yet in operation but with greatly diminished numbers.

How do you get along with the University? I suppose the building is nearly completed by this time. Have you made any new movements or excited any new opposition since I was there? I regretted that I could not see more of you during my short stay and learn more fully your plans.

I have seen no town in Ohio of the same size which contains so many beautiful residences, and as the fashion of the thing is now established and the current has set in the right direction, I see nothing to prevent Urbana from becoming as noted for the beauty and good taste of its homes as the country around it is for its excellent soil.

I have thought of many things connected with your University since I left upon which I should like to converse with you if you had not been so much engaged. One point I will mention now.

Do you intend to organize regular college classes in which a specific amount of study shall be pursued? The subject of Colleges and Uni-

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versities, of "full courses" and "partial courses," seems to be one of those open questions which cannot now be decided, but which is just at this time exciting considerable interest in our community. I wish you could have been at Cleveland during the discussion of that subject. The lecture which I gave you is a pretty good statement of one side, but it was rather roughly handled in the debate which followed. Its delivery and some of its doctrines were so ably combated that though I was inclined to coincide with the lecture I found myself in the condition of the Dutch judge who never wished to hear but one side of the question, as he could thus make his decision much easier.

POMEROY, Aug. 2, 1851.

I received on the 30th a joint letter from Mr. Stuart and Dr. Murdock announcing my appointment to a professorship in the Urbana University. You know Mr. Stuart's laconic way of writing. He simply announced the fact, but it seems to me important that I have some additional information before I can come to an intelligent decision, and you will confer a great favor upon me if you will inform me as well as you can how matters stand and what is expected of me. Mr. Stuart says I am elected "Professor of Languages," which certainly covers a very wide field. Have you decided upon any plan of organization or marked out any course of study, or is that yet to be arranged?

Dr. Murdock wrote something in relation to a house, and from his letter I suppose it is expected that I shall take boarders. If we went to Urbana we thought of selling off the most of our furniture and living in a quiet way for a while, and we would much prefer to be alone. If we have none but our own family we should not need so large a house as the one about which Dr. Murdock writes.

To Milo G. Williams

POMEROY, Aug. 3, 1851.

Your letter containing an invitation to attend the laying of the corner stone of the University was duly received and I should have been much pleased to accept it, but I could not leave home. Inasmuch, however, as we considered it a very important day and worthy to be com-

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memorated, though absent, we had a little celebration of our own, and Mrs. Giles presented me with a son (Chauncey Lakey). If the University manifests as many signs of vigor and grows as fast as he does, it will soon become one of the first institutions in the West.

Before Mr. Giles had received the call to Cincinnati and had given up the school in Pomeroy, and while he was at the same time preaching as a missionary in various places, he writes thus to his wife while visiting in Chicago:

Mr. Scammon, who is a very wealthy man and was the first receiver of the Doctrines in Chicago, took me in his carriage and carried me around the city, pointing out to me the "Lions." I took tea with him and after tea we took a long walk. He is very anxious to have a New Church school started in Chicago which may ultimately grow into an immense city. He said he was willing to give five and if necessary ten thousand dollars to begin one, and he thought one could be well supported. He wanted to know if I could be prevailed upon to take the position, and we had a long talk upon the subject before I came away. He said he would guarantee me a thousand dollars a year if I would come and start a school and wished me to write to him when I got home. Mr. Hibbard also thought I should do well to go there. So you see, my dear, that Providence seems to be opening a way for us, if we should be driven from Pomeroy. It affords me great pleasure to find that people—strangers—seem to be so favorably impressed with me.

Mr. Scammon was an ardent New Churchman who had full confidence in the growth of the New Church. This is well illustrated by the action taken by him in 1843. At this time Chicago was a town of only eight thousand inhabitants. There was neither a railroad nor a canal in the place, but the Canal Commissioners were giving out building lots to be used in the future by churches which desired them. Mr. Scammon organized a small society with a membership of three only: himself as president, his wife, and a Mr. Lowell as secretary, and made application for one of the lots. The petition was granted and a lot deeded to this society on the outskirts of the city. It was situated on Adams Street.

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The mention of Mr. Hibbard recalls some interesting anecdotes concerning him.

Mr. Giles says of him:

I like Mr. Hibbard very well. He seems to be a downright sort of man. I should think he was the right kind of a man to introduce the doctrines and superintend the affairs of the Church. His wife has taught some but does not now, I believe. She also seems to have a business-like character. They have no children and I should think they both suffered from it. The softening and elevating influences which the care of children and a constant association with them have upon most persons, I should think they need.

Mr. Hibbard began as an Evangelist in the United Brethren at so early an age that he was known as the "Boy Preacher." He first became interested in the New Church in 1836 through a copy of the "True Christian Religion," which he found in a log cabin. He read and studied while traveling on horseback between stations. Mention is also made of his visit to Steiger's Rest, a small colony founded by Baron Steiger, formerly one of Napoleon's generals, who became converted to the New Church doctrines in Philadelphia. Baron Steiger built a small church which his tenants attended regularly, but on his death the society ceased to exist.

Not long after Mr. Hibbard's entrance into the ministry he converted his father, the Rev. Elisha Hibbard, and both became New Church ministers. Mr. Hibbard had some interesting experiences while traveling about the country. On one occasion he met a young man who declared very positively that he knew all about Swedenborg, and that there was nothing in his ideas. Mr. Hibbard questioned him closely and found that his "exhaustive study" was confined to a few pages of "Heaven and Hell." "Young man," said Mr. Hibbard, "don't you think you are doing rather a large business on a very small capital?"

On one of his journeys he was introduced to Abraham Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Lincoln was not a member of any of the various sects or churches. A very few knew why. He was a religious man, a very conscientious man, and his conscience was formed by the Ten Commandments and the Word of God, which in private he read much. His views were largely influenced by the writings of Swedenborg, lent him by his friend Mr. I. S. Britton in 1842-1843. Mr. Brit-

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ton was the State Superintendent of Schools and the most prominent New Churchman in Springfield.

From the following letter from Dr. Lakey we learn of Mr. Giles's final decision not to go to Urbana.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 1, 1851.

Yours, mailed August 27th, lies before me. So then you "allow" that you will not be "Mrs. Professor Giles" at present! By the bye, the Boston papers mentioned the death of Mrs. Taylor, the widow of the late President Taylor; but our Western papers speak of "Mrs. General Taylor," as if the good woman had actually fought the bloody battles of Bridgewater and Chippewa! Out upon such bastard English!

It had now become customary for Mr. Giles to preach either to the society in Pomeroy or to other small societies in neighboring towns. As the work grew in usefulness it became evident that the time was ripe for his ordination.

The first request for this came from Rutland, Ohio, and was made to Rev. David Powell by the leading men of that society.

In compliance with their request Mr. Giles was ordained in Cincinnati, in the presence of the Ohio Conference of the New Church, into the first degree of the ministry.

In May of the following year he was ordained before the same body into the second degree of the ministry. This ordination not only authorized him to conduct public worship but to administer the rites of baptism and the sacraments of the Holy Supper, to solemnize marriages, and to perform "all the holy rites and ceremonies of the church" except that of ordination.

In October, 1853, Mr. Giles received a call from the Cincinnati Society to become its pastor.

Before bidding farewell altogether to the schooldays it may be interesting to have the viewpoint of one of Mr. Giles's pupils. As nearly as I can ascertain the boy was perhaps fourteen years of age. As he never expected his diary to be read by friends of Mr. Giles, his opinions may be considered strictly impartial.

These are extracts from the diary of Homer Plantz:

Pomeroy, Ohio, July 8, 1852. This morning I commenced to board with Mr. Giles, our teacher. I like to board there very much. He is such a good man and so kind to us. The boarders (of whom there are

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six) are all very pleasant. I study Latin and German. I am reading Cicero's Orations, and although they are hard I think I can get along very well.

To-night Mr. Giles took us all over in swimming.

To-day it is not quite so hot as it has been, and I hope it will not be so hot again soon. This afternoon we had our General Exercises at school,—that is, we spoke pieces and wrote compositions. We have this to do every week. We have about forty scholars.

I like the arrangements at Mr. Giles's very well. We breakfast at six o'clock and take tea at six in the evening. We study at the Academy from seven till eight in the morning. John W—— is my bed-fellow. The fare is good.

Aug. 16. Mr. Giles has been appointed Professor of Languages in Urbana University and I am afraid he will go.

Aug. 20. Last night Mr. Giles and Pa came out, and Mr. Giles preached. His sermon was on the text "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Mr. Giles is not going to Urbana. I am very glad, as I think he is such a good teacher that we cannot spare him.

Oct. 14. This is a beautiful morning but it is very cold. We have one new scholar this morning. We now have a very pleasant school. The school is a very still one and the scholars all seem to desire to learn. I think it is as pleasant a quarter as we have ever had. I think that I never saw a teacher who impressed the duty so much upon the scholars to do right from right motives as Mr. Giles. He says that in all our plays and in all our intercourse with each other we should "Do unto others as we would be done by." If we all could follow this rule how much more happy our school would be.

Oct. 15. This morning when Mr. Giles was reading in the Bible at family prayers he read Christ's injunctions to the disciples to take no money with them and not to take two coats apiece. He explained it according to the Doctrine of Correspondences. By not taking two coats apiece with them is signified that one should not have two doctrines, and by not having any money is meant to give up one's *proprium* and do that which is good. How beautiful does the Science of Correspondences make that which before seemed unmeaning, and how practical does it

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make that which seemed before to be but a little history or an inexplicable mystery.

Jan. 9, 1853. To-day I have been reading the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte." Went to Sheffield with Mr. Giles in a skiff and helped him row. He preached the sermon on Leaves. "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." I have now heard this sermon four times and each time I have understood more and more and liked it better and better. It is thought by some to be the best sermon Mr. Giles ever preached, and I think it is. It is full of instruction, and is so beautifully written that no one could help but admire it. Indeed all of Mr. Giles's sermons are excellent, and they are so plain that one who has never read any of the New Church books can understand him.

Jan. 13. To-day I am at school. Learned a very hard Philosophy lesson on the Steam Engine. Mr. Giles is going to take us some day soon to look at an engine and see if it will not help us to understand it. It is hard to understand, and especially for those who have never examined one.

Jan. 15. At noon I had a debate with Mr. Giles on the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Giles thought that Napoleon was fighting for the sake of it and for the love of glory. I thought that he fought for the good of France and in self-defense, and endeavored to show that Napoleon was always attacked before he fought—that is, that others always began the war, while he always ended it. It was true that he always went out of his own country to fight, but that did not alter the case; that he did not wish to let the enemy come into France. Mr. Giles then spoke of the battle of Austerlitz when a great many perished on the ice, the French soldiers having broken the ice on which the enemy was flying. He asked me if that was right. I told him that Napoleon was fighting for the liberty of France and that war in itself is a dreadful system, but I did not think that any worse than all the occurrences.

Jan. 20. This morning Mr. Giles made a few very appropriate remarks to the scholars on behavior in school and our manner of studying. He said that we were not merely learning the knowledge contained in our books while we were at school, but we were forming habits either good or bad which must go with us to eternity. If we would whisper

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because we thought he did not see us it was forming a bad habit which must go with us wherever we are. By so doing we lose our habits of self-control and of resisting temptation and form habits of acting wrongly and deceitfully. That he did not wish to punish any one, but that he wishes each one to refrain from doing wrong not because he said they should not do it or they were afraid they should be punished if they did it, but to do it from right motives, to do right because it is right. How important is this; may we think of it in all we do and may the Lord aid us in resisting temptations and forming right habits.

Jan. 24. To-day one of the boys was making a noise in school with something and Mr. Giles asked him what he had. He said, "Nothing." Mr. Giles then went to him and took it away from him. He then brought it to me and said that he had got what the world was made of. I told him I thought probably it was a larger piece of nothing than that. Mr. Giles thought so too.

Jan. 30. This morning I went up to the Episcopal Church and heard Mr. Dooley preach. His main object was to impress upon the minds of his hearers the non-connection of Scripture and Religion with the "vain philosophies" and "reasonings" of this world.

In the afternoon I heard Mr. Giles preach a sermon in which he showed the connection of the Natural World with the Spiritual and a system which will reconcile all the apparent difficulties in the Word and join together all scientific and religious truth.

Feb. 20. This morning Mr. Giles gave me a copy of the first number of the *New-Church Messenger*, a paper which has just been started in Cincinnati. It is a very good paper, I think.

Feb. 21. To-day Mrs. Giles gave me a lecture on reading so much. She said it was just as much dissipation and intemperance as the drinking of spirituous liquors. She said she thought my New Church views ought to keep me from doing that which would injure my health and that I should practise the truth which I already know. This is not the first time that she has talked to me this way, and she is such a good and affectionate woman that I love her and must respect her advice. Mrs. Giles is one of the best women I ever knew and I am sure she has been very kind to me and has been like a mother ever since I came to live

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here. I hope I have never done anything to hurt her feelings, for I am sure I never intended to and would not do it for anything. I shall never forget her loving kindness and her care for my welfare and I shall ever try to imitate her example.

Because of overstudy and consequent headaches Homer was obliged to leave school.

He writes from Rutland as follows:

March 26. Mr. Giles laid down the following rules in his letter in regard to reading: 1st. I must not read more than one chapter in the Word in a day. 2nd. That I must not read at all in the evening, and he says that if I was not to see a book at all for five years it would be better for me and I would know more by the time I was twenty-five years old. I am trying his plan to-day but find it very hard to do so. Napoleon said, "He is a poor soldier who cannot subdue his own passions," and so I must try to subdue my passion for reading, for a while at least.

The letter here referred to was addressed, "H. G. Plantz, W. N., which means of course "Worshiper of Napoleon."

Later on he writes, "Mr. Giles's rules are too hard. I cannot live up to them."

Pomeroy, April 12. Spent most of the time at Mr. Giles's. They all seem very glad that I have come back. Mrs. Giles wants me to come there and live again, and I am sure I want to very much. I never can find friends which will take the place of Mr. and Mrs. Giles.

Athens, April 24. This evening I attended the Methodist meeting. The preacher's text was, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield." Mr. Giles wrote a sermon on that text once. It was entirely a different sermon from this one. The truth is I never heard a preacher I liked as well as Mr. Giles. I love him so I must like to hear him preach, and preaching as he does what I believe to be the truth, and preaching and writing so well, I like him still better.

May 5. Had a long conversation with Mrs. Giles this afternoon. She wants me to come back and live with them. I am sure I want to but I

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suppose I shall not go till next quarter. Mrs. Giles says she has never been attached to any of her boarders so much as to me, and I suppose I shall believe it on the same grounds that Murat did when Napoleon told him he was a better general than himself. "I believe it," said he, "since it comes from your majesty." There is no one whose love and esteem I should more desire than Mrs. Giles's.

The boy who wrote this diary was the son of the Hon. T. A. Plantz, who was for many years vice president of the Convention.

During the Civil War Homer was private secretary to Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury. He was afterwards appointed District Attorney for the Southern District of Florida. In 1868 he was made Judge of this circuit. He died July 6, 1872, at the age of thirty-three.

CHAPTER VI

NEW CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE WEST

IT was a newly settled country to which Mr. Giles and his wife went in 1841. The facilities for traveling were few and involved much discomfort. The so-called Corduroy Rail, upon whose rough roads the stagecoaches ran between Lake Erie and the southern portion of the state, and the two canals which connected Lake Erie with the Ohio River, were the principal methods of travel, supplemented by horseback and private conveyance when the former means were not available.

The early settlers were from New England, with a sprinkling of Germans, Scotch-Irish, and Quakers from Pennsylvania, also some who preferred to live in a free state, from Kentucky and Virginia. There were numerous small villages and towns, but not much free intercourse between them. The very qualities of sturdy independence, the strength of resolve necessary to meet new and rough conditions, the incessant toil required to make the wilderness "blossom as the rose," the at first inadequate educational facilities—all tended to foster an extreme of personal independence and narrow but strong convictions.

In 1801 there came into this sparsely settled country that grotesquely picturesque but heavenly-minded character, John Chapman, more generally known as "Johnny Appleseed." When quite a young man he became interested in the New Church doctrines through the Hon. John Young, one of the earliest New Churchmen in the United States, and a lawyer of note in Philadelphia.

It was he who supplied the young evangel with books. We talk much nowadays of the importance of the "personal touch" in promoting the spread of our doctrines, so it is very interesting to note that the pioneer work in Ohio was so strongly of that character.

Preceding settlements in fertile regions this strange character would tramp in the wilderness through heat and cold, forest and swamp, barefooted, with his mush pot on his head for a hat, an old bit of sacking for an overcoat, and a bag of apple seeds and a few New Church books on his back. The seeds were sown in fertile glades and

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afterwards carefully tended, bringing to the families who settled in these remote regions a delightful surprise in the orchards of thrifty young trees.

He was a favorite even with those who considered him half-witted. Upon entering a log cabin he would throw his sack of seeds upon the floor and ask the inmates if they would like some "news right from Heaven." Then he would read from some of the New Church books he carried with him. In order to distribute more widely the literature he would divide a book into leaflets, leaving a portion with each family, and on his next visit would redistribute the parts. In this way it happened that the last on the route would read the book backwards.

So, planting the spiritual seed of New Church truth and the material seed of delicious fruit, his life was passed, and many grateful people remember affectionately the results of both. He was a favorite with the Indians, who considered him a "Medicine Man," and during the War of 1812 he was very useful to the early settlers in warning them of proposed raids of the Indian allies of Great Britain. For more than forty years he carried on his unique work of evangelization, and he died in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1847.

The early recipients of New Church truths were in the main enthusiastic students of Swedenborg and eager to impart the "Heavenly Doctrines." They were affectionate, independent, honest and courageous, men of fortitude and strong faith. There were but few who had received classical or theological training. Dropped into the communities of which they formed a part they, like the tiny apple seeds which John Chapman planted in the wilderness, grew and developed. I cannot learn that there was, as in New England, any decided ostracism of New Church people. It is true that in Steubenville the objection to "Swedenborg children" was so strong that Rev. David Powell, Sr., was obliged to establish a school on his own farm for the education of his own and neighboring New Church children. The school itself proved so excellent that it was not long before prejudice was overcome and others of differing faith were sent as pupils. The chief opposition seems to have come from the clergymen of existing denominations. In times when men really believed and ministers preached literal hell fire; that the world was made in six days from nothing! in predestination; that salvation was by faith alone regardless of life,—doctrines so entirely opposed to these dogmas were novel in the extreme. They excited much comment; some received them gladly, and

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to others, confirmed in the old faith, any departure therefrom was fraught with danger, and opposed.

Small events show the general trend of thought in a community. What would be thought of a clergyman who would in these days at a funeral say to the bereaved family, "At this moment, while the present company is observing the funeral obsequies, your son is undoubtedly burning in hell fire." The deceased was a young man of blameless conduct who had never joined the church. This really happened, and excited much indignant comment even then; but who would dare at the present day to voice so heartless a sentiment, especially as the idea is now so often expressed, "that it makes but little difference what one believes provided he lives aright."

In 1837 seven New Church people living in Detroit made application to Rev. Holland Weeks for organization, with Mr. Edwin Burnham as leader and secretary. The society was extremely short-lived, as by May, 1847, every one of its members moved away from the town.

A new society was formed later with Rev. G. M. Field as pastor.

Mr. Field was an Englishman who had been a lay reader in Manchester, England. He came to this country in 1836. He went West and preached his first sermon in Detroit in 1844. From that time until 1866 he served the Detroit society as pastor at different intervals.

There seems to have been a strong attachment between Mr. Field and his people, but they did not agree upon the subject of rebaptism. Mr. Field held firmly to the position that baptism in the former Christian church did not prepare for membership in the New. His congregation held more liberal views. From time to time the differences would seem to be adjusted only to break out afresh. The final breach came in 1866 when Mr. Field left them not to return.

Without following him to all the societies to which he ministered, I will simply tell of the excellent missionary work which he did on his own behalf or while in the employ of the Illinois Association in 1852.

His lectures in various places were given either in the town Court House or in the Methodist Church. This sect seemed to be the predominant one in the Western country; but as other denominations contributed to the expense of building, the Methodists allowed the use of their churches for various purposes. When, as sometimes happened after one New Church lecture was given, there was opposition to a continued use of the building, a committee was appointed to find another suitable place and the course of lectures was continued.

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That the interest was keen was evident from the fact that many of the discourses were delivered during the week, and admission charged and paid.

When working independently Mr. Field paid his way by occasional lectures on scientific subjects, sometimes teaching penmanship and stenography. In the summertime he taught school.

The hardships of travel were very great. There were a few short lines of railroad but they had not yet gained public confidence. On one occasion, wishing to travel from Springfield, Illinois, to Jacksonville, a distance of twenty-five miles, although there was a railroad Mr. Field preferred to go by stagecoach, regarding it as both safer and quicker.

At another time when on his way to Dayton, Ohio, wishing to call upon Rev. Elisha Hibbard who lived on a farm in Lucas County, he lost his way in the woods and was obliged to spend the night in a log cabin. There was only one room. In it were three beds and some trundle beds. More than twelve adults and some children lodged there that night. In such a new country hotels were few and far between, and the settlers extended, as a matter of course, hospitality to the wayfarer.

In October, 1852, Mr. Field was employed for seven months by the Illinois Association to act as its missionary. His report so well illustrates the difficulties and hardships of travel that I will quote from it *verbatim*.

Within the past eight months I have visited and lectured at seventeen different places, giving in all one hundred and twenty-four discourses. For fully three quarters of the above time traveling was toilsome, difficult, and perilous. The roads were like a ploughed field, soaked with water, only full of holes and ridges, or as on the prairie sod, sometimes flooded and saturated, or like a shallow lake. Twice I had to get other horses to haul my buggy from bottomless mudholes; once I was nearly drowned in fording the deep and rapid Vermilion, swollen by heavy rains; once I had to pass through a wide lagoon of water five feet deep and cross a bridge underneath it. Sometimes I was drenched with rain and no help for it, at other times almost frozen, with a bitter northwest wind blowing like a hurricane over a prairie where for miles neither house, fence, nor tree could be seen. I crossed half-frozen rivers between great holes in the ice. I

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drove after dark on the open prairie, guessing at the road, in the depth of winter, sometimes losing my way, or passing the night in rude houses, only next to being in the open air.

He concludes by saying: "I have experienced the mercy and protection of the Lord in all my sojournings and with but slight exception have had good health and good courage to pursue my way." He also adds: "I shall now be glad to take a little rest."

Many incidents of his missionary tours are indicative of the religious sentiment of the day. A series of lectures which he gave on the "Creation of the Universe and the Deluge in the Light of Religion and Science," not only excited much comment but great opposition from resident clergy. When he stated that "something could not be made from nothing" he was violently opposed by a Presbyterian clergyman. A meeting was appointed to discuss the question. The minister who attacked him did not appear, but the subject was debated for six evenings, ending with the weight of argument in favor of Mr. Field.

In another place discussion in a Methodist Church lasted for two days, beginning at nine in the morning. There were in this small place, Goshen, Ohio, from three to five hundred persons present. The Presbyterian minister endeavored to prove that Swedenborg was a blasphemer, insane and a knave. He also attempted to controvert Mr. Field's position relative to the Creation and his teaching with regard to Christ. Obtaining the use of the church for the following Sunday to lecture "On the Claims and Credibility of Swedenborg," Mr. Field spoke for three hours, maintaining the interest of his audience to the end.

It will be remembered that the belief in one leading personal devil was strong in that day. When Mr. David Powell lectured in Bridgeport on the "Fall of Man" he advanced the New Church view that man fell, not from the wiles of one personal devil, but by yielding to his own evil tendencies of self-love and love of the world,—tendencies which were excited by influx from evil spirits who were when on earth bad men and women.

After the lecture, when Mr. Powell was quietly resting by the fire-side at the inn, he was visited by a deputation of ministers who asked him how it was possible for man to fall without a personal devil to tempt him. Mr. Powell in his gentle way replied, "You believe Lucifer was once an angel of light, do you not?" They replied in the

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affirmative. "Then how could he fall, with no one to tempt him?" They were utterly unable to reply, and first one, then another, left the inn. As the innkeeper remarked, "I never saw men pile up their corn so quickly."

The early New Churchmen of the West were active, intelligent men, diligent readers of Swedenborg, and inspired with an ardent zeal to communicate the truths which they loved to others.

Through their very effective missionary efforts many small societies were formed, very few of them—indeed none, at the period of which I write—capable of supporting entirely the minister who preached for them, except the Cincinnati Society. The missionary ministers were numerous, however, asking but little remuneration for their services, glad to work for the cause, and willing to obtain a living support by such opportunities for secular labor as offered themselves. Rev. David Powell, Jr., who at the age of twelve had resolved that his manhood should be devoted to the New Church ministry, began with the idea that the services of his calling should be like those of his father, gratuitous. His first thought was that he would earn enough to support himself and family, so that he could be free to preach without pay.

He tried various pursuits; followed his father's trade of tanner for a while; again he was partner in a general store, and for several years taught school. The walks to school were times of meditation, and often his thoughts dwelt on his ardent desire to become a minister and the discouraging outlook for its gratification. One day while thus pondering the words, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," came with clear light to his mind; also, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." These words entirely changed his point of view. He no longer felt that his preaching must be gratuitous with a self-supporting secular occupation to sustain him. He was now resolved to apply to the Western New Church Convention for a position as preacher. This he did in the autumn of 1833, after a visit to his relatives in Steubenville. Here he opened a select school which was one of the most successful in the city. He taught during the week and preached alternate Sundays in Steubenville, and did missionary work in the country on other Sundays.

For four years he lived in Danby, New York, returning to Steubenville in 1844. He was then engaged by the Missionary Society of Cincinnati for several years. So hard did he work that many times he

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would preach every evening except Saturday, and twice on Sunday, with much travel to meet engagements.

The year 1848 finds him engaged by the Pittsburg Society. He left Pittsburg in 1850 and went to Twenty Mile Stand, near Cincinnati, to live.

Here he again acted as missionary, was also much interested in the affairs of Urbana University, then in its infancy, and assisted in editing the *New Jerusalem Messenger*.

His last pastorate was in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. In 1853 he suffered much from a painful ulcer in his right hand. By the advice of physicians the hand was cut off. This checked the disease for a time, but later it was necessary to have a second amputation. Finally the disease broke out again under his arm and in July of 1854 an artery was ruptured and death ensued.

This very bald account of the mere events of this man's life gives no idea of the sweet loving spirit which animated it.

Perhaps extracts from an encouraging letter written to my father in 1852 will give some notion of the rare character of the man. Mr. Giles, with some doubt as to his own abilities as a preacher, and feeling also his lack of theological training, had written to Mr. Powell for advice as to the method of writing a sermon. Nothing could be more divergent from the actual plan followed by Mr. Giles than the advice given on the preparation of sermons, but the letter is one of kindly encouragement and must have cheered the heart of its recipient.

To C. Giles from Rev. D. Powell

TWENTY MILE STAND, WARREN CO., OHIO.

July 5, 1852.

Whether any particular truth should be called forth or not in our correspondence may not be very material, as there is another good within our reach in these brotherly communications. *That good* is mutual and reciprocal spiritual affection. And *good*, you know, is the ground for truth. Cultivate *love* and truths will be received. I truly and reciprocally rejoice with you that the "little band of New Church ministers in this state are united in the bonds of love," and devoutly do I pray that such union may continue, grow stronger, and be increased in numbers. And sincerely do I hope that I may do my part in keeping alive our bond of Union.

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I can appreciate your difficulties in sermonizing in your present condition, and gladly would I aid you were it in my power. When I commenced preaching I too was teaching school and had to write my sermons as you do now. Sometimes I had to sit up preparing for Sunday until after midnight. Look to the Lord, dear brother, and He will sustain you.

Permit me to drop a hint in preparing sermons. Take for a text a passage Swedenborg has fully explained. Put that explanation in your own language in the form of a sermon. If you even give long extracts it will do no harm. This may facilitate your preparations.

Practical sermons are certainly useful, and can never be properly objected to.

Although I have preached a number of doctrinal sermons at Sheffield and other places in that region, still that need not keep you from preaching doctrinal sermons there too. For persons that never heard me will hear you and will require the doctrines explained to them. And besides, your method of explaining doctrines will not be mine, and hence instruction to those who may have heard me on the same subject will not be amiss.

I have frequently been invited to preach on the same subject the second time in the same place. So you may preach there as though I never had.

I sincerely hope all our brethren and friends will have a right understanding of the matter and do all they can to sustain you,—not with money only, but with their presence at worship and the sphere of New Church affection.

An account of a visit to Grandpa Espy gives also an idea of the affectionate relations of New Churchmen of the time.

It tells how dear old Mrs. Espy kissed Mr. Giles when he left, of their encouraging remarks about his sermons, how Mr. Espy took him to the cars and told him how much he liked him, and how he had enjoyed his visit. "He wanted to know why I did not have a watch. I told him I was expecting to get one soon. He said he had one that he should like to have me accept if I would, and though it is not such a watch as I want, I could not but take it. I shall keep it as a memento of real affection which rarely exists in this world."

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Mr. Giles writes:

TWENTY MILE STAND, Dec. 27, 1852.

I have had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Espy and others. After dinner they wanted me to read to them a sermon. We all gathered around the stove and I read them the one on the clause of the "Lord's Prayer." They seemed much interested in it, and when I got through Mr. Espy said that was what he called New Church preaching. They all seemed much delighted with it. It is so dark I must stop.

I read my sermon on "Leaves" to them last night. Mr. Espy says he thinks it is about the best sermon he ever heard. They were all very much delighted with it. He thinks it is a pity I did not commence preaching sooner. They are trying to get up a little meeting to-night and I suppose I shall speak. Mr. Powell returned this morning. His hand has become so bad that he is obliged to discontinue preaching for some time. He wants to send Cora to school to me next summer if he can. She had the neuralgia last night in her face. She has suffered very much from it this winter. I prescribed aconite and she was relieved before bedtime.

Grandpa thinks we acted very wisely in not removing to Urbana, and I think so too. *If I live ten years longer I shall be known more widely than I am now, I think, though I cannot say that I am ambitious.* While seated in the church and looking around upon the multitude of well-dressed people, I thought how I should like to fill such a position as Mr. Stuart does, but I cannot say that I should be very eager to exchange positions with him. I do not think he has better society than we have. His income is no greater, and I doubt whether he exerts a much greater influence. There are some things in his situation which I should enjoy very much,—his chance to read and write. On the whole, I think we have every reason to be contented even if our water is black and hard to get. By the way, Anna says a little flour sprinkled in coal water will settle it. Try it.

In the effort to establish an external New Church organization, there was much work to be done by the early New Churchmen. In this they had but little help from Swedenborg, who contented himself with pub-

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lishing the truths which should form a basis for the Church of the future without going into details of ecclesiastical arrangements and government. The first meetings were more in the nature of friendly conference and the services were very simple. The necessity for an orderly ritual of worship became evident at a very early date.

In the 1840's, the time of which I write, the General Convention had met annually with but few exceptions since 1817. It was formed by various societies of the New Church which had united for the regulation of affairs relative to the better ordering of the Church at large. One of the first subjects to engage this body's attention, and one which was a fruitful topic of discussion for many years, was the better ordering of the ministry. At the second Convention, which met in Baltimore, and at every Convention thereafter for many years, this subject was discussed and committees were formed to make regulations concerning it. The reader should bear in mind that the early converts to New Church theology were drawn from many different sects of the Old Christian Church. Naturally they brought with them traditions of the forms to which they had been accustomed. The predominating feeling was that there was a necessity for a unity of plan, though ideas for its practical development were widely divergent. A very small minority thought ordination entirely unnecessary; the extremely opposite view was represented by those who wished to have the clergy endowed with much power, and advocated a system which should include a general Bishop, lesser Bishops, etc. Whether there should be separate ordinations for each degree, whether a candidate in the case of three degrees could be ordained into all three at the same time, — these and similar questions which developed under debate were fruitful themes of discussion and difficult of settlement.

An important resolution was passed in 1826 by which the responsibility for the ordination of ministers was transferred to Convention. Hitherto this had rested with the ministers of the New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore societies.

The subject was by no means definitely settled by this decision, for details concerning it were debated at every Convention meeting thereafter. When in 1838 the "Rules of Order," which embodied an elaborate system of ecclesiastical government in the Episcopal form, were adopted, and it was further declared that those organizations which did not give their consent to this measure should not be included in Convention, the societies of Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, and Maryland withdrew, and formed themselves into the Central Conven-

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tion. There were now three Conventions: the Western Convention, formed by Rev. Thomas Newport in 1818, this new Central Convention, and the original General Convention known to the other two, though it did not accept the title, as the Eastern Convention. Both the Western and the Central Conventions were short-lived. The former was afterwards known as the Ohio Association and as such joined the General Convention in 1847. The Central Convention, formed in protest against the "Rules of Order," lacked excuse for continuance when they were annulled, and interest in it gradually lessened until it ceased to exist.

Other matters engaging the attention of the good Fathers in the Church were the establishment of a suitable liturgy, the subject of church music, provisions for Sunday schools and the education of children, the furtherance of missionary work, and the nucleus for a Theological School.

In all these subjects the strong, earnest men of Ohio were much interested, were decided in their opinions, and by no means unanimous.

The history of the Cincinnati society presents in miniature some of the conditions of Convention. Certainly many of the early New Churchmen were somewhat disputatious,—a condition of mind which was perhaps a natural outgrowth from the necessary arguments with self which individuals experience in leaving the Old Christian Church and entering the New.

The founder of the Cincinnati society was Rev. Adam Hurdus, a native of Manchester, England. Its members, twenty-two in number, met at the house of their pastor in 1808. An attractive feature of the services was music from an organ built by Mr. Hurdus himself. It is said that there were some Indians in attendance at these early meetings. When the first chapel was built "Mr. Hurdus was so respected by the community that many prominent citizens outside of the society came forward to contribute. In July, 1816, he was ordained by Mr. Hargrove, and afterwards became himself an ordaining minister." The Society was incorporated in July, 1818. "From all accounts this first minister was a most lovely and attractive character. . . . He seems to have been a friend to every one," and never became embroiled in any of the disputes of the time. He lived to be over eighty-three. One of the first measures taken by the society was the adoption of Rules of Government. As in other places, the subject of rebaptism was a fruitful source of debate, and minute rules for baptism and the Holy Supper were adopted, only to be repealed two years later.

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No one can read the brief "Outline of the History of the Cincinnati Society" without being impressed with the numerous constitutions adopted, rejected, and improved by these people. From the first one, in 1828, there were in the next twenty years no less than six constitutions formed. One of these was made by the Third Society, — a short-lived organization begun in protest against the chaotic conditions of church government and the lack of definite rules. Certainly its founders indicated the extremely opposite swing of the pendulum, as their constitution, consisting of minute rules, filled seventeen pages of the Record Book.

In the early days of the New Church everywhere, it is safe to say that its members were more diligent students of Swedenborg than at this time. In 1827 twelve of these earnest men formed themselves into the Theosophical Society and met weekly. They discussed a wide range of subjects, but always from a New Church standpoint. The membership was for many years confined to the laity and limited to twelve members. This society was very influential.

In 1829 the Cincinnati Society had three ministers, all serving gratuitously. There were three services every Sunday, Rev. Adam Hurdus, Mr. Lovell, and Mr. Roe officiating, each at a different service.

From the time of the formation of the society in 1818 until Mr. Giles came to Cincinnati in 1853 there were, including Mr. Hurdus, who continued amidst all the changes to minister to the First, the Second, and occasionally the Third Society for twenty-five years, nine different ministers. This does not include the services of the beloved teacher, Mr. Alexander Kinmont, who formed the Second Society of the New Jerusalem in 1835. "Mr. Kinmont had been what was then called a minister; later the term licentiate was used, and now we say 'authorized candidate.'" Mr. Kinmont had been teaching New Church truth for some time, and as many enjoyed his teaching they wished him to continue, but were not animated by any spirit of opposition to the First Society. As the circular quaintly expresses it, it was desired "to have only a few to begin in obscurity and take the lowest place." In 1838 the General Convention was asked to place Mr. Kinmont's name on the list of ministers, and that Mr. Hurdus be authorized to ordain him. The request was denied, however, for technical reasons, which resulted in "considerable feeling and decided action, but the death of Mr. Kinmont a few months later brought an end to the contention." After this Mr. Hurdus took charge of the

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society, and upon his death "nearly all the members became members of the First Society, a loving tribute to Mr. Hurdus closing the records of the First Society."

The Third New Church Society already mentioned brought during its seven years of existence two more preachers to Cincinnati, — a Mr. C. F. Kellogg, who acted as leader for a few months, and Mr. N. C. Burnham, who ministered for three years, being ordained a few months after he entered upon his duties.

Merely to name the clergymen officiating in Cincinnati to one who knows anything of their character will show that most of them had much influence in differing tendencies of the Church. Of Mr. Hurdus we have already spoken in detail; Mr. A. Lee came into the New Church from the Quakers, and after a short time returned to them.

Of Mr. Carll we hear much in the early history of the Church in Philadelphia and Baltimore. He was very active in missionary work, and sowed the seeds of New Church doctrine in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, during a trip made in 1817. He traveled from Philadelphia by stagecoach and steamboat, distributing tracts on the former and conversing on the topic nearest his heart with his fellow travelers on the latter. He stopped at various places, preaching either at private houses or in Court Houses. He sums up his trip thus: "After an absence of thirty-nine days I have traveled eight hundred miles, baptized thirty-seven souls, administered the sacrament twice, proclaimed the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem twenty times to not fewer than two or three thousand persons, many of whom had never heard of them before."

How joyfully he was received at the home of David Powell, Sr., at Steubenville, Ohio! Here he preached five times, administered the Sacrament of the Holy Supper in the Court House, and explained the New Church doctrine concerning it.

Of Mr. De Charms, who was also a pastor in Philadelphia and New York, I shall speak more fully in connection with those societies.

Mr. Prescott's name is invariably mentioned with respect as one of the best and most influential of the early ministers, and it is always added that he was afterwards known as Mr. Prescott-Hiller.

Of him we learn more from a short article called "One Saint Less," which was written by the Rev. Moses Coit Tyler, a Congregational minister; it was published in the *Independent* and copied into the *New-Church Messenger*. Mr. Tyler writes:

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I came to know him well; and the impression grew upon me that he was the most unique man, as well as one of the purest, loftiest, and most gifted that I ever encountered.

He had the appearance of an ample physical life, yet he was so lifted above animalism that all intellectual life seemed absolutely easy to him. Mr. Hiller was the most regular brain worker that can be imagined. With the utmost simplicity, with a candor so childlike that it kept in abeyance my sense of the ludicrousness of his communication, he explained to me his habits of work. Each day of the week was consecrated to its peculiar occupation, from which arrangement he not only never deviated, but was never tempted to deviate. It was something like this: "Sunday," he said, "of course is my preaching day. I have no exercises on that day except those which favor my spiritual and physical efficiency for preaching. Then Monday is poetry day. I always sit down Monday morning and write and polish just ten lines of an epic poem on which I am engaged. I always write poetry on Monday and I never do it on any other day. Then in the afternoon I read in the British Museum. Tuesday is my letter day. I do all my correspondence that day. Wednesday is my Hebrew day. I read so many verses in the Hebrew Bible and write commentaries upon them. Thursday is my Greek Testament day. Friday and Saturday are sermon days." It cost him no effort to conform to this routine, which would be so intolerable to most of us. Indeed to him it was not routine. His soul had touched the principle of order, and he freely and pleasurablely revolved in this never-varying orbit of duty. . . . Knowing but little and accepting still less of the peculiar doctrines of his church, I shall always be grateful for the spiritual benefit of having known this poet, scholar, and saint. I cannot imagine death to have wrought much change in him, either as to labor or communion. In going to Heaven he had not far to go; and I have no doubt that he has already begun there a new epic poem, or may even be trying to finish the old one, and that he will arrange his studies as systematically and pursue them as diligently as he did upon earth. It is needless to say: Peace with him! It were better to say: May some of his peace be with us!

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During a leave of absence granted to Mr. Prescott to visit England, the Rev. Sabin Hough officiated. Mr. Prescott did not return to this country but remained in the British Isles until his death.

Mr. Barrett came from New York to Cincinnati, but finding the climate did not agree with him he left Cincinnati because of failing health, and for a time, until his health was restored, engaged in the roofing business.

Mr. Stuart, a tall man with dark eyes and a somewhat dry, reserved manner, did much work as a missionary in Ohio after he left the Presbyterian Church. His visits to Hamilton were highly prized by Mr. Giles in the days of his first reading of Swedenborg. Mr. Stuart left Cincinnati to become a teacher at Urbana University.

At the time Mr. Giles went to Cincinnati another temple, completed in 1834, replaced the first chapel; there was a small parsonage on Seventh Street, a good library of New Church books, and a flourishing Sunday school. An amusing objection was made to the formation of a Sunday school when the project was in its infancy, "that it would interfere with the spiritual freedom of the children."

Mr. Milo G. Williams, who for so many years afterwards was identified with Urbana, opened in 1840 a secular school exclusively for the children of New Church parents. This was discontinued after a few years.

There are many other New Churchmen of that period of whom it would be pleasant to speak. They were men of sterling character, decided in their opinions, and with an absorbing love for the freedom of the individual.

At the time of Mr. Giles's entrance upon his ministry in Cincinnati the Society did not belong to the General Convention. It had withdrawn from the Ohio Association because that body was represented in Convention, and the Cincinnati Society did not approve of the Convention Rules of Order.

CHAPTER VII

CINCINNATI PASTORATE, 1852-1862

Now at the age of forty years Mr. Giles was to enter upon his life work. He preceded his family to the city, returning to Pomeroy for them afterwards, and on October 23, 1853, preached his first sermon for the Cincinnati Society. Rev. J. P. Stuart introduced him. The subject of his sermon was, "The Duties and Necessary Qualifications of a Minister."

On the arrival of the family in Cincinnati they went to Mr. Hinman's and stayed until the parsonage on Seventh Street was ready for them.

After they were settled Mr. Giles writes:

I feel now that I am just beginning a great new work. To perform it aright I should have entered upon it years ago. But I will do the best I can.

After lecturing to a very small audience on a stormy evening he says:

I was quite disheartened. I expect this is a trial I shall have to meet and it will be one which I can see will discourage me: to have my preaching treated with indifference. I am aware it is a sign of my own imperfection and I hope I shall be able so to bear it that it may do me good.

After attending the funeral of a little child he says:

Oh, how cheering are the doctrines of the New Church on such occasions! I was much affected myself, could hardly control my voice. This is something I must correct. The sight of a sad face in church almost makes me weep, or at least so excites me that I can hardly control my voice.

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Jan. 5, 1854. Married Mr. Sobieski C. Smith and Mary Sontag about four o'clock in the morning. This is the first couple I ever married and I did it with some trepidation. However, I got through as well as I anticipated. Later he mentions attending the funeral of a little child and being much affected by the grief of the relatives; again he baptized an adult and an infant for the first time in church: "Felt quite embarrassed. Wife thought I got along as well as I could wish."

Sometimes the Cincinnati hospitality was too great a drain upon his strength. He writes:

I have been to a party every night so far this week. No human constitution can stand such a drain upon it. I must give up going out nights. The evenings are really the best time to study and I must improve them, although if I study all day I must rest in the evening.

At the close of the season's lectures he says:

The course, if it may be called so, has not been very successful. But few have attended, compared with such courses by some of my predecessors. But I believe the interest increased, and that I have succeeded quite as well as I could expect considering my want of knowledge of the duties and general offices of my profession and my want of practice in composition.

Early in the year 1855 Mr. Giles received a letter from Mr. Otis Clapp of Boston. It was written to sound him as to his acceptance of an invitation to go to Boston for one year as assistant to the Rev. Thomas Worcester.

He says in reply, January 30, 1855:

If I know my own wishes I desire to be where I ought to be, that is, where I can perform the most use; and if I could see that that place is Boston, I should certainly go there if the way were opened for me.

I could not think of it, however, unless there was a very decided

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wish on the part of your Society to have me, and unless I thought that desire was founded upon a correct general knowledge of my character and abilities.

I hardly know how I am regarded here. Everything is quiet, and the church seems to be gradually coming into a more united and better state than formerly. The elements of discord are becoming less active. The younger members of the church and society seem to be drawing more closely around me. But I do not know whether it is merely from the surface or from novelty or from a real internal ground.

I should have no objection to being an assistant. Indeed I should prefer to act in that capacity at first, provided my duties and my relations to my senior were clearly defined so that I could act in freedom in my own circle of uses. The leisure such a position would afford for a more thorough study of the philosophy and doctrines of the Church and more careful preparation of my discourses would be exceedingly pleasant to me, also the general course of duty, especially that relating to the young. Nothing could be more congenial to all my habits of life. However, I have not now sufficient data to answer intelligently. I must wait the leading of the Divine Providence which, from my inmost heart, I wish to follow.

The definite invitation from the Boston Society was received in the following September, and declined. After giving several reasons for this decision Mr. Giles says:

At a general meeting of the Society and congregation it was the unanimous wish—only one person not voting—that I should be elected the Pastor of the Society. This entire unanimity and the very evident desire expressed in various ways by old and young that I should remain, and the general opinion that I am performing an important use here, have had more weight with me than all others.

The following letters to his wife were written at dates long after Mr. Giles's decision to remain in Cincinnati, but these extracts from them are appropriate here as indicative of his warm admiration of the New England New Church people.

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BOSTON, July 31, 1856.

You say that the mode of life of the New Church people here you think would suit you, and I have no doubt it would in some respects. Many things in it are admirable and worthy of imitation. They are very systematic, orderly, industrious, and have gathered about them many of the comforts and luxuries of life. Of more interest to me than anything else here are the beautiful domestic relations that seem and I doubt not do exist among the better portions of the people. There is a tenderness and respectful deference between husband and wife, children and parents, which is very beautiful and worthy of imitation. I suppose, however, if we should go into the families we should find they were not all perfect. We should find discord and insubordination, and many trials. I believe with you, however, that on the whole they are the best people I know and worthy of imitation. Mr. Reed's family, I think, is one of the pleasantest if not the pleasantest in which I have ever been, and the more I see of it the better I like it.

I think I can see many ways in which we might improve our domestic relations, so that your duties would be less onerous and it would be pleasanter for all. Certainly I will do all I can. I think we have lived too much in a hurry, and I expect I have lived too much to myself. I was for so many years entirely alone that it is very difficult to break up the habit of being absorbed in my own thoughts when I ought to be communicating them to others.

BOSTON, June 14, 1858.

We had a glorious meeting yesterday. I wish you could have been here. The music was positively grand, and the sphere of the New Heaven was most perceptible. There were four hundred and twenty-two at the Communion in the afternoon. More than ever assembled for that purpose at once, on earth before. In the evening we had a pleasant meeting for sacred music; I think no one could spend a day under such influences and not be better or worse for it. To-day we have been out into the bay on a steamer chartered for that purpose.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hayden took tea at Mr. Reed's to-night and I had quite a chat with Mrs. Hayden. She is a character, I can assure you. I have met and had some very pleasant talks with T. S. Arthur. He is a very quiet man, has a most expressive eye.

I am in that beautiful library at Mr. Chandler's that you remember so well, in which we had such a pleasant tea with the whole Convention. It is Sunday afternoon. The most of the family have gone to Sunday School. I have taken my nap, and while I have a moment's leisure I will write a few words to you. I stayed with Professor Parsons night before last. Miss Chandler came to Mr. Reed's after dinner and invited me to take tea with them at Cambridge, and I accepted the invitation. I had a very pleasant visit and Miss Chandler, the authoress of the essays, contributed not a little to it. I had a long talk with her. She has rather a loud and harsh voice, and at the first does not impress one so favorably as her sister. The more I saw of her, however, the better I liked her. She said she was afraid she should not like my sermon as well when she came to read it as she did when she heard it in the church. She thought perhaps I had magnetized her, but she liked it better if anything than when she heard it from me. She wanted to know what I had written, etc., but you will think me vain if I say anything more about myself, and I will stop. We came into Boston in the morning and she went home to Lancaster. I dined at Mr. Reed's. Mr. Hayward was there. After dinner I came to Brookline and we drove about the town, which seems more beautiful than ever. About five o'clock we went on to the Mill Dam to see a regatta on Charles River. It was a very pleasant sight, but I will not attempt a description. I came back and took tea and spent the night at Mr. Chandler's. Mrs. Chandler is a lovely woman. I walked with her this morning before breakfast around her grounds, which are much more beautiful than they were when we were here before. She has seven children. After we returned from church this morning I went into the parlor and I found her sitting in an armchair, with two grown-up daughters and a niece and some one else kneeling around her and listening to something she was telling them. There was so much ease and unaffected simplicity in the whole scene that I was

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quite charmed with it. She has the name of being a most excellent and amiable woman by all who know her. But I must close my long letter, as it is about time to go to Mr. Wellman's and it looks very much like a shower. Perhaps you recollect that Mrs. Wellman is a sister of Mrs. Mowatt, now Ritchie. As I shall see more of her I shall be able to tell you more when I write again. The air is filled here with the songs of the robin, the Baltimore oriole, and the bobolink. I have not spent a Sabbath for years which so carried me back to my boyhood.

There had been serious illness in the family, and the diary records that on the 14th of July his wife and children had so far recovered that they left home and spent some weeks in Palmyra.

Mr. Giles went to the city of New York and spent several days with Professor Bush and made some very agreeable acquaintances. Professor Bush he found to be a very pleasant man and, of course, learned. From New York he went to Boston. Mrs. Giles had remained in Palmyra, and her husband thus writes to her on September 8th, 1858, their wedding anniversary.

If I were with you I would like to take you to the old stone house in which thirteen years ago to-day we began life together. I have thought of it much to-day. Since then we have seen many changes and passed through many trials. We have been led in a way that I did not expect and that you did not. The first years of our married life were years of great suffering to you, and me also. And indeed every year we have had our share of suffering. The current of life has not gone smoothly with us. And yet have we not on the whole attained to even higher states of good than we anticipated? If we have suffered, have we not also enjoyed? We certainly have accomplished much for ourselves and our race. We have four children in heaven. Our eldest must be grown to adult life by this time. It seems to me at times as if I could almost see him, clad in flowing garments of spotless purity, the beauty of innocence and unalloyed joy sparkling in his face, accompanied by those as spotless as himself, and doubtless by the other little ones who have followed him. We have four with us also. We could hardly wish them to be otherwise than they are. We

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certainly could not expect them to be better. They are a blessed heritage. It seems to me to give nobility to life, that we have been made the instruments of giving birth to them, and there is no higher work for us than to train them according to the best of our ability. I sometimes feel sad when I think that we have not succeeded in accumulating any property; but when I see the use that is made of it by those who have succeeded, and how little it contributes to their happiness, how poor they are, how many children are spoilt by it, — to say the least, my grief is very much relieved. If we had better health we could do more and enjoy more; but I do not expect we shall either of us ever enjoy perfect physical health and we must make the best of what we have.

A letter to Chauncey, aged three

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9, 1854.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY CHANNIE: Why don't you come home to see me? I want to see you so much. It seems so lonely here without you. No little boy comes to my study door now and raps and cries, "Pa, Pa, Pa, will you please to open the door?" I have no little boy to sit by me at the table and help me eat my breakfast. Your little chair stands in the corner but there is nobody to sit in it. I am going to get one for Carrie, and then Mamma can have Carrie sit by her and I can have you sit by me. Won't that be nice?

Since I commenced writing this letter Mrs. G. has been in. You remember her, do you not? She brought you some books when you were sick. She wanted to know if you were well and she was very glad to hear that you are. Lucy writes to me that you are a very good boy. I like good boys and I am glad to hear that you try to be good. I expect you had a very nice time at Bloomfield. Did you get any nuts for me? And did you see any squirrels in the woods or on the trees when you went after the nuts?

I want to see you very much. Aren't you coming home pretty soon? I have to sleep all alone, and I don't have anybody to bother me a bit. Kiss Carrie and Mamma for me, and come and see me as soon as you can. Good night.

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The record of the years 1854 to 1855 deals almost entirely with the duties of his profession. In fact, after the first few months there is little or no diary but merely the titles of sermons or lectures, mention of funerals attended, or baptisms or marriages chronicled. Many of his discourses were delivered extempore, a practice which he afterwards abandoned almost entirely.

It was a long journey from his home on Vine Street hill to the church. An omnibus was the only public conveyance and that was not always convenient. Mr. Giles had a horse, but mentions that it was stolen from the church door one Sunday in 1856. As he had one afterwards I do not know whether he recovered this one or obtained another.

As indicated in the letter of advice from Mr. Powell on the preparation of sermons, the best and most effective way of presenting truth often engaged Mr. Giles's thoughts. He was constantly endeavoring to improve his own methods; but his ideals so far outran their realization that he was much dissatisfied with his achievements.

The following thoughts on the subject were entered in his diary at various times in the first years of his ministry. The effort to improve and the means to effect such improvement continued throughout his life.

It does not seem to me as if we had got hold of the right way of preaching in the New Church yet. We deal too much with the dry bones. It seems as though preaching ought to be more eloquent and effective in the New Church than it has ever been, but its true form and manner have not yet been developed.

The truth is most of the New Church preaching is rather dry to common minds, and indeed to all who are not carried away with the doctrines, that think only of the idea, however it may be expressed. It seems to me that the New Church truths must be brought into forms adapted to the states of those who hear, as far as possible.

I do not know why all art and all embellishment of which they are susceptible should not be used to lead the minds of others to them.

Aug. 10, 1856. I must study more and I must make a study of learning to write. I am not critical enough. I have not thought enough about the forms and proper structure of a sermon. I must try to get a more familiar knowledge of language and a greater mastery over it. There is no greater work than that in which I am now engaged, and I ought to be a workman worthy of my calling.

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Cincinnati, Sept. 14, 1856. If one only had knowledge enough and command of language enough he might preach. What a wonderful field the New Church opens for charms of rational truth, for fullness and beauty of illustration and expression. The Science of Correspondences allows the widest scope of illustration, and is all derived from actual relation; not mere *figures*, but the truth in another form.

I had not been well during the week, and it was very hard to write my discourse. I was not in a very good mood for preaching but I did the best I could. Did I? Do we ever? There may be some question of that. Who does as well as he can in anything?

I lectured with a good deal of trepidation, [before Y. M. C. A., Buffalo, N. Y.] for it was my first effort at a distance from home. The audience listened with deep attention and I think with interest. The lecture could not be called popular, for I am not a popular man and have none of the arts to catch applause. My personal friends said it was much better than they expected.

But I cannot grasp these subjects as I wish and I fear I may never do it. Man's spiritual interests do not seem so real and important as his natural and it is difficult to present them so that they will. But we need more plainness and directness in preaching and talking about the spirit.

In February, 1856, Dr. Lakey, my mother's uncle, was taken into their home to be nursed and cared for during his last illness. The diary merely records the fact that he is there and "needs a good deal of attention." He died June 26, 1856. The "attention" which he needed was given to him very faithfully. His nieces all loved their uncle, and felt that to his interest and fostering care they owed much of their best mental cultivation. They were somewhat in awe of him. As one of them remarked, "Strange that one so loved should be so feared!" His family letters are very strongly illustrative of his character, usually opening with some historical reference appropriate to the date on which he wrote. This he would afterwards ingeniously apply to some present conditions or to point a moral for my mother's edification.

Over and over again was she advised to let the children use no word

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they could not spell, to learn to reckon time aright, to begin to read the Bible early, and to read from cover to cover, to divide the year correctly, etc. One cannot but smile at the recommendation to this mother of four young children and busy with household duties to read Bacon and Lecky. When Mrs. Giles announced her intention of writing every day he says:

You have resolved to use your pen daily, an excellent resolution which I adjure thee to keep religiously. But, my dear child, can you do it? Are you willing to be called odd and eccentric? Alas, I fear not. More than several hundred years ago an English poet said that your sex was only fit "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer." Was this a libel? This assertion is sustained by about 999/1000ths of our American females. I have known them to speak bad English from a fear of being unfashionable!!

One of his letters mentions briefly the one hundredth anniversary of the Masonic order in the United States, November 5, 1852. He says:

I arrayed myself in masonic clothing: what had been a costly sash and apron, but now, like its owner, much faded and timeworn. This was a Centennial celebration; it can happen but once in a hundred years! I looked around upon the immense sea of heads that surrounded me and reflected that by 1952 Death will have mowed his harvest three times from the earth's surface! Then indeed "Our names shall be a morning dream, a tale that's told." Two venerable octogenarians of our brethren were placed near the pulpit, for they had actually sat in the same Lodge with Washington some sixty years ago! I almost envied them the privilege of looking in the face of that immortal man!

An excellent portrait of Dr. Lakey has always hung on the walls of Mr. Giles's study, so his features have been familiar to the children of the family and his memory has been kept alive by many interesting anecdotes. I have in my possession a silver cup which we call the "toddy cup." It was used by Dr. Lakey, who had a good deal of

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handsome silver, for heating the water for his whiskey toddy. This was so blackened by the smoke of the fire that its value was not discovered by the burglars who stole the greater part of his silver. The cup is inscribed:

Sacred to friendship and brotherly love
JAMES LAKEY. Born. . . Died. . .

Strange that "Dr. Day and Date" should have omitted the figures for his own birth and have failed to leave directions for the date of his death.

On the 28th of December, 1855, previous to Dr. Lakey's coming into the family, Edward Giles was born. Thus during all Uncle James's illness my mother had in addition the care of a young baby and of two other children, aged respectively five and three. How did she do it! The two older children, Lucy and Warren, were so early trained into habits of usefulness that doubtless they were very helpful, but the pressure of many duties was great, and Mrs. Giles met it with her usual quiet efficiency.

Although Mr. Giles decided, very wisely as after events proved, not to go to Urbana as a professor of languages, his interest in the school was very keen. As he was considered in Ohio one of the best educators in the state, the pioneers in the project naturally turned to him for counsel.

In 1858 he was elected president, and although he never lived in Urbana, for many years he was in constant touch with the affairs of the school by visits and meetings with the trustees, and by letters to his friend Mr. Milo G. Williams, who valued the correspondence so highly that he preserved it entire and bound the letters in a volume.

These letters treat of various factors in the conduct of the school: the organization of the faculty, the arrangement of classes, selection of teachers, auditing of accounts, the use and choice of school-books and studies, with occasional home news and more personal matters.

Mr. Giles writes thus to Mr. Williams after agreeing to be president:

CINCINNATI, July 28, 1858.

I have accepted the office of president with hesitation and reluctance, not from any unwillingness to do all that I can for the College,



MR. AND MRS. GILES

About 1857

During Cincinnati Pastorate

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whose welfare I have always had very much at heart, but from the fear that I might not be of any essential use to it. In making the decision I have been guided quite as much by the advice and judgment of others as by my own. The most that I can do at present must in the nature of things be very little, for I am now overworked. I shall try to be with you a few days at the beginning of the next term to render you any assistance in my power, and in the mean time I shall be glad to receive any communication from the professors touching the interests of the College, that they may consider it useful to make or for me to know. I hope there will be great freedom and friendliness in our intercourse.

The little that I can do I shall do most cheerfully, and as far as I am called upon to act I shall regard myself as a common laborer with the teachers for the common end. I would suggest to all the professors the propriety of looking over the course of study and making such alterations as their experience and wisdom may suggest, so that we may have the subject in as mature and perfect a form as possible when we meet. You may hand this letter to Professor Cathcart if you please.

Most of the following were written before Mr. Giles accepted the office of president. They give some idea of the variety of subjects considered:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19, 1857.

Young Ager was licensed on the ground of his being yet a member of the College and therefore within our jurisdiction, if we have any, and because there is no general body of the Church in New Hampshire. I do not think our New England friends will complain, but if they do, you know we live in this great West and breathe the free western air, and if we choose to annex New Hampshire who shall say us nay? [Mr. Ager was ordained three years later at the first meeting of the Ohio Association.]

If the professors have more than they can do, I think it would be good policy to reduce the number of classes. It is wise to have as few of them as possible, and sometimes a little forcing of the predi-

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lections of scholars or a change of the order of their studies will render such a practice feasible.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 5, 1858.

I have given the plan for the reorganization of the Faculty in the College some more consideration, and I cannot see how it will obviate any of the difficulties with which we have had to contend. Calling men by new names will not give them any new ability or reconcile any old or already existing discrepancies. Besides, it adds another salary to those we already have and find so difficult to pay. It is a novelty also, so far as I know, to elect the officers of a College for a specified time.

It is generous and perhaps just to allow the Dean a percentage on all moneys received and paid out, but in the present financial leanness of the treasury I should doubt the propriety of such an arrangement unless the percentage came from the students, and then I should doubt the policy still more.

I hope some competent person will be appointed to audit the accounts and supervise the whole financial condition of the College.

I am of the opinion that the natural sciences are better adapted to cultivate habits of accurate observation and afford a greater amount of knowledge that will enable young people to understand the doctrines of the New Church than any other branches of study. I do not expect that we can give Natural History that prominence which it intrinsically deserves, but I think we should look to such an end. Language is good, is essential, was once thought to be all that was necessary, but that was a faith-alone principle. As the New Church descends there will be a change in that respect.

Cincinnati, June 20, 1858. I went to Urbana this morning to attend the Commencement of the Urbana University. Wife went with me. We had a pleasant time and the students acquitted themselves very creditably.

For the first time I presided at a Commencement and conferred the Degrees on four young gentlemen and one young lady. Returned June 23d.

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To Mr. Milo G. Williams

CINCINNATI, Oct. 26, 1858.

I am very busy just now. Have you heard of the Concerts in the process of production by the "Giles Family"? We are giving a series of Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen, and miscellaneous Concerts, technically — and authentically — called Whooping Cough concerts. I have five children performing constantly, — a glorious quintette, I can assure you. By constant attendance upon them I have become so much imbued with the spirit that I can accompany them with a double bass, and in some cases I have even succeeded in performing with great execution a solo.

In February, 1859, Mr. Giles organized a class for young people, — a most important work, for by his sympathy with them and the interest his teachings excited, their love for the doctrines and uses of the Church was increased, they became greatly attached to him, and the society became more united. Later in the year, in October, a class for young ladies was formed. This class met at the pastor's house.

One of the members writes:

It was a walk of a mile and a half from where most of us lived to the hills, and another half mile climb to the house, up a steep path with rough stone steps a part of the way. It was before the days of inclined planes or even of street cars or omnibuses. And every week a party of the young people would go over this toilsome route to see Mr. Giles and have a meeting of a young people's class.

There was much illness in the family in March, so that it was not singular that on one of the Sundays Mr. Giles forgot his sermon. His house was at too great a distance for him to return, so inwardly feeling much embarrassed he preached extempore. Many years later he did the same thing in New York, but as he lived near by he went home for his sermon and returned to preach to a waiting congregation as if nothing had occurred. When, as sometimes happened, the family would sit down to meals and my father failed to appear, Mother would remark in her gentle way, "I think your father must have an idea!" He had "an idea" which so engrossed him one Sunday at church time

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that he forgot the service. Some one was sent to tell him, and with a "Bless my soul!" he hastily departed for church.

An entry in his diary shows his presence of mind during such untoward incidents:

When I was half through with my discourse a gust of wind blew the slip of paper containing the heads of it away. I kept on, however, without noticing it.

On another occasion a member of the family stopped him just in time to prevent his appearance on the street with a foot of gaily colored dressing gown hanging from beneath his overcoat.

One Sunday in May, after the morning service, he drove to Rockland and preached in the house of Mr. Robert Riley. On this occasion he baptized sixteen persons, fifteen of whom were descendants of D. W. G. Gano, one of the original members of the Cincinnati Society. The house was a new one and the services were in part a "dedication to the sacred uses of home." This Mr. Giles characterized as an "exceedingly beautiful and impressive scene, truly worthy of imitation."

The year 1859, like most others, was a busy one. After the morning service on Sunday, from October 24th to July 10th he preached nearly every other Sunday in Glendale, one of Cincinnati's suburbs. Besides, there were the lectures which were given in the church in the evening. In May he stayed in New York for two Sundays, preaching morning and evening to that Society. On June 12th he attended Convention in Philadelphia. Of one meeting, in a home letter he makes the following amusing comment:

I have made several short speeches in the Convention to-day and expect to make another to-morrow. One was against a resolution presented by the Committee of ministers declaring that the Convention is in favor of having ministers wear a clerical dress. I proposed to amend the resolution so that it should read as follows:

"Resolved, that every minister dress as he pleases." The whole matter was finally withdrawn without any action. Mr. Worcester has appointed me to write an answer to the address of the English Conference and that will keep me pretty busy to-night and to-morrow morning.

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On July 24th he preached again in New York, and the following Sunday in Boston. Early in August he visited Mr. Thomas Hitchcock at Newport, Rhode Island, and baptized one of his children.

Mr. Giles writes:

Cincinnati, Jan. 13, 1860. This is a memorable day in my history. Our dear little Eddie was taken from us by the Good Shepherd about half past four o'clock this morning. His disease was measles accompanied by croup. He was ill but a little more than three days. He was a beautiful, loving child, and his removal has left a great void in our hearts. His age was four years, sixteen days. He was born the 28th of December, 1855. Dear Soul! He has gone to be an angel; to dwell in light and beauty and joy forever. It is not a sad thought, though we miss him so much. So far the year has been one of very serious affliction. Sister Ellen, who for a long time has been a member of our family, died at Decatur on the 3d of January, and I have been sick most of the time and am now quite feeble. Carrie and Charlie have also been ill and dear Wife is almost worn out with watching. I hope we shall all be better soon. These afflictions I doubt not are for our spiritual good in some way, and I acquiesce most cheerfully in the dispensation of the Divine Providence, knowing that it is one of love and mercy.

Cincinnati, Feb. 12, 1860. Preached an old discourse. The Society has concluded to send me South a little while to recruit my health. Sickness and affliction have prostrated me very much. It has been a hard, a very hard winter for me. I know not what will be the result of it. To-morrow I leave for New Orleans to be absent six or eight weeks. I leave my family and Society behind.

Mr. Giles traveled South by one of the river steamers and mentions that he preached on board the boat. This trip was not only beneficial to his health, but he met prominent New Churchmen of the South like Dr. Holcombe and Glendy Burke. He baptized two of Dr. Holcombe's children, and in New Orleans gave cheer to the little society which at that time met in Mr. Burke's house.

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From C. Giles to Mrs. Giles

STEAMBOAT CHARMER, MISSISSIPPI RIVER,
Sabbath morning, March 25, 1860.

Now you are just setting out for church; I wish I were going with you. It will be a very happy moment for me when I can again stand in my place and enter upon my duties.

Since I left home I have had time for reflection and I have seen my work in a different light from what I ever did before and I hope I shall be able to do it better. I have tried to see in what respects I have done it poorly, how I have come short. Well, I have come short in everything, but in some things more than others. Oh, if I could be instrumental in making our Society a genuine New Church Society in life as well as doctrine; in bringing up the children in the love of the doctrines and in the purity of life which they teach, I should be satisfied. I am afraid our religion has been too much of the head. We must try to get it more into the heart.

It is very pleasant to feel that you are regarded with interest and pleasure by those who have never seen you. "Oh, yes, I know Mr. Giles," say those to whom I am introduced, "I have read many of his sermons." I have been asked by several to publish a volume of sermons and I think I will do it.

How do you all do to-day? . Oh, dear, dear, how I wish I could see you! Won't it be a happy time when I am at home again! When I can have little Charlie climbing over me, and Carrie and Channie and all of you around me. Won't it be a delicious meal even if there be nothing but dry bread, when I can sit down with you all again! I am sure the dining-room will look bright even on a cloudy day. Indeed, even the coal smoke of Cincinnati will look clean and pleasant. I don't allow my mind to dwell upon it; if I did I should not remain here a day longer. I would not even wait for a boat, but take the cars, and then I would want to be on the lightning train. What is life worth without home? Not much to me. How thankful I am to our Heavenly Father that in His Divine Mercy He has given me so good and pleasant a one where all my thoughts centre, where my life takes root, in which

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I live wherever I may be. And you who are the centre of it, how can I thank you enough? How shall I express how much I am indebted to you? I cannot do it. But I will keep trying the next myriad of years, and then I shall be more indebted to you than I am now.

When I kneel for worship at night it seems as though you came and knelt on one side of me and our dear little angel Eddie on the other. Do you? It is delightful to think of it, to feel it so sensibly. In thought I am with you most of the time, but you seem to come to me on this occasion.

You mention the reception of my letter from Vicksburg. I was sick of the boat life. There was so much that was offensive to any one with a moral sense. I cannot describe to you the amount of degradation I saw. Men throw off their pretensions at such times. I was reminded often of things I have read in the *Memorable Relations*. But I was treated very civilly and personally have no cause to complain.

After telling of some pleasant social experiences he continues:

I am a great ways off. By the river it is fifteen hundred miles. I am very sorry to be separated from you and the children, but I know it is good for me and the people here and for us all. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." "All things work together for good to them that love God." This is surely so, and I delight to think of it.

To Mrs. Giles from C. Giles

NEW ORLEANS, March 4, 1860.

It is now four o'clock P.M., a warm, beautiful day. I have felt a little homesick, for I want to see you all so much. This has been a great gala day. The fire companies have had a grand parade. The streets are full of women, men, and children, of all colors and all nations. There is music, noise, and swearing, and everything that is unlike the peace of the Sabbath. If I look up to the heavens it is clear, serene, and peaceful; if I look around me it is all tumult and confusion. And so it is in all things. We must look to the mountains,

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whence doth come our help. We must look up and then we shall be lifted above the cares and anxieties of natural life.

To Mrs. Giles from C. Giles

NEW ORLEANS, April 4, 1860.

I hope to follow this letter so soon that if I do not overtake it I shall be but a few days behind. I shall come in the cars, and if I find the ride too fatiguing I shall lie by one train; but by the means of sleeping cars I think I can go right through. The people say I look much better than I did. Mr. Glascoe writes that you had snow the last Sunday in March, and I am afraid it would be worse for me to go into cold now than it would be to have remained in it. It has indeed afforded me much pleasure to see that I could be of some use here, that I was not quite laid on the shelf even if I could not preach much.

The Society meets in a room not much larger than our parlor, and it is no more effort to read a sermon to them than it would be to sit down and talk an hour. Mr. Burke read the service so that I did nothing but deliver the discourse, and they were almost as glad to hear it as a hungry man is to get a good meal.

Dr. Holcombe gave me medicine, which I am taking regularly, and I think it is helping me. He says I ought not to think of going home before the first of May; but I shall do as I have often done before, disobey the doctors, and I hope with equally good results.

In the Diary we find this record:

Cincinnati, April 15, 1860. This has been a happy day for me. I stood in my old place and saw the old faces upturned to me, heard the old music, and felt the warm sphere of love with which I was greeted. The attention was most profound and I felt much sustained. I have never felt so much drawn to my people, and I hope I may long live to be of use to them; to preach better and in every way to do better than I have ever done before. I must study more, visit more, talk more with the young, and in every way do more for the cause of our Lord and Master.

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In June Mr. and Mrs. Giles attended the General Convention in Chicago. Here Mrs. Giles was taken ill. They remained in Chicago for three weeks, and at the end of that time Mrs. Giles was taken to Cincinnati, but did not fully recover her health until November.

To Mr. Milo G. Williams

Sept. 6, 1860.

Our Society has finally wheeled into line. Last evening we had a meeting and voted unanimously to apply for admission into the General Society. I have no doubt there were some who were opposed to it but they stayed away. I think we shall have a good meeting, and I hope Ohio will regain the place she once occupied in the front rank of those who are working for the upbuilding of the Church.

Mrs. Giles, I am happy to say, is decidedly better. She begins to sit up a little, a few minutes at a time. I think we shall know how to appreciate the time, if it ever comes, when we shall not have to call upon a doctor or take any medicine. My oldest son, Warren, has begun school after an absence of two years. He takes hold of his studies with real energy.

You will think this letter a miserable scrawl but I cannot help it. I have the erysipelas in my wrist, and I found the pen I usually use so stiff that I could not work very well and so have taken one of gutta-percha, which is intended to be a substitute for a goose quill. I have begun to copy my letters also and succeed just tolerably, but I shall improve by practice.

Sept. 14, 1860. The General Society of the New Church in Ohio met in the Temple this morning. It was much better attended than usual and I think was a profitable meeting. The name was changed from "General Society" to "Ohio Association." John Curtis Ager was ordained and the Holy Supper was administered. Several were present from the country.

Here follow various quotations from Mr. Giles's correspondence with Mr. Williams which may be of general interest.

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I shall concur most heartily in conferring the degree of A.M. upon Mr. Ager and in having him installed into a professorship. This I hope will be done. I have no doubt Mr. Ager could do much good as a missionary here, but I think he can do much more at Urbana. He is yet young, and he can be perfecting his studies while he is performing his duties as a professor in the college, and thus lay a broad and deep foundation for greater usefulness in the future if he should some time devote his whole strength to the ministry.

Can your society take hold of the matter about which we have talked so much and done so little—a general missionary fund? Can you not take up a collection or make up a subscription so that every one, even the children, can have a chance to help in the good work? I should like to hear from you on this subject and receive any suggestions that may occur to you about the best mode of procedure.

Nov. 19, 1860.

On this date my wife returned home enough improved in health to be able to walk about the house and sit up most of the day.

Mr. Giles's outlook went beyond his little society. In these extracts from letters written to the *Messenger* are some of the helpful suggestions he had in mind for the church.

The religious newspaper has been too long a battlefield upon which the champions of different truths marshal their forces quite as often to fight with each other as against those falsities which are the common enemy of humanity. I would like to make it more like a room for social gatherings and pleasant greetings. I want to talk to you, my brother and sister. I want comfort and strength from you. Has not the Lord given you some message for me?

But we cannot go a thousand miles and carry these heavy bodies along with us. May not the *Messenger* annihilate time and space for us and bring us together; be our wishing-hat which we can clap upon our heads and straightway be face to face? What say you, Mr. Editor? Will you give us a welcome if we come not only to see you, but each other? Will you let us chat a little even if we do not mind all our

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stops and express ourselves in the most correct and logical manner? And if the Editor says "Yes," will you meet me, my friends in the *Messenger*, once a week or month, as time and inclination permit? I pause for a reply.

(Signed) INQUIRER.

Again he writes:

I have been thinking about my last letter and I would like to say something more about it. There are many subjects connected with the instruction and worship of the Church upon which I think it would be interesting and profitable to get the experience and practice of persons in different parts of the country. Take the Sunday school, for example: I would like to know how they conduct their schools in Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, or in any place where there is one; what they teach and how they teach it; what books they use and what means to keep the pupils. Have they any systematic course of instruction in the doctrines? What books do they find suitable for a Sunday-school library? I suppose there might be fifty-two such letters written every year and a great amount of useful information communicated. There are many other topics connected with worship in the church and relating to the social intercourse of its members. Some who have had experience might tell us what we ought to avoid as well as what we may do. I think we may sometimes try to do things which cannot be done and are disheartened when we ought to let them alone.

Scattered all over the land are many souls really rich in spiritual knowledge and experience who might distribute their wealth a little more freely. There is Professor Parsons; I think it would do him good, and I know it would us, to give an occasional lecture in his familiar and interesting way upon moral and spiritual laws. I hope he will not get entirely bound up in — what do they bind law books with? Dr. Holcombe gives us an occasional prescription beautifully put up in rhyme, but not half as often as would be good for our spiritual health.

This letter gives the family news:

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To Mrs. Almira Giles

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9, 1860.

I am sorry to hear of Caroline's sickness. It is a great loss to have the mother of a large family ill, as I know from sad experience. Eunice is still confined to her bed almost entirely. Last week she began to sit up a few minutes for the first time since she came home. It is eleven weeks to-night since she became ill. I was very much afraid she was going to leave me. She has not suffered much pain—except through weariness of lying in bed so long. She has kept up good spirits. If she had not been so uniformly cheerful I don't know how we could have managed. Lucy has been our housekeeper, and a very faithful and efficient one too. She is a good girl,—not perfect to be sure. She knows how to do all kinds of work and she is willing to do it. She is very patient and kind with Charlie (Charles Henry, born Feb. 3, 1858), who needs much attention. Those who have never lived in a city cannot tell how much more labor it is to take care of a family of children than it is in the country. They cannot be let out loose. You must watch them all the time. And then the task of keeping them clean is almost an endless and hopeless one.

Very numerous and varied were Mr. Giles's "interests" in all phases of church work. Here are extracts from a few of the letters written at this time:

To Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe

CINCINNATI, Oct. 27, 1860.

The New Church papers are discussing the subject of Swedenborg's infallibility. The interest in it has to me a great and important significance. The New Church is to receive her greatest trial through spiritism and it seems proper that the first onslaught should be made upon Swedenborg. If it can be made out that the New Church is not the Church after all, that her doctrines are like all others, mere appearances of truth, to be set aside when we have progressed a little farther, we are but little better off than the old church. And there is still the widest room for even those who profess to be New Churchmen to build

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towers of Babel from their own self-derived intelligence only to find a perpetual confusion of tongues. My own impression is that Swedenborg is about as final as the multiplication table and geometry. All the advances we make hereafter will not consist in correcting and setting him aside, but in carrying out the principles he has disclosed to us.

When I read Swedenborg's scientific works I am lost in wonder at the greatness of the man. His intellectual strength and insight overawe and almost crush me. I want to eulogize and almost worship him. But when I come to his theological writings I do not see the man at all. It is only in the morning and evening and in high latitudes that we see large shadows. In the full blaze of the meridian there are none. Ah, how happy we are to be permitted to see these glories! How much happier we shall be if we make them our own by living and loving them.

In the days preliminary to our Civil War many a good patriot who loved peace experienced mental states similar to those expressed in this letter to Dr. Holcombe. But after the attack upon Fort Sumter ideas were clarified and stood out sharply and distinctly, not only for the preservation of the Union, but for the abolition of slavery, which proved to be inseparable from it.

To W. H. Holcombe, M.D., Waterproof, La.

CINCINNATI, January 3, 1861.

I do not take much interest in politics. I expect the South will secede, and I sincerely hope all the good results you predict from this revolution and rebellion may follow, and many more. I think I agree with you in many things concerning the negro nature, and the bad effects of abolitionism. But judging from your letters and your pamphlet, you entirely misunderstood the prevalent feeling and opinion of the North. And if a man of your intelligence and, I believe, candor can be so deceived, what may we not expect from those who have never breathed any air but that of their state, and who know little or nothing of the Northern people? You take it for granted, for instance, that I am a Republican and voted for Lincoln. But I did not like his nomination and did not vote for him. I voted for Bell and Everett. I have

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never been an anti-slavery man, but long ago came to conclusions somewhat similar to your opinions concerning the essential nature of the African race and its future in the scale of humanity. And the great mass of the people are no more anti-slavery than I am. They have no hostility towards the South, and care no more about slavery than the fish in the Ohio River do. Freedom is a fine sounding word and makes a grand rallying cry and bait to catch the rabble, and the politicians have used it very effectually. But if you think the election of Lincoln is a protest of the North against slavery you are greatly mistaken. If the Democratic party had not fallen to pieces from their own corruption and its members made war upon one another, I have no idea that Lincoln would have been elected. How many men do you suppose vote from an intelligent principle? I should be delighted to know that every man who voted for Lincoln did vote from principle, whether it was against slavery or the North Pole. But while I think Mr. Lincoln owes his election more to the divisions in the camp of the Democracy and from the very general opinion that the Democratic party had become corrupt, I cannot say that I am sorry that he is elected.

You know as well as every well-informed man that the present state of affairs was not induced by Mr. Lincoln's election. The South had wanted to secede for a long time. South Carolina was never in the Union at heart and has always been itching to get out of it. The people of the South have an idea that they can get along much better without the North. And I do not think they will ever be content until they try their hands at a separate government. I think now is as good a time as any for the trial and I am willing they should make it. If they succeed according to their expectations they will make a grand thing of it politically, and I am sure I wish you all the highest success.

But I am tired of the threats of disunion. You have cried "Wolf, Wolf," long enough. So far then we are agreed. But whether it is practicable or not I do not know. One thing, however, seems clear, that it is the duty of the President to execute the laws of the United States. He takes a solemn oath to do it, and if I were President I should not ask the permission of South Carolina or any other state to do it. An executive officer has nothing to do with consequences. The constitution

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points out his duties, and if we had had a President and not an old worn-out political trickster, this whole matter would have been settled or in the fair way of settlement long ago. Mr. Buchanan has been in the hands of the Southern politicians ever since he came into office, and has been moulded as wax to suit their purposes.

While the President ought to do the duties pointed out by the Constitution, hold and defend all the public property, and collect the public revenues, still if the Southern states desire to set up a separate government I think they ought to be permitted to do it. But the movement should be mutual. They should not run away and then ask to go.

If you are to go by violence and rebellion I am glad that you go now, before you have any real cause of complaint. Your movement will stand out alone in the history of humanity as of one part of a nation rising up against the general government from anticipated grievances, and a government too in which that part has an equal voice with all the others. If there should be war and fraternal blood should be shed, as it now seems more than probable, I cannot believe that the dispassionate decisions of the future will be given in your favor. But on the contrary, you will go down to posterity as the destroyers of the mildest and most equitable government ever established among men. And if you succeed in establishing a Southern Republic you will stand alone among the civilized and enlightened nations of the earth as the upholders of human bondage.

What will be I do not pretend to know, but confidence in the controlling influence of the Divine Providence is so strong that I know however great the apparent evils may be they are only permitted to prevent still greater ones. So I trust and am willing to bide my time. The country seems now to be given over into the hands of unprincipled politicians. If the people would speak their honest opinions without the intervention of fanatics and demagogues both in church and state, and the people of the South could hear them, I am sure they would have no sentiments but those of brotherhood and kindness, and the most hearty disdain of every unwillingness to respect all their rights.

The treatment which Northern men have received in the South, however, is producing its effects. There are many people who feel as I do,

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that it is a shame to any people to make war upon women and merchants from mere suspicion, or to attempt to tyrannize over men's opinions and dictate to them how they shall vote. If that is not a violation of all constitutional rights and the very essence of despotism over men's minds I do not know what is. The Constitution has been violated a hundred times in the South where it has been once in the North. But I yet hope that the madness of the South and the North may be restrained and that we may treat each other like gentlemen and Christians.

I have written you a long letter and I am afraid you cannot read it, for I find I succeeded very poorly in copying the first sheet. I began copying my letters last year and I propose to continue it, not because I suppose many of them are worth preserving, but it is sometimes quite desirable to know what one has written.

I need not say that I hope there will be no cessation to our correspondence or any seceding to our friendship.

It may be of interest to our readers to learn how Dr. Holcombe, whom many know well through his books, changed from a slaveholder and ardent adherent of the Confederacy to a firm allegiance to the United States and a subsequent freeing of his slaves. Through the kindness of Rev. John Goddard I have the following:

To Rev. John Goddard from Dr. Holcombe

NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 5, 1880.

After mailing my letter I concluded that I ought to have said something more to you about that method of consulting the Word, which may be a kind of bibliomancy, and so get your opinion about it. It is all very plain that one should be guided by one's rational faculty illuminated by revealed truths in the conduct of life—but there is some mysterious living, answering power in the Word *to him who believes from love*, that to look to the Word in great and decisive situations of life seems to me an admissible thing. My attention was first called to its living power by being occasionally startled by opening at verses precisely applicable to my spiritual state at the time. Especially was this the case when I was in great and serious troubles, driven almost to

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despair. An incident occurred during the war which made a lasting impression. I was living at Natchez, Mississippi, during the Federal occupation; I was one of the original secessionists and a strong Southern sympathizer, and of course I was in states of great suffering and tribulation of all sorts. One day I was thrown into a state of extraordinary excitement. A friend of mine had shot a negro man, his slave, who was attempting to escape to the Federals, wounding him severely. The Federals learning the fact, arrested my friend and had him in irons on a gunboat to be tried for attempt to kill. I was exceedingly vexed with my friend, who had manifested the worst features of the old slave-holding spirit in shooting the slave, but I was still more indignant with the Federals, who asserted jurisdiction over the case and threatened to punish one crime by another still more serious. That, you know, was the true Confederate standpoint. The incident produced such a storm in my mind that I could not attend to my practice, and I shut myself in my bedroom in an agony of contending emotions. I knew the whole question turned upon slavery, its defense or its overthrow; which was right? On a sudden I thought of laying the whole matter before the Lord and praying for an answer through His Word. I knelt down and prayed as earnestly as I ever have done in my life, confessed my utter inability to find the truth for myself, threw all upon the Christ—the Comforter—begged for a word of command or advice, and solemnly vowed to abide by His answer forever. I then said the Lord's prayer with the Bible shut upon the chair before me. Reverently I opened it at random and laid my finger on a verse. It was this: "*Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?*" Isaiah lviii. 6.

A great light and peace came into my mind in a moment. I let go of the selfhood on that question forever. I went to my work with a light heart, and soon afterward took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and have been the strongest imaginable friend of the freedom and progress of the black man ever since.

Mr. Burke, to whom several letters are written, was a prominent merchant of New Orleans who came to that city from Maryland. He was

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the founder of its public school system, president of the Canal Bank, and a member of the legislature. He was one of the founders of the University of Louisiana and a patron of the fine arts.

It was he who furnished money which was used in raising the volunteer force which went to the relief of General Taylor, then on the Rio Grande, resulting in the victorious termination of his command at Buena Vista. After a political disappointment Mr. Burke became a New Churchman through reading the "True Christian Religion." He was for many years lay reader for the New Orleans Society.

From a letter to Glendy Burke, Esq., New Orleans, from C. Giles

There is not much excitement here of any kind. Everything moves on about as usual, only a little more slowly. You would not imagine except from the newspapers that we were on the eve of a revolution. I wish the people at the South could know how the great mass of the people regard them. I am sure they would find nothing in their hearts but the kindest feelings and a sincere disposition to give them even and exact justice. But there does not seem to be any way as yet for the North and South to confer with each other except through the medium of politicians and newspapers, and I despair of having the truth told by either of them. Most of our politicians prefer party and self to country and the good of the neighbor. And so I fear we may go to killing one another through a mistaken idea of how we regard each other.

I think, however, the North will not consent to have the Union dissolved by such men as Toombs, Yancy, Wise, or by any one else, without an effort to save it. There is a deep and abiding love for our country and government throughout the North and West. Our people are not easily moved. They love home, peace, and industry, but when they are moved they are steady, strong, and not easily stopped. I pray that their energies may never be directed to anything but the arts of peace, for the good of the whole country.

I received a long letter from Dr. Holcombe some time ago, and also his pamphlet. He entirely misunderstands the feeling at the North, as I have told him in a reply to his letter. He seems to take Garrison,

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Wendell Phillips, and Beecher as the exponents of Northern feeling. But nothing could be wider from the truth. They have a class of followers who make a great noise, but who are comparatively small in number and influence. You see Garrison and Phillips cannot get a public hall in which to speak in Boston, and Beecher was recently egged in New Haven.

Well, nations must have their trials and temptations as well as individuals, and the same Being of Infinite Love and Wisdom rules over both. This is my comfort and hope. The Lord never permits an evil to fall upon either which is not for the prevention of a greater evil or in some way an instrument of good.

How do you get along in your little society? I love to think of you; and I often do, as New Churchmen in your little circle. I hope it is increasing in numbers and true spiritual life. I cannot describe to you how forcibly the winter brings back to my recollection my visit to New Orleans and all the little incidents connected with it. Please to remember me kindly to all who inquire after me.

The following also illustrates well Mr. Giles's attitude of mind in the beginning of the war, and the gradual deepening of the decisive stand he took for the Union.

To Mr. J. L. Jewett from C. Giles

CINCINNATI, Feb. 27, 1861.

I have Mr. ——'s sermon with the request to send it to you with my opinion about publishing it in the *Messenger*.

I think decidedly that it would not be judicious to print it now. The sermon has many good points but I can see no possible use in its publication. It would change nobody's opinion, and the only effect it would have upon the New Churchmen in the South would be to separate them still more widely from the New Churchmen at the North. And that is to be deplored. Even granting everything he says is true, and I cannot assent to it all, what is the use of saying it now? We may have many things to say but we have the highest example for not saying

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them when men cannot bear them. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

From a letter to his mother, Mrs. Almira Giles

Nothing but war is talked about now. Our streets are full of soldiers, and there is an encampment near the city of sixteen hundred men and two others of two or three thousand. Almost every able-bodied man in Cincinnati is drilling, and the companies are procuring additions as fast as they can. If Kentucky should secede Cincinnati will become very much exposed and will be a very important point, as she would be quite a rich prize for the Southern rebels. We have no fear of an attack but we intend to be prepared. I have no confidence in Kentucky. She will go with the South if she dares.

It is a terrible trial we are called upon to endure, and a most important crisis in the very life of our nation. And I think we shall come out of it nobler and stronger than ever. I am proud of old Massachusetts. She shows that she has sons worthy of her sires. If her soldiers fight as bravely as they acted promptly in obeying the call of the President, the South will never again sneer at her, and I have no doubt it will be found that they can shoot as well as build ships. It is my great comfort in our hour of peril that we are in the hands of a Being of Infinite Love and that He will overrule all for our good.

Letter to Mrs. Isaac Knapp

CINCINNATI, June 1, 1861.

We are full of the war spirit here also. The military costume is about as common as any on the streets. Ohio was among the first to respond to the call for volunteers. But we have an imbecile for a governor, and notwithstanding our willingness and large promises, I fear we shall be behind all the states in actual performance. The three-months' volunteers who were at Camp Denison have been dismissed, and most of them utterly refuse to enlist for three years. Indiana has far surpassed us in actual accomplishment. But Ohio may do something yet.

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Am I not proud of the old Bay State? If she is as great in performance as she has been prompt and effective in preparation she will settle the superiority of the Yankees beyond dispute. After all, I believe Dr. Holmes is about right and "Boston is the Hub of the Universe," and Massachusetts a big spoke in the wheel. I shall be greatly surprised and disappointed if New England civilization and power do not show their immense superiority in every respect over the South. This war will silence some boasting and settle some questions forever that have been long disputed.

These are times that try men's pockets as well as their souls. Our busy city is almost as silent as the Sabbath. Immense manufactories are entirely closed. The pork merchant alone, it is said, will lose a million dollars. But so far all classes seem to stand it pretty well. There have been very few failures though our city will probably suffer as much as any city in the Union.

I do not wonder that you are getting to be quite orthodox. I am inclined that way myself. If the heathen could be converted as suddenly as some of the secessionists in Maryland were to the Union, by Sherman's battery, I think we would better call home our missionaries and send out our batteries. I am afraid, however, there is not much sincerity in these conversions, and their subjects will fall from grace at a very slight temptation. The *Enquirer*, a Democratic, Douglas, corrupt political paper, was converted in one night, confessed its sins publicly the next morning and was too furiously Union to be sincere. But it shows an evident disposition to lapse, and it requires much watching and an occasional rap to keep it from taking a violent "back-set." The Lord prosper the right.

The next letter embodies a remarkably prophetic suggestion.

To Mr. Thomas S. Smith

CINCINNATI, July 7, 1861.

I read the communication you handed to me with much interest. We cannot tell, of course, what will be the effect of the contest now raging in our country upon other countries, but I can hardly doubt that

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it will establish the great truth that man can govern himself, and that a Republican government is the strongest in the world, and the best calculated to develop the subjects of it, and make them strong, self-reliant men. I have long regarded a Republican government as a school of the nations which they will have to attend. But the ages move slowly and it may be a long time before some of them will be prepared for it. It is certainly not an infant school. England may be among the first to take the great step. It would put new life into her masses.

Your idea of a Congress of Nations in which each member would seek the good of all is almost too good to be true. But it may be ultimately in the good time coming. The principles of heavenly life will continue to descend and become more fully operative in the governments and in all of the affairs of this world, and there will be peace on earth, good will to men. The Lord is always nearest to us in temptation, and I have no doubt the powers of the New Heavens are now pressing upon the minds of men and waking them up to action in the great contest for human liberty.

*To the Trustees of the New Jerusalem Society of Cincinnati from
C. Giles*

CINCINNATI, Aug. 5, 1861.

Owing to the depression in all departments of business and the consequent financial embarrassment of the people generally, the Society may find it difficult to meet its ordinary expenses. In view of this state of things I will allow you to reduce my salary twenty per cent. if in your judgment the financial condition of the Society requires it.

I hope you will endeavor to retain Mr. Smith as organist and leader of the choir, for I think much of the interest and effect of our worship depends upon him.

To Mrs. Knapp from C. Giles

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4, 1861.

Yours of Sept. 29th was received yesterday, and according to your request I answer immediately. I went to see our Collector to-day, who

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has the supervision of all persons and things going South from Cincinnati, and he says the only way to get there is in a private carriage. There is no railroad or steamboat communication. A traveler would have to pass through the lines of the armies and might meet with some inconvenience, but it probably could be done if he could satisfy the general that he would furnish no intelligence that would be of service to the enemy.

What the state of things may be in a week or a day we cannot tell. Troops are rapidly pouring into Kentucky from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Three regiments went through our city to-day, and we are expecting thirty during the week. Many of our people are afraid that Cincinnati will be attacked, and if we should be defeated Kentucky will no doubt secede. We are fortifying the hills around us on both sides of the river, but not half is doing that should be done. Nothing but the thunder of the enemies serves thoroughly to arouse our people and then it may be too late. If your friend will come to Cincinnati I will do everything in my power to assist her in getting safely through the lines.

From another letter to the same sister we read the following:

You see our old scholars are serving their country. Nearly all the young men of our society have enlisted.

The other day I attended the funeral of a young man who was a lieutenant. He died in Virginia of fever, and his poor wife did not know of his sickness until his body was brought home to the city. She was almost beside herself with grief and I fear will soon follow her husband to the spiritual world. His funeral was one of the saddest I ever attended. When I thought how many widows and orphans, how many bereaved hearts and sad homes this war will cause, I felt more like cursing its authors than I ever did before. If all the tears of the widows and orphans were changed to molten iron and were to fall drop by drop in a fiery shower upon their naked backs it would not be a punishment equal to the enormity of their guilt. But they will get their due. The South is doomed; I can see no escape from it. Even if the war should cease now and their independence should be declared

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it would not save them. The prestige of the slave power is broken. Cotton may live and long be an important element in human industry and commercial exchange, but it is no longer king. It may prove a good subject, but it has been a very poor and despotic king. But enough of this.

Letter from O. Prescott Hiller to Rev. Chauncey Giles

GLASGOW, Oct. 24, 1861.

It would give me much pleasure to hear how you and my old society are getting on together. These troublous times have no doubt affected the New Church people as well as other citizens of our distressed country.

I see an American paper every week, so that I am pretty well informed as to the general course of the war. I have no doubt it will result in good, however trying it may be at present. It is but the coming to a head of an old disease; the system will be healthier afterwards. After a severe punishment such as the South will I doubt not in the end receive they will learn to respect the North and better feeling will arise. On the other hand, the North will get cured of its unhealthy and violent abolition sentiment which was so great a cause of disturbance to the South.

I hope the University (Urbana) still keeps on the even tenor of its way in spite of the unfavorable times. You are no doubt still the president. I should be glad to be informed as to its present condition. I know there have been great changes. In particular I have been expecting to receive information as to the results of the competition for the elocution prizes which I offered. I should like to be informed of the names of the successful speakers and whether the project has been well received and is likely to be useful.

You have probably not yet heard that I have been lately called to London to fill Mr. Noble's pulpit, that of the Cross Street Society. I have accepted the call and enter upon my duties at the new year. It is a responsible position. Mr. Bruce, the last minister, has been obliged to resign from an affection of the throat. Mr. Warren is filling the place temporarily. I have served the Glasgow Society faithfully for

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fourteen years and it is now in a flourishing condition. The Cross Street Society, on the other hand, is in rather a languishing state. I hope to put some new life into it with the Lord's aid and blessing.

Let me hear from you soon.

To Rev. O. Prescott Hiller from C. Giles

CINCINNATI, Nov. 18, 1861.

Your favor of the 24th of October and also one of a previous date came duly to hand. I was very glad to hear from you and intended to answer your first letter long before this, but we have been in such a state of excitement and constant expectation of some great event that we can do nothing but attend to the passing duties of the moment.

The war has sadly interfered with our plans. We purchased a lot and adopted a plan for a new temple. We had chosen our building committee with full powers to act, on the Wednesday evening previous to the attack on Sumter. When I went home from the meeting I confidently expected the ground would be broken for the building the next week. But the breaking out of the war made everything so uncertain that we thought best to await the issue of events, hoping things would take a more favorable turn in a few weeks. But we finally concluded to abandon the project entirely for the present; and so we are still in the old temple and expect to remain there for an indefinite period.

Our society has suffered very much by large removals into the country, and I do not think the attendance is quite as large as it was a year ago, though we always find many strangers present at our morning service. Two societies have been formed of members who have moved from the city: one at Glendale and one at Hebron. They have built a beautiful little temple at Glendale and Mr. Stuart preaches there. I believe nearly every member of both societies formerly belonged to us. At Hebron there is a Sabbath school of about fifty scholars and regular worship in a schoolhouse every Sabbath, but no minister.

At present there does not seem to be much life and energy in our society. The old men who were the working members in your day have

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moved away or died, or ceased to take an active part, and there are not any young men to take their places. Not many of the sons of the older members have come externally into the church.

Mr. — is the superintendent of the Sabbath school, which is large and prosperous. I have a class of twenty-five or thirty young people that I hear every Sabbath morning. We have gone regularly through the Heavenly Doctrines and the class is quite interesting. I hear my class in the morning and preach, and lecture in the evening. I also deliver a lecture on Wednesday evening. These with my other duties, you will see, must keep me quite busy. My wife has been very unwell during the last two years, and I had an attack of nervous fever in the spring, but I am quite well now.

Many of our young men are in the army and the war is the all-absorbing topic of interest. We are just now rejoicing at the success of our fleet in taking Port Royal and the capture of Mason and Slidell. The people of the North are perfectly confident of success. When the war began we were stripped of everything. We had no army; our little navy was scattered to the four winds. All our arms had been sent South, and all the money the Southerners could lay their hands upon had been stolen. The officers in the army and navy had become corrupted, and all the governmental affairs at Washington were in a state of utter confusion and demoralization. The rebels had managed to place their own tools in the forts, North as well as South. It was a mere matter of accident, as most men would call it, that Fortress Monroe, Fort McHenry in Baltimore, and even West Point, were not in the command of traitors.

The plans of the rebels were laid with the most consummate skill and shrewdness, and we only wonder that they have not succeeded better. But things are somewhat changed now. We have an army of nearly half a million men, the most of them well drilled and armed with effective weapons. We are beginning to have a navy adapted to service on the Southern coast. Both army and navy will soon be well equipped in every respect; we are nearly ready—just beginning to learn our strength and to get the means of putting it forth, and I think we shall soon show the world that our Republic is not dead.

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To his mother, Jan. 19, 1862, Mr. Giles writes:

We are compelled to manage very economically this winter. Our Society has cut my salary down more than one quarter, and living is about as dear as ever, so we have to look very sharply after the dimes. I have never found so much difficulty in making income and expenses meet. I am ready to bear my part of the burden of this terrible war. I am too old to fight and I have none to send, but I am willing to do what I can.

In a letter to Rev. J. R. Hibbard, Cincinnati, April 10, 1862, speaking of the *Messenger*, Mr. Giles says:

I do not think a weekly journal of the Church should be so strictly ecclesiastical or abstractly spiritual that it cannot notice current events. On the contrary, it seems to me to be one of its special duties. I would have it comment on events and books in the light of spiritual truth. The longer I live the more I am confirmed in the belief that the general teaching in the New Church is too much in the abstract. We do not come into ultimates sufficiently, in which all power resides and must be exerted.

The *Messenger* has kept itself almost criminally aloof from a word of sympathy or any expression of interest in this terrible crisis of our national life. I think it ought to have done all it could to sustain the members of the Church in this trying hour. Spiritual things are clothed with natural in this world.

I have no belief in the method of teaching truth that begins and ends with the generalities that we must shun evils and do good. What evils shall we shun, what good shall we do? Here are themes for discourses and illustration in endless variety. I must do good to the neighbor, but the country is more the neighbor than the individual, and cannot I express a word of sympathy for her when she is in the clutches of demons and is struggling for her very existence? I have done it. I have told my own society what I thought the country demanded of them, and have tried to sustain them in performing the duties I have pointed out. I believe the New Church has a great work to do: not in

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compromises nor concessions nor palliations, nor hiding in cold abstractions, nor in crying brother to Satan in whatever questionable shape he may come to us, but in teaching the true laws of charity towards the evil as well as the good, towards the negro as well as the white man, the state as well as the church. I have been a good deal exercised in my mind this winter on some subjects, and if I live I mean to have the Church learn what they are. Many of our people speak of the *Messenger* with the utmost contempt for its utter silence on all questions relating to the present crisis. Though I do not agree with them in many respects, for I think it has some most excellent qualities, and I have been opposed, as you know, to the discussion of topics which at that time seemed to me could be productive of no good, yet I maintain it is the duty of every one who has any influence to exert it on the side of liberty and right. The minister and the Church have their appropriate duties to perform, and there is no excuse for neglecting them.

I delivered a discourse to-day (for it is now Sabbath evening) on "The Divine Providence in Victories and the Grounds for Praise to the Lord for our Late Victories."

CHAPTER VIII

CINCINNATI PASTORATE, 1862-1864

To Mrs. Isaac Knapp (Rowena Lakey) from C. Giles

CINCINNATI, April 3, 1862.

WE have been honored with the arrival of a distinguished visitor. He arrived this morning about twelve o'clock. I have not yet been able to learn his name, but he is a fine looking gentleman having dark hair and the customary blue eyes [eyes which afterward proved to be black]. He has not said much yet but seems quite inclined to sleep. Has a large head, good voice, for though inclined to be taciturn, he has given us a few specimens of its quality. He is a little above the ordinary size and makes himself very much at home. From present indications he will take up his abode with us. I think he will resemble our dear angel Eddie, and if he does he will be doubly dear. Though we have been expecting him for some time he came finally almost unannounced, and it required the utmost expedition to get the proper persons present to receive him. He is evidently a "fast" character, having arrived so early in the morning and performed various feats which I cannot describe, but which indicate a wide-awake disposition and great energy of character.

Eunice is quite as well as could be expected under the circumstances and has had a very comfortable day.

Carrie is almost crazy with delight and is amazingly puzzled with the old mystery of childhood when the doctor procures a baby. Lucy did want a sister, but "never mind, a boy is better than nothing." But the doctor says, "Can't afford to have girls this year; we need men." And Eunice and I are content with what the good Father has sent us.

The funerals in Cincinnati were many, and numerous also were the opportunities for consolation to the bereaved friends. My father's heart went out in loving sympathy to all who mourned, and in the fol-

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lowing especially difficult case he did what he could to mitigate the mourner's grief:

To a Gentleman whose Wife had committed Suicide

CINCINNATI, June 19, 1862.

I was much surprised and grieved at the sad intelligence contained in your letter and I sympathize with you deeply in your sorrow. It is a great affliction under any circumstances to be separated from the partner of life by death, but doubly so under those you mention. If I understand your inquiries, you desire to know the probable effects of such an end upon her spiritual state. Of course no one can tell certainly, but we know our future state is not determined by any sudden changes or single acts but by the whole tenor of life. The mind and body are so intimately related that in disease any hereditary tendency to insanity might be excited and the balance of reason lost during the unnatural excitement, and in that state there could be no accountability. I suppose evil spirits are present with us all, ready to take advantage of weakness or disease to urge us to destruction. But it is not by any exceptional acts that our lot will be determined, but by the hold which spiritual goodness and truth have gained upon the life.

Judging by this principle I do not see that you have any cause to fear for her future happiness. The Divine permissions and providence were over her in the last hour of her earthly life, and great as the evil seems, it was permitted to prevent a greater.

It was the best time for her to pass on to the spiritual world and whatever may be our reasonings we must leave the event in His hands, knowing that He doeth all things well.

On the 14th of July, in search of a much needed rest, Mr. Giles accepted an invitation from Mr. Thomas Hitchcock to visit his family at Newport, R. I.

Although he was a native of New England, my father's home in western Massachusetts had given him no experience of the sea, so that his descriptions voice a novel experience both to himself and his family, which lived so far inland. During this visit of rest Mr. Giles preached in Providence, Boston, and Waltham, and attended the Maine

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Association in Portland, going thither in Professor Parsons' yacht. He preached in New York City, and it may be that the favorable impression he then made led to his subsequent call from the New York society. He returned to Cincinnati, August 31st.

To Mrs. Giles from her Husband

You see that I have safely arrived in Newport. On my way here we passed the *Great Eastern* and I had a glimpse of her as we went by. She was surrounded by mail boats and steam tugs which looked like miniature vessels in comparison. The boat we came in is the most magnificent one I ever saw. She was crowded with passengers and everything was conducted like perfect clockwork. I think there has been a great improvement in the methods of travel, or rather in some of its accessories. Everything moves on more quietly. One is not besieged by such crowds of rowdy men. Perhaps the rough element has been somewhat absorbed in the war. Everything seems to be systematized and all prices are fixed, so that you have not so much fear of being cheated.

Mr. H—— has a fine house on the coast. From my window I can look out over the broad ocean and see the waves come tumbling in upon the shore. I have taken a long walk this morning along the beach. Rhode Island has an excellent law that the seacoast shall be kept open to all citizens. There is consequently a good walk by the sea past all the beautiful residences. I need not say that I enjoyed it much, sniffing the sea breeze and delighted with the prospect of the ocean.

Mr. Hitchcock has written for Professor Parsons and his wife to come here next week, though he says he does not much think he will come, for he never leaves home if he can help it.

We met George Bancroft on horseback, and a most ridiculous figure he cut. He had a high shirt collar into which his face seemed to settle; a high stovepipe hat towered above his head, his garments seemed to fit rather loosely upon him and to be shaking in the wind; his knees were drawn up and his body bent forward as though they desired to make each other's intimate acquaintance; his feet were thrust full into his stirrups and his horse jogged on in a hard trot, and he went pounding

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along as though he had surrendered himself to the motions of the horse. I was about to exclaim at the singular figure of the old man and to remark that some antediluvian must have made his escape from the shades when Mrs. H. said it was Mr. Bancroft. He has a beautiful place here.

It is oppressively still. Almost the only sound is caused by two or three flies buzzing against the windows and the sighing of the wind through the casement, and the occasional note of the meadow lark. It seems difficult to conceive that we are in the midst of a civil war and I am glad to forget it for a few days, and I hope to get strength enough to do and bear all that the Divine Providence may permit in the future.

Carrie must write to me and Charlie must tell you what to write. Kiss the dear little Fat for me.

The paper received this morning says Morgan has taken Cynthiana. This is surely bringing the war quite near to you, — so near that I don't know but I ought to be at home rather than here. But I cannot conceive it possible that they will allow him to come to Cincinnati. If you were at all timid I should feel sadly to be here while war was so near you, but I know you are not. I would not have come here and would not now remain a moment if I did not think I could do more good to my family, my country, and the Church by so doing than I could by remaining at home. But if you feel that you need me you can telegraph and I will come immediately.

The papers say that Morgan has gone back to Tennessee. I was in hopes he would be captured. I think his raid will do good.

I hope I shall never be called in the Divine Providence to be absent from my family for very long, for I daily feel more and more how intimately my life is bound up with them. The rest is doing me good. You do not know how great a mental strain has been upon me. I had come into a state in which it seemed impossible for me to write another sermon, and I wanted what it seems to me the Divine Providence has prepared, — a cool and quiet place in which to lie fallow for a while and let my brain sleep. And I am not trying to think or do anything but breathe the invigorating air and dream. I feel quite sure that I shall come home with new life and energy.

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After telling of novel reading and games he says:

This life seems to me more like life in the land of the Lotus Eaters than any I have seen. To-day we are going down to see the people bathe and this afternoon I am going to Providence and shall preach there to-morrow. I must do something to keep my hand in. I intend to come back Monday, and Professor Parsons and his wife are expected to-night.

Arrived in Providence he says:

I find it a very pleasant, neat, and thrifty city, though they say I have not seen the finest part of it yet.

We came home to tea and after a while several of the New Church people came in and spent the evening. They selected the chants and sang them and after they went away we chatted until almost twelve o'clock.

I had a very nice room and a very nice bed, but somehow I could not sleep. Perhaps it was because everything was so neat. After living in Cincinnati it seems almost miraculous to see how neat and clean and white everything is. The carpets, paint, curtains, linen, and even the very atmosphere seem to be bleached and destitute of the least particle of dust. It must be the paradise of housekeepers.

They have a very nice little church, about as large as the one in Glendale. It was well filled this morning with very intelligent looking people. I don't know when I have seen finer faces in an audience of the same size. After service I was introduced to a number of ladies and gentlemen and the service was very pleasant to me. I am glad I came. I shall make some very agreeable acquaintances and then I trust I shall feel as though I had done something to-day not entirely useless.

Letter to his Wife

NEWPORT, July 31, 1862.

Professor Parsons and his wife from Cambridge are here, and there is no lack of fun and converse upon the profoundest truths of science, philosophy, and religion. From my window I can see the

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ocean stretching away through half the horizon; and the roar of the waves drowns from mind and body the roar of the world.

I had a letter from Mr. Worcester yesterday giving me a very cordial invitation to visit him and make his house my home while I remain in Boston, and asking me to preach for him.

In a letter written from Cambridge at the home of Professor Parsons Mr. Giles says:

Hardly anything is talked about here but the war and Massachusetts is fast filling up her quota of men. Everybody that I have seen is glad that the President has ordered a draft for three hundred thousand more. Now all think the war will end soon, and I hope it will. We see soldiers everywhere getting ready to go away. In the navy yard men are building gunboats. Day before yesterday I saw a very large and beautiful one going to sea to make her trial trip.

Professor Parsons is as full of knowledge as the nut is of meat, and he is opening his treasures to me very freely and I am going to profit by their richness. I am satisfied my visit is to be of immense advantage to me intellectually as well as physically. I shall get a new stock of materials to work into sermons and perhaps something else.

Mr. Parsons has a yacht, and we are going to take a sail to-day out in the bay. He has invited Professor Sophocles, a Greek, and some others to go with us and we hope to have a pleasant time. We expect to get back some time to-night.

I sometimes feel as though I ought not to be here in such an exciting and troublous time, but perhaps I can do more for my country and humanity by resting than I could if I were at home or in the army. I cannot sleep yet. My brain will not go quietly to rest. I roll and toss about the bed all night. Professor Parsons thinks a voyage at sea would do me good, especially if it should make me sick, and I believe the plan now is to take a trip to Portland in his yacht. But this is not fully determined upon.

The cruise to Portland took place and Mr. Giles thus describes it:

We sailed from Boston about twelve o'clock on Monday morning, having laid in a good stock of provisions so that we might have some-

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thing to eat if we should be blown out to sea and days should elapse before we could get back. We had a brisk wind which drove us along at a very pleasant rate. When night came the moonlight was beautiful and I enjoyed it much, as being my first night on the ocean. About ten o'clock we all turned in but the Captain, who steered the boat, and we had a pretty comfortable sleep. About twelve o'clock the Captain went to bed and one of the gentlemen who knew how to manage the yacht got up and took charge of her. When we rose in the morning there was no wind and the sea was as smooth as glass. Mr. Ager and I took the little boat and rowed away from the yacht some distance, perhaps a mile. When we were tired we waited for the yacht to come up and we got on board. Mr. Ager wanted to go again, but the Captain told him there would soon be a good breeze, but we could not see it. It came, however, in a short time, and the yacht began to rush through the water at first-rate speed, and before we got into Portland the wind blew so hard that the Captain said he had more than he wanted. When we were ten or twelve miles from Portland we saw a man in a little boat fishing for rock codfish, and we saw him pull out two while we were going by him. We hove to, and one of the gentlemen went to the fisherman in a small boat and bought three large codfish for twenty-five cents. Cheap enough! I thought. After we anchored at Portland the Captain made a chowder of them for our dinner. I don't know when anything has given me more pleasure than this sail. I went out from Portland twice afterwards, cruising among the islands with which Casco Bay is filled. In about two hours I expect to leave Newport, where I now am, for New York, and next week I expect to be at home.

On August 25 Mr. Giles writes:

I feel now that all I came for has been accomplished. I have had a good rest and a good time. My friends say I am looking very well and very black. Did you suppose it possible for me to tan? I think I am some shades darker than I was when I left home, and I feel many degrees better. I hope the weather continues cool with you.

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In the autumn Mr. Giles went to Chicago to assist in the dedication of the new temple for the Chicago society. His home letter describes his first appearance in a clergyman's robe.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17, 1862.

Yesterday's service was very interesting and everything passed off very satisfactorily, I believe. Our New Church friends have completed a very neat and commodious house and I am quite sure they will enjoy it. I wish all of our people could have been here. I think the contrast between this and ours would stimulate them to go ahead with the new church.

Mr. Hibbard had made all preparations to wear a robe, and as I was to assist him in the dedication I could not refuse to do likewise. He had borrowed one from an Episcopal clergyman. It was simply the white linen gown. I read most of the service, and Mr. H. preached the sermon while I sat in state in one of the chairs. I thought it would seem bigoted and like giving too much importance to the dress question to refuse to encourage Mr. Hibbard in a step which he has contemplated so long and with so much interest.

I think, however, I need a little practice to wear a robe gracefully and to feel entirely at ease in it. The one I wore was too long for me, but I did not tumble down or do any very awkward thing.

I have no doubt but the New Church will eventually adopt the practice very generally and I think it will be a good thing for minister and people, and I have always said so. But the adoption of any of those externals not prescribed by the Doctrines ought not to be forced. The New Church will always have enough external and internal things to distinguish it from others without being odd.

Letter to Rev. C. Giles from G. Burke

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 31, 1862.

You will receive by Adams and Company Express about the same time you receive this the package of ten manuscript sermons which you were so kind as to send me by my son to be copied and read to our society. We all thank you for this additional evidence of your interest

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in our welfare and progress, and you may feel assured that your sermons are highly appreciated and meet a cordial welcome. Why don't you send more than you do to the *Messenger* and the *Magazine*? Not one ever escapes a reading before our society, and some are marked as having gone four times before them. Last Sabbath the one on the text from John xv. 13 produced an excellent effect, especially upon some strangers who were present. An old Scotch lady, a member of our society, said afterward: "Surely I have heard *that* sermon before. Did not Mr. Giles read *that* to us when here?" showing as she said "the impression made here" by laying her hand on her heart!

Our society advances, which is encouraging. The work is a slow one, however; for we see so many who listen, then turn away and say "very beautiful doctrine," and there the interest ends for the time being at least. And then we have discouragements too in other forms, but they are allowed by the Lord, doubtless for our good, and on the whole we have good cause to rejoice that the work, although slow, has assumed at least a position of *respectability* in our community! *The time was when this was not the case!* We should therefore be thankful and feel encouraged to "go forward," and when external matters become settled, the war over, we may hope to have a minister established with us, and have the ordinances administered to us, which we have not had for over a year.

We are having some peace of mind since the removal of General Butler. He is the worst man with more bad qualities than any one I ever met. Among other doings he arrested me on Monday morning after our having a full attendance at church—made up largely of Episcopalians—the previous day. And why, do you suppose! Because I *dared* to teach the people without having taken the oath of allegiance to the United States! Whereupon he indulged largely in low and vulgar abuse and called me very hard names, to which I made no reply. Such has been the dread of his power that none of us ever left our beds in the morning with any reasonable expectation of returning to them at night. He required me to take the oath or leave the city. I chose the former rather than leave our society, and then continued to read to them. But now General Banks is treating us as

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only a gentleman would, and he may make friends for his Government and the Union, which his predecessor failed completely to do in a single instance.

The following letter seems worthy of introduction to the year 1863, as it gives a cheerful account of the health of the family. The Cincinnati days numbered so many of serious illness that it is pleasant to give emphasis to an entire month of freedom from such anxieties, especially as in February three members of the family were stricken: Warren with typhoid fever, Carrie with an ulcerated throat, and the baby with pneumonia. All recovered, but the fatigue due to loss of sleep and anxiety in the care of so many patients was very great.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 14, 1863.

We are all in pretty good health. Eunice is better than I have known her to be for a long time. The baby keeps well and grows finely, and is a very sweet little fellow and fills the house with peace and joy, but not always with quiet. We call him John William. I insisted on calling him John and the children insisted on his being called William, and so we compromised the matter. I wanted very much to have one child called after Father.

What you say of the terrible effects of the war is sadly true, and I fear we have not seen the worst of it yet. But you would hardly know there was a war from the external appearance of our city. It was never so gay and lively. More costly Christmas presents have been sold this last Christmas than ever before.

Mr. Giles's juveniles have gladdened the hearts of many children, and they have also profited by the lessons implanted in them. "The Wonderful Pocket," "The Angel's Christmas Tree," and "Metempsychosis" were all written in Cincinnati. The writer well remembers the home discussion after "Metempsychosis" was read, and the family scorn with which her own wish to be like the violet was greeted. This letter of January, 1863, to Mr. Ager gives in my father's own words the principles upon which these stories were founded:

I have long thought that the Doctrines of the New Church and the light they throw upon the nature and significance of the material world, and the intimate and ever-present relations it holds to the spiritual

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world, open a wide field for a new and interesting literature for children, containing all the fascination of the ancient fairy tales with the most practical religious truths. I am too old to do much in moulding these rich materials into forms interesting and instructive to children, even had I the capacity. But such persons will be found in good time: people of delicate fancy, with minds thoroughly imbued with the truth and life of the Church and sensitive to all the innocent states of childhood.

In this and subsequent letters are comments on the war:

To Sampson Reed, Esq., from C. Giles

CINCINNATI, Jan. 18, 1863.

Our city has been very much excited by the late battles at Murfreesboro and Vicksburg. Many were killed and wounded who lived in this city and vicinity. There are many sick and wounded soldiers here and the number is constantly increasing. Our national affairs look very gloomy, and I see no hope or comfort but in the truth that the Lord rules. I have always supposed that the North would come into a state of despair in some way before the war ended, and that corrupt men would display their character so fully that they might be understood and opposed by all men who love their country, and that time seems fast approaching. The democratic hordes are showing their sympathy with the rebels as clearly as they dare, and they have gone so far in some cases in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that they have already alarmed the more prudent and better portions of the party.

You say Joseph is at Port Royal. I hope you hear that he is well and that he finds himself usefully employed. I do not know of any better use to which a man can devote himself than to destroy the rebels or help the oppressed blacks.

Later in the year, after the defeat of Vallandigham for governor, Mr. Giles writes to another friend:

Is not the news Ohio sends you to-day glorious? We regard it as one of the greatest victories of the war. Vallandigham will have to "watch and wait" over the border for some time yet. Every honest

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face looks bright to-day in our city. A Butternut cannot be found. I felt quite sure we could beat them but I was afraid we should not give them such a tremendous whipping as we have done. You may recollect that some of your Union friends at the club last summer were afraid they would elect Val., and I assured them it was not possible, and I had no idea then that any decent man could be found who would advocate his election. But I did not know the depths of political corruption. Yesterday our business men generally closed their stores and gave up the day to the election, which was the quietest I ever saw. Our Mayor was Colonel of a regiment in the army for two years, and he knows how to execute orders as well as to give them, and somehow the keepers of drinking saloons and the rowdies know it. This is one of the advantages we shall derive from the war. We shall learn to obey. May New York do as well as Ohio.

Oct. 14, 1863.

The war drags its slow length along. We have taken two, perhaps three, steps towards our final triumph since I have received your letter. We have gotten rid of the incubus, McClellan. Was ever a nation so imposed upon before? We have a proclamation of freedom for the slaves from the President, and the rebels at the North have made their campaign and have been signally defeated. This I regard as a more important victory than any we could have obtained over the rebels at the South. Everybody here except the Butternuts seems confident and hopeful.

Notwithstanding Mr. Giles's decided loyalty to the Union his friendly relations with some of the Southern New Churchmen continued. His sermons were lent not only to the smaller societies in Ohio, but were sent to River Point, L. I., to St. Louis and to New Orleans.

This hopeful letter was written to Mr. Burke after the receipt of some of the sermons which he had lent:

To Glendy Burke, Esq.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25, 1863.

Your very welcome favor of Dec. 31st was duly received and a few days after the sermons came safely to hand. I am very much pleased

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to hear of your progress in the New Church. I feel, perhaps I may say, a strange or at least an unusual interest in your little society, and I think of you often, and of all the members I know, with deep interest. It affords me great pleasure to know that I can sometimes speak to you though separated by so many miles of space, and that it is pleasant for you to listen to my words, or rather to the message the Lord sends you through me.

We know the New Church seems almost nothing compared with the old, and yet there is more power in a live acorn than in a dead oak. The Lord neither tarries nor hastens. The progress of the New Church is the development of Humanity not only in this world but in the spiritual world, and as Humanity is a Man the development must be harmonious. The external and the internal must grow together. The kingdom in the heavens and on the earth is one kingdom, and neither can advance much beyond the other.

All that the Lord requires of us is to do our work standing in our lot. It would seem to us greater if we had larger numbers and more imposing worship. But would it be greater or more important? I think not. He who casts a healing influence into the fountain purifies the whole stream. A slight influence upon the seed is more potent for good or evil than a much greater one upon the mature plant.

With such reflections I comfort myself and strengthen my hands and heart for my work. What I can do seems almost nothing.

From my study window I can see the front of a large Catholic Church. Crowds of people flock to it, and I cannot help thinking sometimes, when shall we see such crowds in the New Church? And yet we may know that the truths of the New Church dispensed to a few must be more powerful for good than all the pomp and ceremony with which the husks of a dead church are fed to the vast crowds which throng our cathedrals. Yes, my dear brother, we are doing a great work, and let us do it well. If we are faithful in it we shall reap the reward of our fidelity, whether we lay the foundation in much weakness and obscurity or shout with the multitudes at the crowning of the work.

You ask me why I do not send more of my sermons to the *Messenger* and the *Magazine*. I do not know, unless it is that I am busy and

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there are other ministers much older and better known in the Church than I, and it seems proper for them to speak. If the Lord spares my life I intend to publish something yet. Perhaps I am too fastidious about it.

In July the church was closed for four Sundays. The vacation was spent in the hot city because of lack of means to go elsewhere. It was a great contrast to the delightful visit in Newport the summer before.

The diary records:

I remained home three Sundays in idleness. I hope it may not occur again. . . . So ends my vacation. How little I have done, and I feel that my powers are failing in some respects. I may preach better perhaps, but I do not know. There ought to be ten or fifteen years of good hard work in me yet.

In October Mr. Giles began a series of sermons on the "Beatitudes," which were several years later published in England under the title of "Heavenly Blessedness." The custom of writing a number of sermons on one general topic was often employed by my father. In relation to it he says:

I am satisfied that ordinary sermons are of but little use. They are too fragmentary. They give truth in bits, without showing its relations.

The Cincinnati society had purchased the church on the corner of Fourth and John streets, and it was now undergoing alterations. Previous to this a lot had been bought and plans made for an entirely new edifice, but the stress of war prevented the completion of this project, and the lot was returned to its former owners.

On November 22nd Mr. Giles records the last lecture in the old building. His subject was the "Last State of Spirits in the World of Spirits."

So ends my service in the old temple. May the change to the society be like the change from the World of Spirits to Heaven!

One of the features of church work in Ohio was the frequent necessity for visits to the numerous smaller societies in the state. The ministers or leaders of these societies seldom had the power to admin-

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ister the sacraments, so the advent of a clergyman vested with this authority made these occasions very important. Traveling facilities, though improved, still had their difficulties in the sixties. Some of these are mentioned in this account of a visit to Pomeroy, taken Nov. 30, 1863. At the meeting of the General Convention on June 14, 1863, Mr. Giles received the powers of Ordaining Minister or General Pastor, and this visit to Pomeroy was undertaken for the purpose of ordaining Mr. Edson.

You see by the date of my letter that I am here, though it was through much tribulation and mud that I succeeded in getting here. The train was behind time. I had to remain in Athens overnight. The next morning it rained hard and I had the pleasant prospect before me of riding thirty-three miles in the rain in an open wagon and through the mud. I had no umbrella and no shawl. I purchased an umbrella and concluded to make the best of it. The rain poured down and the mud rolled up. After driving about two miles I found I was getting wet and cold. I happened to think that Rev. Elisha Hibbard lived on the road, and when I reached his house I asked for a bedquilt or blanket. We put it across our knees and after that we got along very well. The mud was terrible and we were obliged to go very slowly. We arrived in Pomeroy about seven o'clock, and I was informed that I must walk to Mr. G.'s in the dark, more than a mile from where the hack stops. After scolding some I got out of the hack and pushed on, not knowing whether I should get mired or fall off the bank into the river. I reached the Rolling's Mill without any accidents, and as I heard some one coming from the office I inquired if Mr. G. were there, and finding that he was, I went in and found him trying to bring a drowning man to life. In another part of the office the engineer was sick, having been suddenly attacked with pleurisy so severely that he could not be moved home.

Mr. G. came home with me and I was glad to get to the fire and have some supper. You can easily imagine that I was very tired. That night it froze and it was cold and rough.

Yesterday I rode to Middleport. Just as we reached the Coalport landing the *Ohio* came up. So if I had remained on the boat I should

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have been here in ample time. I am afraid I was a little vexed. I had taken a roundabout way at an expense of five dollars and had not gained a minute by it. Your mother went on up to the Rolling's Mill landing and I went to the meeting. I ordained Mr. Edson, baptized two babies and one adult, confirmed four persons, preached a sermon, and administered the Sacrament of the Holy Supper. I dined at Mr. G.'s in Middleport, and then drove back to the County Court House and preached again. There I met your mother for the first time since we left Cincinnati. We stopped on the way to Mr. G.'s at Mr. H.'s and got home tired enough.

In the autumn of 1863 several letters were exchanged between Mr. Thomas Hitchcock of New York and Mr. Giles with regard to the latter's acceptance of an invitation to the pastorate of the New York Society. This was the second time Mr. Giles had been asked to go to New York. He had previously declined to consider it because the Ohio friends "were in the midst of what seemed to be a successful movement to build a new temple," and it was thought his leaving would "in all probability prevent its accomplishment." At the present time, notwithstanding his attachment to the Cincinnati Society, he felt "bound by a kind of necessity to consider the pecuniary difficulties under which he labored." He asked no increase of salary but found it impossible to maintain his family upon the existing one.

In his annual report Mr. Giles had urged a stronger interest in the ordinances of the Church, and deplored the slender attendance at the Holy Supper, and the Society's indifference to the work of the Church both at home and abroad. This led him to think that perhaps another man might quicken its interest and increase its activity. The purchase of the new temple and the substantial expressions of affection from the ladies of the Society and the congregation led him to waver in his decision to leave. On the other hand, in the new field of labor he would have more time for pastoral duty and for the preparation of some works for the press. There was also the thought of the possible benefit to the family of a change of climate. There had been much illness ever since they lived in Cincinnati, and it seemed worth while to try the experiment. In addition he said:

I feel bound to every one of you by many strong and tender ties, and the thought of leaving you is always attended with pain. I have

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preached for the Society for nearly one fourth of its existence, and I cannot recall an unpleasant word that has passed between me and any member of the Society or congregation during the time.

I am well aware that I have performed my duties with many imperfections. I presume I have fallen much farther below my own standard of what a pastor ought to be than I have of yours. But such as it has been, my work is before you, and you can judge better than I whether it is better to draw it to a speedy close or to continue it longer. And I desire to receive from you a full and frank expression of your judgment and wishes concerning it.

After due consideration on December 21st, the following resolutions were passed by the Society:

1st. Resolved: That this Society and congregation entertain a unanimous feeling of attachment to our present Pastor, the Rev. Chauncey Giles, and learn with much solicitude that there is any prospect of his leaving for another field of labor.

2nd. Resolved: That if our Pastor, Rev. Chauncey Giles, sees fit to remain with us we will make his salary \$2500 per annum, commencing May 1st, 1863.

The formal invitation to Mr. Giles from New York arrived early in January. Mr. Giles accepted the invitation, and on February 3rd the Society met and passed resolutions which, while they accepted Mr. Giles's resignation, expressed deep regret at his decision and grateful appreciation of his services during his pastorate. They also voted to increase his salary.

The last months of Mr. Giles's pastorate in Cincinnati were months of mingled happiness and pain.

In his family there was much serious illness which caused him great anxiety, and the continued nursing wore upon his health and upon my mother's. Early in January Charles was taken ill with malignant scarlet fever. So extreme was his illness that the doctor despaired of his life. My father, ever resourceful and ready to try new methods, applied wet sheets with such markedly favorable results that on the doctor's next visit he said, "Why, what have you done to this boy! I did not expect to find him alive." From that time the patient continued to

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improve. When the process of desquamation began, by using a little care Mr. Giles succeeded in removing the entire skin of the inside of one hand. This was placed as a curiosity for safe keeping in one of the drawers of his desk. So far as I know, no one ever contracted scarlet fever from this bit of epidermis. During Charles's illness his sister Carrie had scarlet rash and Lucy an ulcerated sore throat.

In the church there was much that was encouraging and reassuring. The new temple was dedicated on the 17th of January. It was a beautiful day and the house was well filled. Mr. Giles writes:

The house is quite spacious, seating over five hundred without crowding. It is very neat, airy, and pleasant. We have a reading desk and pulpit and will have some kind of a Repository for the Word.

Every one says, "What a pity you are going away. You have a large and handsome place of worship, the seats are all taken, and the audience continues to increase from week to week." But I tell them I am quite delighted to leave the Society in so flourishing a condition. Since I have determined to leave, it is much pleasanter than it would be to know that the Society had run down under my charge and that they were glad to get rid of me.

The Society has invited Mr. Hayden to preach for it during the month of May, and he is coming with Mrs. Hayden. I predict that he will be given a call and that he will accept, and I think he will be a very useful man here. Mr. Beaman is to preach during the month of June in order to supply the pulpit until the summer vacation.

My father's affection for the dear Cincinnati friends was a very true and lasting one. There is in the people themselves a cordiality of manner, a friendliness of feeling, expressed not only in words but in many kind deeds, which endeared them to him. During his last illness his thoughts reverted many times to them. He said: "As I lie here I think of one and another. They are very dear to me. You know it was my first pastorate."

Mr. Thomas Hitchcock of New York was at that time a staunch friend of my father's. It was largely through his instrumentality that Mr. Giles received the call to New York. He was unwearied in his efforts to provide for the family's needs, and Mr. Giles writes thus of the house (43 E. 33rd Street) which the former had secured:

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There will be ample room and it will accommodate us in all respects. The location is all we could wish, even to the side of the way. I have always thought I should prefer to live on the sunny side of the street as well as of things if I could. Mrs. Giles wishes me to thank you for your kind consideration and attention. It must have cost you much time and labor to find a house so well suited to our wants in every respect, and we feel very grateful to you for it. It will add so much to our comfort to know exactly where we are going.

I intend to close my labors here the last Sabbath in April, and I expect to preach my first sermon in New York the first of May. We shall probably break up here about the 20th of April.

I have no fear as to the results of my ministry in New York. I have never regretted the movement, and do not think I ever shall. My wife says there is one good thing about me, — when I have decided to do a thing I have decided.

The plans for leaving Cincinnati could not be carried out at the time set because of the serious illness of one of my brothers. My father writes:

I fear I shall not be able to begin my ministry the first Sabbath in May. My son Chauncey was taken very ill a week ago yesterday with typhoid fever, and there is very little prospect that we shall be able to move next week. We had made all our arrangements for Mrs. Giles and the children to leave Wednesday the 20th. The day was appointed for the sale and everything was in preparation for it. But we can do nothing now until Chauncey is better. It is a great disappointment to us and I suppose it will be to you; but it is one of those things which no one can foresee or prevent, and all we can do is to submit.

On April 24th, 1864, he describes his last Sunday as pastor of the Cincinnati Society.

It was a very stormy day, but the audience was large and the attention all I could desire. I was very much afraid that I should not be able to go through with the service, and I avoided any allusion to the past or to those subjects which would be calculated to excite emotion, and I got through very well. The audience was very much affected.

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In the afternoon eighteen persons were confirmed. It was a most beautiful and interesting sight and rejoiced my heart greatly. I seemed to be reaping the harvest of my past labors.

After the confirmations the Sacrament of the Holy Supper was administered to one hundred and twenty-five communicants, the largest number ever assembled on such an occasion in Cincinnati since I came here, except at the General Convention. This is four or five times as many as were present when I administered it here for the first time. If it had not been a stormy day there would doubtless have been many more.

The whole proceedings were certainly very gratifying to me and I rejoice at this evidence that I have been of some use to the Church and for this encouragement which may lead to greater activity for the future. The Lord be praised for it.

May 11th finds Mr. Giles still in Cincinnati. The following is the last record in his diary from that place:

In the evening I attended a meeting of the Society. They presented me with a copy of Appleton's American Encyclopedia and a check for a thousand dollars. A part of this sum was due to me and a part of it was a gift. The presentation was made in behalf of the Society by Wm. S. Merrell, and I made some sort of a reply, I hardly know what, for I was perfectly exhausted and was laboring under an intense nervous headache. So closed my connection with the First New Jerusalem Society of Cincinnati.

The family moved four times during its stay in Cincinnati. Their first house was in the parsonage on 7th Street. This was afterwards sold, and they removed to Vine Street Hill. Here they occupied successively two different houses. At the time of leaving Cincinnati they lived at 261 Longworth Street. This move to the city was much regretted by one of the little boys, who said, "There was no outdoors there."

The street was the centre of some stirring scenes during the Civil War when regiments on their way South would march through. On one occasion the men halted in front of the house and some very excited children rapturously served the men with coffee and doughnuts.

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The occasional contraband from the South would find his way here, and the curious children listened with keen interest to plantation songs and hymns.

The Prince of Wales drove through the street in state when visiting the city. His appearance was a keen disappointment to a little girl steeped in fairy lore who expected to see him arrayed in green velvet with a hat adorned with long green plumes. How sad to find him only an *ordinary* man!

Lincoln passed by on his way to his first inaugural. It is a tribute to his remarkable presence that in that one brief glimpse his features stamped themselves indelibly upon a little child's mind.

The street was the only playground for the children. The neighbors were friendly, and a pleasant memory remains of summer evenings when ladies in light summer dresses sat on their doorsteps with the men of the family who had not gone to the war, and the children played in groups on the sidewalk.

A child's memory is a capricious thing, and does not always preserve matters of importance. I well remember, however, the glow that filled my childish heart when on coming in from play or school my mother's gentle greeting fell upon my ear. The sweetness of it seemed like a benediction. Also the sunshine that seemed to fill the room when Father with his cheery smile would visit a small invalid and say, "Why, you are looking as bright as a dollar!" One felt better immediately.

We were often naughty, and sometimes corporal punishment was administered, but not in anger.

One of my earliest recollections is of extreme terror during a thunder storm. How gently my father took me in his arms and, while the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, how ineffaceably he impressed upon me the fact of the Heavenly Father's protecting care. That fear was then removed for life. Another lesson taught in those very early days was this: some of the boys were laughing at me and I began to cry. Said Father (I remember his very words this time), "Carrie, when people laugh at you, *laugh too*, and they will stop." Struggling with my tears I obeyed and forced a laugh, with the desired result of silencing the teasing boys.

Another incident which occurred to my eldest brother will illustrate some of my father's methods.

One of my brother's playmates, older and bigger than he, was a bully and often taunted him with threats and sometimes struck him. As Warren bore this treatment without retaliation Father feared he was

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lacking in proper spirit, and wishing to teach him to defend himself said, "The next time that boy strikes you show him that you will not submit to such treatment." My brother's reply was characteristic. "Why, Father," he said, "I am afraid I might hurt him."

However, in a few days when the boy began fresh assaults, my brother quietly and promptly took him over his knee and spanked him. It is needless to say there was no further trouble from the humiliated bully.

We all loved Cincinnati, and all but the youngest two deeply felt leaving the place. One of the children declared her intention of saving her pocket money in order to return.

The journey was a hard one for dear Mother. Father had gone on to meet his obligations in New York. With six children she set out on the long and tedious journey. I do not remember about the sleeping accommodations, but it was necessary to provide the food for several meals. My brother Chauncey, pale and thin from his severe illness, was in a very weak state and required close care, and my youngest brother was only two years old. With so many small children the journey must have been very fatiguing.

From the car windows one looked on miles of forest and many log houses.

The family did not go immediately to New York, but visited for a month in Palmyra, my mother's native place. This was a most beneficial experience, enabling Mrs. Giles to recover from the fatigue of breaking up in Cincinnati and restoring to perfect health the brother who was recovering from typhoid fever.

In the latter part of May or early in June the family moved to New York, to No. 43 East 33rd Street, near Park Avenue.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY — INTRODUCTORY

TO readers of the early history of the New Church in this country the period of its beginnings seems very remote. And yet a small thing may bridge the gulf of time and bring the first meetings for worship very near. Such a link with the past is some old, yellow paper, very like parchment, the writing upon it faded but legible, signed with the name "William Hill." Upon this paper are two letters written in 1795 in New Utrecht to Mrs. Bragg upon the death of her husband and Mr. Mott the same week. They had been preserved by Mr. Bragg's daughter, Mrs. Rabone, and were given to Rev. Chauncey Giles in the year 1875. With the letters is a pen and ink sketch of a house front, No. 340 Water Street, New York. Here Mr. and Mrs. Bragg lived after they left England, and here were held some of the first meetings of New Church people in New York City.

Mrs. Rabone, in a note to Rev. C. Giles, writes:

Mr. Mott was a partner with my father. My father went to America upon the disaster to the first place of worship ever built expressly for the New Church; the gentlemen who built it failed and there was much trouble to many families. Mr. Hill came to New York very soon after Father, and I believe our house was the first in which a few friends met, and my father gave books to the library, which my son saw when he was twenty-four years old. My mother and the three children she took with her returned to England, and Mr. Hill was most kind in assisting her. He was not married at that time, but his death occurred in 1804.

His widow came to see my mother several years after in Birmingham, on her way to Scotland. I heard that she keeps a school in Edinburgh. I learned this only a few years since. Mr. Hill's widow was, before marriage, a Miss Esther Duché, daughter of Rev. James Duché, who in Philadelphia offered the first prayer in the Continental Congress.

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The wedding of Mr. Hill and Miss Duché is mentioned as the first New Church marriage on earth.

When Mr. Giles came to New York in 1865, the society had at length found a permanent home in the church in Thirty-fifth Street. This was attained after many changes: from schoolhouse to hall, from hall to church, and again to rooms rented in various buildings.

The first New Churchman of whom we have any record is a Mr. Russell, who came to the city from Halifax in 1793. The first meeting for worship was held the following year, four persons being present: Mr. Edward Riley, Mr. James Chesterman, Mr. Samuel Woodworth, and a Mrs. Gallon. Although there were meetings for several years, a society was not organized until 1816. It was called the "Association of the City of New York." Few as were the members, they felt the importance of giving to others the truths they enjoyed. It was impressed upon each one "either by conversation or otherwise, to communicate to all around him whatever knowledge he may have acquired of the Heavenly doctrines, having a due regard to time and circumstance."

Conversation was not the only means employed, for Mr. Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," issued a periodical, one of the first New Church magazines in the country, called the *Halcyon Luminary*. It had but a brief existence.

Without following the society to all its places of worship—there were eight between the first one and the permanent settlement in Thirty-fifth Street—some mention will be made of the men who led the people. The first real leader was Mr. C. J. Doughty, who began by preaching on Sunday and practising law during the week. When he decided to renounce entirely his secular calling he was ordained by Rev. M. M. Carll, in 1818. During a part of his ministry the society held services in a church in Pearl Street. At its dedication exercises in 1821 Mr. Carll, who preached the sermon, was robed in white linen as a representative of the Divine Truth, and Mr. Doughty, who read the prayers, wore a black gown to represent contrition and humiliation.

In 1838 Mr. Doughty severed his connection with the society but continued to hold meetings in his parlor. An outgrowth from this beginning was a second society, which met in a hall in Canal Street. Here Mr. Doughty preached until his death, three years later. The first delegates to the General Convention were sent in 1822. They were Mr. Doughty, Mr. Chesterman, and Mr. Riley.

An amusing episode of this period was the formation of a "Chari-

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table Association which purposed to aid in the regeneration of its members by telling them their faults.”

Mr. Barrett, who had come into the church from the Unitarians, began his ministry in the New Church in New York in 1840. During his pastorate he delivered some very remarkable lectures, which were, when given, the most popular New Church lectures that had ever been delivered in this country. They have been since published in book form and constitute one of the standard collateral works of the Church.

Mr. Barrett was at that time a member of Convention and fully in accord with its church polity. He was ordained by the Rev. Thomas Worcester in 1841. When he received a call from the Cincinnati people he left New York for a trial period of three months, leaving Professor George Bush in charge. Mr. Bush, a learned Biblical scholar and Orientalist, had for some time been teaching views of the resurrection similar to those of the New Church. When his attention was called to this he began to read Swedenborg, and it was not long before he became an avowed New Churchman. He was a great acquisition to the society, and when, after Mr. Barrett's return, the latter accepted the call to Cincinnati, Professor Bush was the obvious successor to him. August 20th, 1848, Mr. Bush was ordained by Mr. Beers into “all the functions of the three grades of the ministry at once.” This fact will indicate that in New York, as elsewhere, the mooted topic of degrees in the ministry was still unsettled.

A very important event, not only in the New York Society but in the history of the Church at large, was the formation, on November 15th, 1850, of the “Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society.” Mr. James Chesterman was president; Mr. John L. Jewett, for many years editor of the *Messenger*, was its secretary, and its treasurer was Mr. R. C. Moffat, a well-known active worker in the Church, and afterwards a member of the Brooklyn Society.

Without mentioning all the ministers who preached for a short time only, for there were several, I will speak of Rev. Richard DeCharms, who succeeded Professor Bush for a period of three months, because about this time the New York Society formally withdrew from the General Convention and did not again join it until many years later, during Mr. Giles's pastorate.

The opposition to Convention arose about the same time that it was manifested in Cincinnati and Philadelphia and from the same causes. The New York Society was not so disrupted thereby as the one in Philadelphia, because its members were practically of one mind on the

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subject. Professor Bush, though an admirable intellectual leader, had little or nothing of the pastoral quality. He was very strongly opposed to ecclesiasticism and, indeed, to an organized ministry. He was a student *par excellence*, and many of his works are valuable books of reference for theological students.

The society owes its present situation in Thirty-fifth Street to the generosity of Mr. James Chesterman, one of the original four. Mr. Chesterman died in 1854, and in his will left the property on Thirty-fifth Street to the society. Before his death he had offered the lot as a site for a church, but it had then been gratefully declined because of the cost of building, and because its situation was so remote from the active centre of the city. Now, however, after the heirs had executed a conveyance of the property, so that the society could legally avail itself of the bequest, the question of building was considered. The cornerstone was laid July 1st, 1858, with appropriate ceremonies, and on February 6th, 1859, the church was dedicated to the worship of "the one only God, the Lord Jesus Christ." Professor Bush delivered the dedicatory address, and his lecture in the evening was the last public address given by him before his death.

The New York Society has numbered among its members not only many earnest, sincere New Churchmen, but some of reputation in the secular world as well. Such was Dr. Hans B. Gram, the first homeopathic physician to come to this country. He came in 1825, settled in New York, and became a valuable member of Mr. Doughty's society.

Then there was Samuel Woodworth, poet, publisher, and lay teacher. He was one of the original four who formed the first society. He was one of the founders of the General Convention and for many years its secretary. In the latter part of his life he lost influence in Convention because of his disagreement with certain measures advocated by its leaders. His last years were spent in retirement, but his ardent interest was maintained to the end.

In more modern times Charles A. Dana, noted in the literary world and for many years one of the editors of the *New York Sun*, was a regular attendant at the Sunday services.

On the list of subscribers to the building fund for the present church is the name of John Bigelow. He is well known for his services to his country as ambassador to Germany, but of his warm interest in the doctrines of the New Church the world at large is ignorant. He has written several tracts and books expressive of this interest and explanatory of the New Church standpoint. Of the former, "Resist Beginnings" is

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a good example, and the two books, "The Bible that was Lost and is Found" and "The Mystery of Sleep" are valuable contributions to New Church literature.

So, from its humble beginnings in a downtown schoolhouse, the four earnest members who met there laid the foundations of the present society.

The fluctuating character of the population of New York renders it a difficult situation for the establishment of a successful society. Many people come to the metropolis, called by business needs, for a short time only; many of those who settle permanently live in widely distant parts of the city, so that concentration in any one locality has its difficulties. Differences also as to church polity had had here, as in Cincinnati and Philadelphia, a disintegrating effect.

With the advent of Rev. Abiel Silver the New York people had their first resident minister for many years. He was a remarkably clear and convincing speaker, and as a pastor his earnest love for the New Church truths and his sympathetic manner of presenting them deeply attached the members of the congregation to him and knit them more closely together. His house in Thirty-fifth Street, not far from the church, was a parochial centre, and in it were held many delightful social meetings.

His daughter, Miss Ednah Silver, writes of the time: "It was the Civil War period, and the attention of New Churchmen was divided between the country and the church. Communication with the South was cut off, so that the brethren north and south of the Mason and Dixon line knew but little of each other. This was a loss to the church at large."

The circumstances attendant upon Mr. Giles's going to New York exemplify so well a true love for the Church on the part of all concerned that it may be well to go somewhat into detail.

For at least a year before Mr. Giles left Cincinnati there was correspondence between him and Mr. Hitchcock relative to a move to New York. Mr. Giles's deep attachment to the Cincinnati Society and his earnest wish to be guided by the Divine Providence led him to weigh carefully every aspect of the case before decision. He not only thought of his own viewpoint but wished also to consider that of the Rev. Mr. Silver, the pastor of the New York Society at that time.

In one of his letters he writes:

If your society or Mr. Silver desires any change, it may be that the way is opening for the removal of any difficulties with respect to him.

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It has come to my knowledge within a few days that the society at Wilmington greatly desires to get him back again. They like him better than any minister they have ever had and think him peculiarly fitted for their wants. This I have from an undoubted authority. They were very much surprised and grieved when he left, and I have heard that Mr. Silver has said that he would never have left Wilmington if he had known how much they were attached to him. They will probably open a correspondence with him immediately to see if it is possible to get him back again. It is possible, however, that he may not entertain the idea.

So far as I am concerned, I wish it distinctly understood that I have no desire to supplant Mr. Silver or to procure or hasten his removal from New York. I esteem him very highly as a good and useful minister, and I would not interfere with him in any way. There is nothing gained by plucking fruit before it is ripe. The Divine Providence opens every useful and proper way for us to work; all that we have to do is to follow the open path and do the work. If they should invite Mr. Silver to return to Wilmington and he knew the exact state of feeling in both societies, he might think it best to accept the invitation, and then the way would be open for your society to take such action for supplying his place as it deemed best.

As nothing was yet decided this correspondence was at the time confidential. The proverbial "little bird," however, whispered something of the nature of this correspondence to Mr. Silver, who some time after sent in his resignation to the New York Society, so that its people might freely express their preference.

There were many who were warmly attached to Mr. Silver and wished him to remain. Indeed, after the meeting in the vestry for the discussion of the subject, Mr. Hitchcock, who was the prime mover in the invitation to Mr. Giles, went to Mr. Silver and said: "Mr. Silver, I wanted Giles and I thought every one wanted him. Stay and I will work just as hard for you as I would for him."

"But [to quote from Miss Silver] my father felt it best to remain by his determination. In fact, circumstances seemed to point that way. In a letter to the society he told them that he was getting on in years, he had had warnings of overwork in publishing his books and the geo-

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graphical area of the parish was very large. Members were scattered from lower New York to High Bridge, were in Staten Island, Long Island, and New Jersey.

“Putting it thus, and quite sincerely, on entirely impersonal grounds, he helped to make the people as united as possible in their welcome to Mr. Giles, for whom he said many a good word.”

In one of Mr. Hitchcock's letters to Mr. Giles he mentioned the deep regret felt by many at Mr. Silver's departure. In reply, Mr. Giles wrote:

Yours of the 15th has just come to hand. I am not surprised but rather gratified at the feeling of your people toward Mr. Silver. He is a most excellent man and possesses those kind and gentle qualities which would naturally endear him to a large part of the congregation; it is creditable to them that they could not give him up without much reluctance. I like Mr. Silver as well, if not better, than any minister in the Church, and I think he has been and still is among the most useful of them. I have no doubt he has been of great use to your people, and I feel much more confidence in accepting a call from them than I should if I knew they did not like him.

Mr. Silver went to New York in May, 1860, and left in May, 1864, for Wilmington, his former pastorate. He was warmly beloved by every society under his charge. It would be pleasant and exceptionally interesting to tell of the manner of his coming into the New Church, but as Miss Silver relates it in her account of some of the early New Church people it seems best not to repeat the incident.

Thus, with the best interests of the New Church at heart, these two good men began their pastorates in different fields of labor.

CHAPTER X

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To go from a city in which one has warm friends everywhere, from a neighborhood in which all are at least acquaintances, and most friends, to the more formal life of the great metropolis, was a change to all of the family and difficult of adjustment. To each one there was a sense of social loss in the new life in New York. But youth is elastic, and readily adapts itself to new conditions. As to my parents, their vitally essential motive of life was to promote the welfare and growth of the New Church; so the strangeness of their surroundings and their comparative isolation, so to speak, in a great city did not matter.

The family was established at 43 East Thirty-third Street, the house, one of a block of English basement houses. Private stables extended from our house to the corner of Park Avenue. Nearly opposite was a foundry used by the New York and New Haven railroad for repairing its old locomotives. The present Park Avenue Hotel now occupies this ground.

From the Thirty-fourth Street opening of the tunnel which extends under Park Avenue from Forty-second Street issued *singly* and drawn by horses the cars of the Boston trains. They moved slowly down Fourth Avenue to the depot at Twenty-seventh Street, at which place the passengers debarked.

There were very few houses on Park Avenue above Thirty-fourth Street, and the little parks which give the avenue its name were choked with weeds. The neighborhood was a good one notwithstanding these drawbacks. The family much enjoyed the purer, cooler air of New York with its freedom from coal dust.

On May 15th, 1864, Father writes: "Preached my first sermon in the great babel of New York. 133d Psalm."

The New York Society had offered its church to Convention and that body met in it June 8th. Twelve years before this the New York people had withdrawn from Convention. Some one remarked to Mr. Giles soon after his arrival: "You need not expect to induce this society to join the Convention; it never will." To which he replied: "I shall not try, but you will do it." A year later the society, with others in the

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neighborhood, formed the New York Association, which after another year united with the general body of the church.

During the hot weather many of the parishioners were away for the summer months. Services were held every Sunday, but few attended. In the autumn the really active work of the society began.

The season opened with a series of lectures in October which continued until March. It was the most successful course Mr. Giles had ever delivered. There were good audiences who were profoundly interested. Eleven of the lectures were printed and circulated and sent to many societies. Three of these lectures were on "New Disclosures of Divine Truth"; "The First and Second Death"; "The New Church, a New Dispensation of Divine Truth." There were crowded houses to listen to the course on the Spiritual World. Some of the subjects were "Death and the Resurrection," "The World of Spirits," "Preparedness for Heaven," "The Incarnation," "Christ's Sufferings and Their Relation to Human Salvation," etc. These lectures were repeated in Hoboken and in December, 1864, Mr. Giles gave three of them in Mount Vernon.

This series of discourses is memorable not because of their temporary success, which was great, but because some of them formed the basis of the well-known book, "The Nature of Spirit, or Man as a Spiritual Being." Mr. Giles writes of the lectures:

The society here has adopted a little different course from any I have ever seen tried before. They printed two thousand circulars and placed a number of them in the seats of the church and I asked the people to read and circulate them.

The day before the lectures began some of these circulars were distributed to every house in the vicinity of the church. The result was that the church aisles and the vestibule were jammed and some people went away. The next night was very stormy, but the house was compactly filled and last night we had another jam. They had the first lecture printed during the week, and on the Sabbath I announced the fact and invited any one who chose to take a copy. They were placed in the vestibule; five hundred copies were soon taken. The next lecture was also printed and distributed in the same way. The third one will be printed this week. So far the effect has been to collect one of the most intelligent audiences I ever addressed.

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After the first three lectures were published I thought I would wait until the whole course was completed and then publish them in a book, but there is so much demand for them that it was thought best to print them separately. There are some advantages in this. They are more convenient for distribution, and often a person will read a small pamphlet when he would not read a book. They are being circulated through the country very extensively.

I delivered a funeral discourse in Henry Ward Beecher's church last Sabbath afternoon. Beecher intended to be there and take part in the services but he was called away. So the work goes on.

Certainly the book on "The Nature of Spirit" is the work by which Mr. Giles is best known. And yet it is a curious fact that in the minor notice given him in Warner's "World's Best Authors" he is mentioned only as a writer of children's stories.

In May, 1865, these lectures were repeated in New Haven, the first New Church discourses ever given there. Mr. Giles wrote:

The New Church friends were quite happily disappointed at finding so many persons present. I don't think they expected more than a baker's dozen.

The General Convention of 1865 was held in Chicago. Mr. Giles writes from here June 17th:

It is now Saturday, five o'clock P.M., and I have a moment to write before going into committee. It has been an intensely hot day. I long to breathe the air of New York again. I have been at work ever since four o'clock this morning. The resolutions on the state of the country were put upon me again and they are the most difficult to write of any, but they gave general satisfaction.

On the whole I think we have had a pleasant and useful Convention. There have been some sharp debates, but good feeling has prevailed and I think much good has been done. I made a speech yesterday on the duty of raising \$20,000 for the Publishing House in New York. Mrs. H. says I am the most splendid beggar she ever saw.

After Convention he visited Cincinnati. Here Mr. Giles and his daughter Lucy were most warmly greeted by their old friends. They

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took tea at one place, spent the night at another, and even breakfasted at a third in order to fill their engagements. After describing his visit in detail, he says:

I hope you are all well and not so tired as I am. I have been going, going, until I am almost gone. Cincinnati is hot, dirty, and smoky, but there are a great many pleasant people in it.

Encouraged by the interest in the lectures given the previous year, the New York society hired the great hall of Cooper Union for three successive Sundays. The subjects of these lectures were "Death," "The Resurrection of Man," and "The Life of Man after Death." Later were given lectures on "Swedenborg" and "The New Church, a New Dispensation of Divine Truth." Father writes in October:

We are making arrangements to deliver three lectures in the great hall of Cooper Union. It will hold three thousand people, and I hardly think we can fill it.

The attendance was very good, however, and the lectures excited much attention in the papers and elsewhere. Some people were brought into the society, but the most obvious effect was the use served in bringing the New Church views before the public, to whom they had been but little known. In writing to a friend Mr. Giles says:

I have written and published this winter an amount of matter equal to a 12mo. volume.

It was in this year (1865) that Mr. Giles, in association with Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, edited the *New Jerusalem Messenger*. This was very engrossing work and added greatly to his labors. Besides his duties as editor, he had also the details of proof-reading and the general make-up of the paper. To complete the latter he frequently had to provide personally much copy in addition to the editorial leaders.

To edit a weekly paper, a magazine for children, and to speak always twice and often three times on Sunday, was no small task. When one remembers that Mr. Giles was a sufferer from rheumatism (for forty years he did not know what it was to be free from pain), that there were frequent headaches and, worse than these, a constant noise at the base of the brain like the croaking of frogs, when one remembers these

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handicaps, his industry was remarkable. A friend said once that other people did not learn the lesson of patience from Mr. Giles's endurance of pain which they should because he bore it as if it did not exist.

Of Mr. Hitchcock's articles he writes to Mr. Williams:

How do you like the editorials signed "T. H."? They are certainly opening a new vein for the *Messenger*. It has always seemed to me that one prominent use of a New Church paper was the discussion of morals and the application of spiritual principles to social and civil duties. This would be a much greater service to humanity than the formation of new creeds or the dry bones of merely doctrinal truth. The articles were written by Mr. Hitchcock and are a good illustration of the manner in which the way opens before us when we begin to work. Mr. Stuart wanted some one to report my lectures and I sent him to Mr. Hitchcock. He commenced, and becoming interested thought he would write an article; that one suggested another, and I do not know when he will stop.

I find myself more and more inclined to use the *Messenger* to urge practical work than to state merely abstract propositions. What say you? Don't we need more directness and earnestness? The more I get inside of the workings or the non-workings of our affairs, the more I am inclined to think that New Church people need plain talk and much pushing, and I don't know but I might do a little of it if I were not afraid of hurting somebody.

I am disappointed in the twenty thousand dollar movement. We may succeed, but it is going to hang and drag along. We want five thousand dollars to-day to put the publishing room in a condition to do its work properly. We ought to begin to publish something more than Swedenborg's works. There are many persons who think that the lectures I delivered last winter ought to be stereotyped. Many of them are out of print, but there is a constant call for them. I am going to revise them, and if the Convention would publish them it would help along so much. But there are no means.

We must have a new edition of the Liturgy and of "Heaven and Hell," but there are no means. The Appletons offer us the balance of

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the edition of Mr. Silver's lectures at such a rate that we could make a handsome profit upon it, but there are no means to purchase it. And so we go grinding from hand to mouth with our heads just above water, because the church will not give us what is necessary to do our work. If you can raise anything in Urbana, send it on. One dollar now will be much more than a dollar at the end of the year. I am afraid I am getting impatient and cross. Can't you throw a little oil on the troubled waters?

In this correspondence with Mr. Williams many phases of the work of the Church are discussed. During the Civil War the school in Urbana was closed. Of this action Mr. Giles approved:

I think you have acted wisely about the college. It would have been too great a load to carry to attempt any movement this year. It is better to be still awhile than to waste strength by spasmodic efforts to do impossible things. The time must come when the right man will be found for that place, and when there will be no insurmountable obstacle, internal or external, to the success of the college.

Sometimes the letters are in a jocose vein:

I understand Mr. Sewall is going to Europe in a few weeks and that Mr. Hayden will supply his place when he is gone. What will you do at Urbana? I think you would better renew your license and begin preaching. If you will get a respectable number of reputable people to sign a petition for a license, I will give you one for a year. We will give you a fair trial, and if you behave pretty well and do not take too many (we must expect some) ministerial airs upon yourself you may get it renewed for another year. Here's a chance for you.

I really do not know what title to give you, whether Prof., Mr., Esq., Capt., or Col. In these warlike times one is less likely to go amiss by giving a military title than any other. But I have not heard of your getting a commission or even of being a "high private." Once a bishop, always a bishop, they say. According to the same rule it ought to be, "once a professor, always a professor." How is it? You might not like to be addressed as plain Mr. after having been a titled

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dignitary, so in this wonderful state of affairs I have concluded to be civil and give you a civil title. If I am wrong, please set me right.

"Boston is the Hub of the Universe." So says the Professor, and, notwithstanding your apparent indifference to titles, I think I understand the sly hint about the Athens of America being authority, "hence the professor." I consider the important question settled, and I proceed to other matters of lesser note.

In one of his letters a reference is made to the formation of a New Church Historical Library, now an accomplished fact.

A little done every year will in half a century produce great results. One object I had in view in moving the resolutions was to preserve the papers, pamphlets, sermons, and various editions of the works of Swedenborg, and the collateral works as samples of our own work and materials for the full understanding and growth of the Church. I doubt whether the Convention has now in its possession a complete set of its own edition of the "Arcana."

In February, 1866, he writes:

I have never seen so much interest in the New Church doctrines as there is now. Our house is crowded morning and evening, and there is a kind of absorbed attention which I have never noticed before. I am trying to do what I can. I have delivered nearly thirty discourses this winter outside of my own church, but the little we can do seems almost nothing. I think our people are beginning to awake to their social duties. Our last sociable at Everett Hall was rather a grand affair. There were over four hundred present and I have never seen a more orderly and happy assembly. On the whole, things look very prosperous here.

With regard to social life, Mr. Giles had very decided views. If the principles he advocated were always put in practice, there never would be an unsuccessful party and merely perfunctory social intercourse would be an impossibility. He disliked to hear any one say, "I have enjoyed *myself* very much." He said, "One does not go out to enjoy 'one's self' but *others*." When one goes into company he should do so

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with the thought of bringing his best as a contribution to the general entertainment. If he sees another shy or withdrawn into a corner, a kind word or some tactful effort to bring him into the circle should be used.

With regard to coöperation with others in work, he says:

There is no use in finding fault with other people. If any man has the will or power to do anything let him go and do it, and if he can do it more efficiently than any one else so much the better.

When the New York Association met in May, 1866, a vote was taken to join the Convention. Mr. Giles had hoped that the holding of Convention in New York by invitation of the Association might naturally lead to this result and he was much gratified.

In the spring of 1866 some relatives of my mother's, who owned a small house in Conway, Massachusetts, died. The surviving cousins offered the furnished house to us for the summer, and the family thus had its first long vacation. Conway is a small village about six miles from South Deerfield. The railway did not pass through it at that time, and one arrived by means of the stagecoach which ran daily from South Deerfield. One comes upon the little hamlet very suddenly after a turn in the road and looks down upon the village street with its wooden houses, partly concealed by the trees and gardens which surround them. It is a pleasant little place and our summer there was one of keen enjoyment. To the children, the free life of the country was a delightful change after the heat, dust, and noise of the city. To my father there was the additional pleasure of revisiting the scenes of his boyhood and of showing them to my mother. Charlemont, my father's native place, was within driving distance. It was my privilege as a little girl to be allowed to sit on a "cricket" in the front of the buggy which conveyed my parents through this very interesting region. Both my mother and father were ardent lovers of nature. Their comments on the many beauties of that picturesque country did much to cultivate and awaken my own love of fine scenery, and the frequent and perfectly unconscious way in which their admiration would turn from "nature to nature's God" made likewise its deep impression. In driving through Franklin County they would often stop before farms on which Father had worked when a boy. There were always interesting incidents of his own experience to relate or some graphic character sketch of the farmer's family.

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We had just forded the clear and stony Deerfield River and entered the village of Charlemont, when we were suddenly stopped by a man who said, "Why, Chauncey Giles, how do you do?" This man had not seen my father since he was a boy, but recognized him from his close resemblance to his own father at the same age.

I well remember when we drove to a modest white cottage with a lilac bush at the door, [the home of his boyhood] how Father said, "Here it is." Then, after an interval of silence, in a feeling tone of sadness, "How hard my mother worked! *How* hard she worked!" And then we drove on and dined with an uncle; we had previously spent the night with some cousins. They had family prayers of strictly orthodox length and character and I remember that Father said, "They are content in their religion; it is best not to disturb them," to which my mother agreed.

Many years later I revisited these scenes, and the uncle with whom we dined that day gave me much interesting information with regard to Father's parents, his boyhood, etc.

In the latter part of July Mr. Giles went from Conway to Williamstown to attend a reunion of his class. This he much enjoyed.

To live in Conway, even for the summer months, was very like revisiting the rural New England of Mrs. Stowe's books. The ideas and customs of the people had changed very little since my father's boyhood.

The daily arrival of the stagecoach was the one stirring event,—the village's sole means of contact with the outer world. There were three church services on Sunday, with prayers and sermons of typically old-fashioned length. Those who came from a distance brought their dinners and ate them at the noon hour, according to old New England custom. The Sabbath was very strictly observed. It was even considered wicked to take a walk anywhere on that day except to the cemetery.

A singing school of the do-re-mi tuning fork kind met once a week, and it was one of my childhood's pleasures to attend it.

One modern wave of recreation had managed to flow over this stranded village,—the game of croquet, which had that summer spread rapidly over the country. The wickets were laid out in the schoolhouse yard, and my father took great pleasure in playing the game and derived much benefit from it. It was a memorable summer to the family, and a happy one.

On January 28th, 1867, Mr. Giles, in a letter to Mr. Williams, outlines his conception of a possible Theological School:

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I think a city or close proximity to one a better location for such a school than the country, because there are many things that ought to be taught which could be done by teachers engaged especially for the occasion. This could not be so well done in the country. I do not think it is wise to spend much time upon the falsities of the old theology, but I would have a very thorough instruction in some things which are not commonly taught in such schools.

There should be a pretty thorough course in physiology, vegetable and animal, for spiritual things must be illustrated by natural. Provision should be made for a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, with special reference to the Word and to the writings of Swedenborg. I do not care so much about any of these languages in their merely classical aspects and bearings. The Word itself should be read in the most thorough manner, and so should the writings of Swedenborg.

The philosophy of the New Church should be taught fully and efficiently. The "Divine Love and Wisdom" and "Divine Providence" should be studied and made the bases of courses of lectures until the great principles which they contain are understood by all who have brains to understand them, and those who have not should become shoemakers and tailors.

Then comes the science of Correspondences, which involves the relation of the spiritual world to the natural — and some other things. "It is the science of sciences."

Then I would have the students thoroughly trained in speaking. There should be a daily exercise in which every mother's son of them should speak extempore, say five minutes, upon some doctrine. There should be thorough vocal culture, etc.

There would be the "mint, and anise, and cummin" of many other things, but "these weightier matters of the law" and judgment should receive the first attention.

I am afraid I have frightened you by the extent of my plan, but I do not believe that a young man can be thoroughly trained for this greatest and most difficult of all employments in six easy lessons, or by

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listening to a few old sermons that some of our ministers have prepared as soporifics for the congregations. . . .

We are having bright and sharp winter weather here. We are all in good health. Our house is well filled morning and evening, and I am trying to teach the truth as well as I can. But I feel the need of the kind of thorough training which my ideal Theological School would give, so much, that if I knew I could preach ten years longer I believe I should be willing to spend three of them in learning how to do my work in the rest.

After discussing the advisability of purchasing the Seminary building for the Urbana school and approving of doing it, he writes on October 29th, 1867:

I find great attention paid to the surroundings and external appearance of school buildings in every place in which education is much considered. The old, unpainted, dilapidated, desolate schoolhouses are disappearing and handsome structures, tidy, attractive, and wholesome to every sense and convenient for every use, are taking their places. We must put the New Church into our houses as well as into our heads.

If we expect to succeed in Urbana we must take hold of the school in a different spirit from what we have done. It is easier to have a good and successful school than a half-a-line and very poor one.

In a letter of December 12th, 1867, we find the first mention of one of his books for children — “The Wonderful Pocket.” He writes:

Can’t you dispose of some copies of my little book for Christmas presents? I am anxious to have Putnam sell as many as he can to encourage him to go ahead and publish a series. It is out to-day and is a very pretty book. I can speak of the “getting-up” of the book without hesitation. The stories themselves are no worse than many others.

The general health of the family was much better in New York than in Cincinnati. There were, however, severe trials in the East as well as in the West. Such was the very serious illness of Lucy Giles in the spring of 1867.

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In August of this year Mr. Giles made a short visit to Fire Island, then a fashionable seaside resort. He thus comments on some of the visitors to the place:

It is useful to see how other people in external conditions different from our own, act and feel. Rich people often assume a great deal of superiority on account of their wealth. They think it gives them some advantage and makes them better, and others are apt to accept their own estimate of their superiority. But if we grant that their ideas are true, which they are not, those who are occupying honorable professions are fully on an equality with them. It is best, however, to forget our outward conditions as far as possible and to feel kindly towards all, and to act out our kind feelings freely to one person as much as to another when opportunity offers.

If you could see what poverty of soul those people have who think they are better because they have more money than others and what a broken reed their wealth is, I am sure you would not be oppressed by their money or their manners, but would feel the same freedom to do them any good that you would any person in the humblest walk of life.

Besides his regular duties as pastor of the Thirty-fifth Street Society, with the sermons and lectures delivered in that church, it was usual every year for Mr. Giles to give lectures in the suburbs of New York and outlying towns. To combine the changes of car, stage, and ferry was not always easy in that city of great distances. The accidents which ensue might occur to any one at any time, but they are chiefly interesting because of Mr. Giles's attitude of mind toward them.

The following is dated December 2, 1867:

I had a very hard day's work yesterday and did not accomplish anything. In the first place, my sermon was a failure. Then I attended the funeral of a little child and, of course, came home very tired. I had agreed to lecture in Newark in the evening and I reached the ferry about a minute too late. I ran from the Park down to the foot of Courtland Street, and when I found that the boat was gone I was very much disappointed. Another train left in an hour, however, and I determined to remain and take that, though it would land me in Newark half

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an hour after the time for the meeting, but I thought the audience might possibly wait, thinking that I would come on that train. As this was a Sunday train, bound for Washington, I could not buy a ticket for Newark, and I could not go into the inclosure where the cars were without a ticket. But I managed to get in without being seen and sat in a cold car nearly an hour. The conductor took my money and said not a word. When I reached Newark I did not know which way to go. I soon found I had half a mile to walk. I walked and ran as fast as I could, and when I reached the hall I found it shut and dark. I had taken no money with me except just enough to get there and back. I did not feel able to walk to Mr. G. W. S's, so I inquired the way to a Mr. S's, whose child I had baptized, and there I received a very cordial welcome, a glass of wine, and some oysters. I learned from them that the hall was crowded with a very intelligent-looking congregation. This, of course, added to my disappointment. It was the first of a course of six lectures and great pains had been taken to advertise it. I suppose some evil is to be prevented or some good done, and I submit, though, I am afraid, with a poorer grace than usual.

Life in the cosmopolitan city of New York stretched out in many directions and very unexpected demands were made upon the time of a minister residing there. Friends from other parts of the country would ask Mr. Giles "just to step into Wall Street and purchase stock for them," ignorant of the fact that the seat of operations was three miles from his home.

Then there were the impostors, whose names were legion. For some reason they, according to their own accounts, usually came from Boston. Through misfortunes they were temporarily out of money. They knew Rev. Thomas Worcester, Mr. Sampson Reed, Mr. David L. Webster, and other prominent New Churchmen of the Hub. They only wanted a loan, just enough to pay their fares; the money would certainly be returned on their arrival, etc.

There was an Indian princess who frequently called. She was a very picturesque figure—by no means an impostor—clad in full Indian costume of brilliant colors and elaborately embroidered with beads. She was a royal member of the tribe of Seminoles, in deep distress, the nature of which, as it was confidential, we did not know.

Many were the couples who came to Mr. Giles's study to be married.

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Besides these more or less legitimate interruptions, there were the exasperatingly trivial ones—people who wanted to sell things, people who came to call and talked a long time about nothing, when perhaps a sermon was under progress or the *Messenger* was waiting for copy. Sometimes the calls were of great interest, as once when the manager of the Olympic Theatre came to ask Mr. Giles to baptize a son of Joseph Jefferson's. Mr. Giles was very glad to make the acquaintance of the distinguished actor. He found he was indeed a true New Churchman and very much enjoyed the visit to his home. Years later the writer met Mr. Jefferson and he expressed his warm admiration for Mr. Giles's writings and his respect for his character.

In the autumn of 1867 certain lay teachers were licensed, with the approval of the executive board, to lecture in the suburbs and adjacent cities of New York. It was thought well, in view of the lack of ministers, to have some one to follow up the clergyman's lecture, also to act as an occasional substitute for the minister.

A year later Mr. Giles writes:

We are working about as hard as we can to get things moving in New York. Our meetings are well attended and the attention is good. Our lay-lecturers are beginning to find that lecturing is not all play. We are trying to do too much, but I have learned that the only way to teach grown people as well as children the evil of it is to let them see it.

He certainly was busy on his own account. March 6th, 1868, he says:

I am delivering three discourses a week and I am getting a volume of sermons ready for the press and I have another juvenile nearly completed. These, with a large number of other things, keep me out of mischief.

In 1868 the *Children's Magazine* was transferred to New York with Mr. Giles as editor.

Mention has already been made of the publication of one of Mr. Giles's juveniles,—“The Wonderful Pocket.” “The Magic Spectacles” appeared not long afterwards, and in December, 1868, “The Gate of Pearl” was published.

The usual work of the Church was carried on with active interest by

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its members. A mission Sunday school was begun with a large number of pupils. Never was the society in a more flourishing condition.

In 1869 Mr. Giles was made president of the New Church Tract Society. About this time, too, the *Messenger* was conducted by an Editorial Board, consisting of Rev. Mr. Ager, Rev. Mr. Hayden, Mr. Scammon, Mr. Hitchcock, and Mr. Giles. There are many matters of interest concerning all the New Church periodicals in this long letter to Mr. Williams:

NEW YORK, March 23, 1870.

I think there ought to be some changes in our periodicals. I have long advocated the conversion of the *Magazine* into a quarterly and the appointment of Mr. Hayden as editor. But the idea has met with no favor. It is said a quarterly would not be taken by any one except ministers and a few of the more literary members of the church, and there is some truth in the assertion. The Boston people think it should be retained as a monthly but have an editor, pay contributors as honest journals do, and make it more of a literary and family magazine. I think this would be a good idea if it could be carried out. But it will take money and that the New Church people are very slow to put into their periodicals.

Great fault is found with the *Messenger* because it is not ecclesiastical enough and does not teach as fully as it should the doctrines of the church as revealed truth and does not refer enough to Swedenborg as "authority." Mr. Hibbard and Mr. Sewall are the only ones who personally have found much fault with us on that score, but they say there is great dissatisfaction in that respect. Mr. Hitchcock, as every one knows, is now virtually the editor, though Mr. Ager and I meet with him every Monday morning to look over the material for the next paper, and when anything is handed in of which we do not approve we rule it out. We have spent a large amount of work upon it the last year. We have done about as well as we could and the result is before the Church.

Now if any way can be devised to do better, I should like to have it done, and it would please me to be free from the burden and responsibility of the paper entirely. I have occupied an anomalous and unpleasant position on it from the first, assuming or having put upon me

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a considerable degree of responsibility without much opportunity to direct the paper.

I hardly know what ought to be done with the *Children's Magazine*, — perhaps given up. There is such strong competition in children's magazines that it is difficult for ours to maintain its place and in any way compete with the capital and skill of other publishers. If we should advertise as largely as other papers do it would not help us much. A little that is distinctively New Church would kill it all. Instead of trying to adapt it to outsiders, my own opinion is that it is better to make it clearly New Church, and an instrument of initiating our children into the doctrines and forms of thought peculiar to the New Church. This will keep its circulation quite limited, but it will do the work such a magazine ought to do; and if it had ever so large a circulation and failed in that it would be a total failure.

CHAPTER XI

NEW YORK PASTORATE, 1870-1874

A FAMILY event of great interest occurred on June 1st, 1870. Mr. Giles's eldest son, Warren, was married in the Thirty-fifth Street Church to Miss Mary Ella Bennett of New York. The ladies of the congregation took great interest in the occasion and decorated the church most beautifully with flowers.

In July the family went for the summer to Poultney, Vermont, a small village not far from Rutland and near the boundary line between New York and Vermont. The house in which they stayed, a large building at the head of the village street, was used by the Methodists as a boarding school for girls in the winter. There were spacious grounds about it. Under the trees of a maple grove a croquet set was laid out, and here my father and others found agreeable exercise and enjoyed the fresh, pure air.

Dr. Newman, a Christian gentleman of the Methodist faith, was at the head of the establishment. Prayers were held daily, morning and evening, and occasionally Mr. Giles was asked to preach. My sister writes of one such occasion:

Sunday was a rainy, disagreeable day. Father preached in the afternoon; subject, "Salvation by Faith." I never heard Father speak better. At the close of the discourse Dr. R. asked permission to make a few remarks. We all wondered what was coming, rather expecting a denunciation of the doctrines presented. He began by giving his "religious experience," and, after telling his doubts and anxieties, he said he had always thought of God as a stern, implacable Being, angry with the wicked, and that the prayers of sinners were an abomination in His sight, but that since coming here his views had changed, thanks to the books read and conversations with this servant of the Lord (alluding to Father). He could now return to his work with renewed strength and would do all in his power to teach the beautiful doctrines he had

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learned. Was it not a remarkable confession for a minister to make, very gratifying to all the New Church people here, especially Father?

Mr. Giles also mentions this. He says:

After Dr. R. sat down I made a few remarks, and we sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." As soon as the benediction was pronounced a number gathered around me and we talked until the tea bell rang the second time, and then they seemed so reluctant to leave that we talked some time longer.

In the evening I had a long conversation with Dr. Newman. He said we had done much that was worth while here to interest people in our faith and to change their opinions concerning it.

Such indications of use to the Church, even during his periods of recreation, were very encouraging. Poultney days were always remembered with pleasure by the family. Because Mr. Giles was there, many of his parishioners from Cincinnati, who had come East to escape the heat, and friends from other places, would stop for a few days' visit.

In January, 1871, Mr. Giles began the series of lectures afterwards collected in the little book, "Our Children in the Other Life." New York days were certainly as busy as those of Cincinnati. Besides his *Messenger* work and that on the *Children's Magazine*, with the many visits to the Book Room which both entailed, Mr. Giles preached three times every Sunday: in New York, morning and evening, and in Jersey City in the afternoon. The interest in the Church grew steadily in Jersey City and eventually a society was formed there. Mr. Giles was chosen to be its president.

Even though successful, missionary work and other uses for the Church at large were not entirely approved by every one. There were those who thought Mr. Giles should confine his work more exclusively to the society, visit the people more, etc. Several meetings were held in which these matters were discussed, and while it was proposed that Mr. Giles should devote his whole time to the New York pastorate, there was much deliberation but no definite decision.

Mr. Giles observes in his diary:

The meetings to promote efficiency do not seem to have amounted to much. Many persons think there is a covert movement to drive me away from New York.

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Then, in February, 1871, came a letter from Mr. Hitchcock, in which he addressed Mr. Giles as "Sir," and curtly requested his resignation as pastor of the society. To understand the full force of this blow, for it was a severe one, it must be recalled that it was chiefly through Mr. Hitchcock's friendly offices that Mr. Giles had come to New York; that Mr. Hitchcock had been untiring in his acts of kindness during the earlier years of the life in that city, and that he and my father had been actively associated together in the very work on the *Messenger* which he now wished Mr. Giles to abandon. Mr. Hitchcock admitted that it was through his influence that the recent meetings of the society had been held. The diary records:

This letter was the most stunning blow I ever received, not from any fear of resignation but for its animus. Several gentlemen called to-day and talked over the crisis with me. The decision is to read the letter at church to-morrow. There were many offers to stand by me with money and influence.

It has been a most uncomfortable day. It is a new sensation to feel one has an enemy.

The letter was read and received with a storm of indignant protest. Father writes:

Oh, the misery of contention! There is great excitement in the society, and we are truly passing through a crisis which I have no doubt will, in the end, result in good to the church.

So far I seem to be wonderfully guided to pursue the right course. It is something new to me to have such a commotion. I shall try to do what is right and I am sure I shall be protected.

At the meeting to discuss the subject none of my family was present.

The people sustained me unanimously. No minister was ever more vigorously and cordially upheld and no man was ever more emphatically condemned than Mr. Hitchcock. I suppose the result will be a breach in the society, but those who go away will be a very small portion of the whole. I feel as though I had been guided by the Divine Providence in this matter throughout. This conflict is the first great trial of the kind I have ever had and I suppose it is for my good in

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some way. I must try to make the most good out of it for the church and for myself.

Upon learning that Mr. Hitchcock took exception to the reading of his letter in public, Mr. Giles wrote the following:

In your communication to the society, which I did not see until last week, you attribute my reading your letter to the church on Sunday morning to personal hostility to you. I do not see how you could come to such a conclusion. But whatever may have been your reasons, I assure you you have entirely mistaken my motives. I have never had any personal hostility to you and I have none now.

I read your letter, because in it you requested me to take a step which must affect in some way every person who attends our church. No thought or feeling of hostility to you or to any one else entered my mind. I only wanted to bring the subject before those whom it concerned in such a manner that every one might know the issues involved in it, and with perfect willingness to abide by the clearly expressed wish of the people, whatever it might be. Whether the act itself was a mistake or not is a fair subject for criticism. If it was a mistake, which I by no means admit, it was an error of judgment and not of intention.

This is the first time in a ministry of nearly twenty years that I have had any difficulty with any member of the societies which I have served. I have always aimed to keep personal considerations subordinate to the good of the Church and I have never known that I had a personal enemy.

If I know anything of myself, it is the main purpose of my life to do what I can to build up the Lord's kingdom upon the earth, and I think I am willing to work in the way in which, in my own judgment and in that of my brethren, I can be the most useful. I have no feelings of hostility towards any one, much less towards you, from whom I have received many acts of kindness which I shall never forget. If I thought my resignation as pastor of the society would promote its efficiency and usefulness, no inducement could prevail upon me to remain; on the other hand, I should be equally determined in my duty not to desert my post until I saw that it was best for the Church to do so.

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I have written this letter for the purpose of correcting what I know to be a misapprehension on your part of my motives in reading your letter in the time and place I did, and of removing, as far as possible, any hindrance to our working together as heretofore for that cause which I am sure we both have at heart.

Thus for a time was a settlement made, but though his friends drew closer and a vote was taken to increase Mr. Giles's salary, payments were very irregular. For several winters the family income was eked out by taking boarders. Of course the most rigid economy was practised.

My parents' faith in the Lord's loving Providence never wavered. Notwithstanding all his trials, my father could truly say:

I am thankful every day that the Lord has led me into my profession; I would not exchange it for any other. I am sure I am performing a greater use in it than I could in any other and I am content so far. My only regret is that I have done so little and that I shall leave this world with only a small part of the work done which I might have accomplished. But I have done something, and I will try to be content to do what more I can in the few years at the most in which I shall remain on the earth.

As summer approached, the family went again to Poultney, Vermont. On the Fourth of July, 1871, my youngest brother, William, met with a very serious accident. He was bending over a toy cannon, in the act of loading it from an open powder horn before him, when a playmate threw a lighted firecracker which accidentally dropped into the powder. My poor brother was sent into the air by the explosion, and his face so badly burned that for days we did not know whether he could ever see again. Fortunately, there lived in Poultney a man who had served as a surgeon in the Civil War. Having had much experience with this sort of thing, his unremitting care was invaluable. It was a memorable day when, as a little light was let into his darkened chamber, we first heard the little fellow's cry, "I can see! I can see!" Father, who had been called away on church business, writes:

I am so glad to hear that Willie continues to improve, but he must be very careful not to use his eyes too much. They will probably be weak

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for some time. I have felt so anxious about him. Dear little fellow! I could not bear the thought of his being blind, and yet, worse things might happen.

I have had many anxieties about my children. The troubles which never came have been the hardest to bear. There are fears about their health, and about accidents, and danger, and troubles which may never come. It came over me some time ago, in a way that it never had done before, that I ought not to regard them so exclusively as mine. They are the Lord's, given in trust.

At the Convention of 1871 Rev. J. C. Ager was appointed editor-in-chief of the *Messenger*, under an Editorial Committee, consisting of Mr. Giles, Mr. Scammon, Mr. Webster, Mr. Wayne, and Rev. William B. Hayden. The committee was to have charge of the business of publication in New York, with power to remove the paper to Chicago or elsewhere if it seemed best. On November 15th of that year Mr. Ager resigned as editor and Mr. Giles was given the direction, with an assistant. The assistant received a salary; Mr. Giles's services were gratuitous.

In January, 1872, there was a meeting of the Board of Publications in New York. Mr. Shoemaker, representing the firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., met with them in conference. The expediency of publication through the regular channels of trade was considered. "The maintenance of the periodicals of Convention, all of which have been published at considerable loss, was one of the chief topics of discussion."

It was finally agreed to retain the *Messenger* as the only organ for which the Convention is responsible. Mr. Giles was continued in charge of the paper until the meeting of Convention, with power to employ such assistance as he might deem best.

In the summer of 1872 Mr. Giles was invited by Mr. J. Y. Scammon, the vice president of the Convention, to go to Chicago and preach in various churches hired for the purpose.

Mr. Scammon was one of the pioneers of Chicago, and came to that city from Maine in 1835. The first Convention in Chicago was held at his invitation. He took an active part in redrafting its constitution, and made it more like a legal document. For twenty years he was one of the controlling spirits of the organization. He helped to make it in fact, as in name, a General Convention. He was its vice president from 1862 to 1875.

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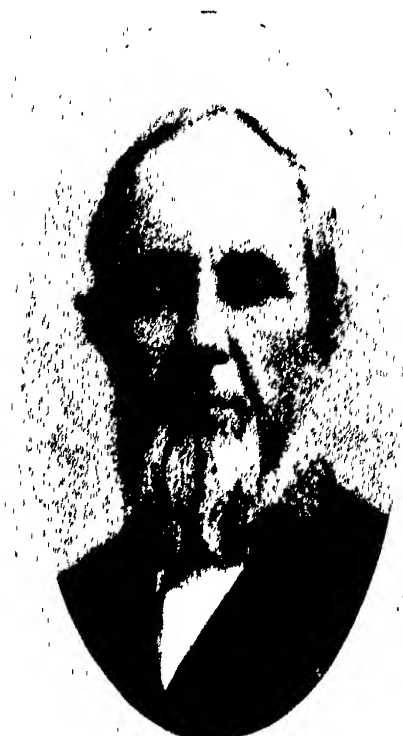
Mr. Scammon was a man of strong convictions but could accept the will of the majority when it was against him. He was one of Chicago's most prominent and useful citizens, a leading lawyer of sterling integrity, a pioneer of the railroad system of Illinois, an advocate of sound currency, a politician and journalist of wide influence, a scholar of refined and great attainments, and probably more than all others instrumental in securing to Illinois its public school system. He was the founder of the Academy of Sciences and of the Astronomical Society. He built the Dearborn Observatory, was trustee of the Chicago University and founder of one of its professorships. He was also a founder and a trustee of the Hahnemann College and Hospital. He died in May, 1890.

In inviting Mr. Giles to Chicago for the summer, Mr. Scammon, who was warmly attached to my father, had a project in mind which is outlined as follows: The subject of removing the *Messenger* to Chicago was under consideration and a proposition was made to Mr. Giles to edit the paper. By this plan Mr. Giles was to have no charge of a society, but would preach occasionally, when he was needed. For all the work he was to have adequate compensation.

Mr. Giles writes:

Now it seems to me that the Lord has prepared the way for me to act. After I go home and our friends have returned, I propose to lay the whole question of my relations to the New York Society before it, and its members shall decide the question for me. I shall propose to give up my connection with the *Messenger* and devote myself to the work of the society in New York, or keep it and give up a part of my salary as minister and let them give me an assistant. My salary is to be made up by payment of my services as editor, or, if there is not a strong and hearty endorsement of this course, I will resign and come here. The whole subject must be placed fully before the society without any passion or desire to have any action taken that is not deliberate and which has not its origin in good feeling. On my part it shall be taken with a sincere desire to be led by the Lord, and if I can keep in that frame of mind I am sure we shall do that which will be the best for all of us.

You will understand that nothing has been decided. I feel more pleased with this because it is not a matter of my seeking. On the contrary, I have opposed the *Messenger's* coming here, and it was through



MR. AND MRS. GILES

About 1873
During New York Pastorate

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my instrumentality that its removal was prevented a year ago. I took the editorship of it because it seemed clearly my duty to do it. I came here this summer because "I believed in my bones" that I ought to come, without any knowledge that such a proposition was to be made to me. So I am sure there has been no self-seeking in the matter, and I feel much more confident, therefore, that I have been led by the Divine Providence, and I am sure that is the best kind of leading.

The meeting of the Board was held and it was then decided that "the Book Room and *Messenger* are to remain in New York until December 15th, and then they are to be removed to such place as the executive committee of our Board may decide, unless the people in New York and the East contribute their share of the fifty thousand dollar fund, and in that way succeed in placing the work in New York on a permanent footing. So it stands now."

As the *Messenger* was not removed from New York, nor the plans outlined carried out, the family remained in New York for several years longer.

In December, 1872, Mr. Giles received a letter from Mr. Meday, president of the New York Society, which clearly defined the position of that body. To this he made reply:

NEW YORK, January 1, 1873.

Your note, informing me of the action and opinions of the trustees and Church Committee, was duly received. I thank you for your frankness in stating their sentiments. It may be that one cause of the slow growth of the society is a want of more personal intercourse on my part and more special attention to the requirements of individual members of the society and congregation. But there are many other causes which have been operating adversely to the growth of the society which must be taken into account in framing a just estimate of our hindrances. I should be very glad to know, however, that there is only one and that it is solely with me. In any event, I will do all I can during the coming year to remedy the defects in my own work and to remove all just cause of complaint on that account.

I have only one principal aim in life and that is to do all I can for the dissemination of the doctrines of the New Church and to lead men to

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live according to them, and though I fall short every day of what I aim to do, I endeavor to keep trying.

I am sure that there is a brighter day for the New Church coming. It may not be so near as it seems to me to be. But the more remote it is the more need of patience and hard work, and I am willing to accept my share of both.

Middletown, New York, was decided upon for the family's summer outing in 1873. Father writes from New York to one of the family who was visiting elsewhere:

I went to Middletown last Saturday and came back Monday night to attend the funeral of Mr. Hamilton Hoyt, and now I shall remain until I can get your mother to go with me, which I hope will be Friday. If this hot weather continues you may expect to see me "sitting in my bones" when you come home. The "taking off of the flesh" by evaporation is going on at a very rapid rate.

You would be amused to see how we — your mother and I — manage at table. It is such a weary task to carve. You know what an enormous meat eater your good mother is. We have been at work at a lamb chop for two days; I have no idea how many more it will last. One blackberry (perhaps it was a quart) has served us since as long as I can remember. If things continue in this way I intend to get a microscope so that I may see to carve. If you discover anything volatile in this letter you must attribute it to the weather. Your mother and I, all that's left of us, are well, and so were the family at Middletown when I last saw them. It is entirely contrary to my principles to write across the page in this way, but who can have any principles this hot weather?

Another letter, written from New York the same summer, shows that "a little nonsense now and then" appeals to even the most serious-minded.

August 17, 1873.

I remained because Mr. Meday is in such haste about the accounts that I told him I would stay here until the work was done. By Saturday

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I had progressed so that I could see through it and I think we can make everything square to a cent.

On waking in the morning the question confronted me, "How shall I spend the day?" Fortunately the recollection of our trip to Far Rockaway occurred to me and I resolved that I would get a bit of fresh air in that quiet and lovely spot. So, afther ating me breakfast, I quietly wended me way to the foot of Twinty-thurd—I do belave it was Thirty-fourth now—me mimory is forsaking me intirely. I was jist in time to cross on the last boat, so Pat and Biddy and I bought an excursion ticket for siventy-five cints, and chape enough it was at that, an' took our places in one of the iligent cars on the Long Island Railroad.

It was very hot and the cars were crowded, and the shwate exhalations from so many clane and well-dressed gurls and boiys, frish from the tiniment houses, would have been quite overpowering if there had not been a fresh breeze. We held shwate converse with each other while the cars whirled us away to our distination. Before we were aware of it, we were furninst the daypot in the lovely grove at Rockaway.

We all rushed out and hurried away to the coast. There was a great crowd. We waded perseveringly through the sand until we reached the beach. Ould ocean, that same which bates upon the shore of ould Ireland, greeted us with a roar and sint wave afther wave to shake hands wid us and invite us to his embrace. We were not long in accepting his invitation. We rushed to the bathing houses, though why they are called bathing houses I cannot well imagine, for nobody bathes in them. Pat and Bridget came out, the two of them quite different from whin they wint in, and just alike, saving Biddy's hair was a little longer. Pat kicked up his heels and, with sundry leaps, put his fate and himself intirely into the wather, while Biddy lingered on the shore and coquetted with the waves as they came up to invite her to a frolic. Pat, the broth of a boiy, came, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and seizing her by the arm, away wint the two of them. A big roller dashed them both down and tumbled them about promiscuously. I am shure Biddy would have scramed a little dilicate, Irish scrame, but the ocean clapped his hand upon her mouth and stopped it. Whin

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she regained her fate she tried hard to get back to the shore, but Pat was not at all inclined to be deserted. We soon got used to it and then we did have a jolly time of it, I standing on the shore and Pat and Biddy disporting themselves with the yeasty waves for my amusement.

The beach was lined with just sich, and the say looked as though it was full of sandy-haired and blue-eyed porpoises. There was, of course, some diversity. One Patrick, went up to a Biddy—it wasn't my Biddy—who was holding onto the rope, the timid crathure, as though she was afraid of the wather. The big spalpeen tried to gintly persuade her to let go and trust to him. She half consinted and, letting go for a moment, she gave him a tremendous slap in the face with her wet hand which sint him about his business. Another fair damsel next to her, but with much more padding on her ribs, had fastened her bathing suit very closely under her arms, making it quite short-waisted. Her drawers were rather short-waisted in the other direction, which left quite an extent of territory covered with a loose, flowing tunic, like a short dressing gown. Whether she despised the waves or was afraid to face them, I do not know. At all events, she turned her back upon them, and when one came up it washed her upper garment over her shoulders and left her dress a little short of the regulation pattern, exposing a large surface of back, much to the amusement of the gintlemin and ladies on the beach. There were many other little incidents which served to break up the monotony of those of us who did our bathing on dry land.

About one o'clock I found an appetite and I went to the Ocean House to get something to fit it, but I saw nothing but whiskey and billiard balls. Then I went to a new house,—“The Grand Central” (humbug). I saw a vacant chair on the piazza which I was about to occupy, when I was informed that a lady had just left it. Of course I was glad she had left it, for I should not have thought of occupying it if she had not. I was so much surprised by the fact that a lady had left it that I stood in speechless wonder, surveying the premises and pondering upon the singular fact that a lady should leave a chair just when I wanted it. But while engaged in my reflections, a fair daughter of Erin came and plumped herself down in it. Whether she was the one who left it or

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not was of no consequence. I lost all interest in the matter and wandered away until I found another place in a restaurant. There I procured a luncheon at the cost—the whole of it—of forty-one cents. Then I took another look at old Ocean and the lovely sirens who were disporting themselves in his waves. I was much struck with the familiarity of many of the maidens with water. They moved their hands and bodies up and down as though they thought the ocean a great wash-tub. I sat in the sand and watched the bathers and the breakers, and inhaled strength and pleasure with every breath.

But the most delightful day will have a close. I knew there would be a grand rush for the train, so I left in good season, quietly seated myself in a car and read the *Evangelist*. Pat and Biddy arrived just in time to get a good place to stand up, so we returned, reaching New York a little after seven o'clock. Margaret got me a cup of tea and, after reading a while and reflecting upon the pleasures of the day that's, alas! past and gone, I went to bed and dreamed of—ah—excuse me. Dreams are so strange I think I will not relate mine, but you will be pleased to know that I feel much better to-day.

William Giles, the youngest of the family, was taken with malarial fever during the latter part of the summer. After nursing him to recovery, my sister Lucy was taken ill with the same disease. She came down with the fever only a few days before that set for my marriage to Mr. James Richard Carter of Boston. There was some talk of postponing the wedding, but on many accounts it did not seem best, so on October 15th, at eight o'clock in the evening, we were quietly married in the Thirty-fifth Street Church, with only members of the family to greet us afterwards. At that time our home was at 143 East Thirty-fifth Street, a pleasant house next door to an Episcopal Church on the corner of Lexington Avenue. My sister's illness was very tedious, and it was many weeks before she entirely recovered.

In January, 1874, Mr. Giles visited Boston, Bridgewater, Salem, and other places, delivering a highly successful lecture. Of this he says:

It was voted to send it to every minister, priest, and rabbi in our Association, which, you may not know, embraces the states of Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey. This will give us work to do for some

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time. I hope other associations will follow suit. It is thought by our people that the discourse will be a good introduction to the subject of the New Church and a good method of calling the attention of the clergy to the offer of Mr. Iungerich to send them the "True Christian Religion."

March 20th, 1874, Mrs. Giles writes:

Your dear father has worked very hard this winter. The more he does the more he seems to have the capacity for doing. I think he so thoroughly believes all he says that he derives real strength from every utterance of it. The demands upon his time by calls and in reply to letters has been enough to weary and exhaust. He meets them with such sympathy and trust in the good Providence of our Heavenly Father that he seems in a sphere of peace which is very beautiful and restful. Each day, as the opportunity comes, he improves the time, encouraging, leading and guiding to a better life.

That fatigue after his great activities sometimes brought him down from the heights of peace is evident in the following:

It does seem so hard to interest any one in anything higher than a merely natural life that I do get discouraged sometimes and wish I were a woodchopper, or—no, I don't wish it. But I am so tired that the whole society seems to hang like a dead weight upon me. Sometimes the burden is too great. It has seemed to me lately that the old idea of heaven as a state of rest was a particularly attractive one and that I should like to try it for a little while. But I know that I should be more tired of that than I am of my burdens now.

I do feel, in some respects, an increase of insight and power, and if I do not break down I believe I shall yet do something better than anything I have done. The world of truth opens so wonderfully sometimes that I catch glimpses of the possibilities of our natures, and I seem to be reaching after a clear conception of them, so that I can state them in distinct form. But this is hard work. Perhaps I ought not to do it.

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The following describes a brief respite from the daily routine:

NEW YORK, May 28, 1874.

It is a lovely day; not a cloud, not too hot nor too cold, and your mother and I have been enjoying it. Your mother is getting very wild. She proposed to me last night that we should go off to-day "on a spree." She did not use those words but it amounted to the same thing. I cannot tell you how it shocked me, but I did not say much, hoping she would forget it in the morning. But as she made the same proposal, on the whole I thought it best to acquiesce. Accordingly, about ten o'clock we set out. We walked down to Third Avenue and there—perhaps you won't believe it, but it is true—we found two iron rails had been laid down in the middle of the street and a carriage constructed on them for our use. There was a coachman and a footman to manage the vehicle. They stopped at our approach and politely invited us to get in, which we did, and they drove off. We rode to Fifty-ninth Street and then concluded to go west. By some magic, another carriage came along and took us in the direction we wished to travel. It must have cost a vast sum of money to have made all this preparation for our comfort.

But we were soon to meet with greater surprises. After riding a few blocks we found a beautiful park, laid out in the most artistic manner and kept in a high state of cultivation for our delight. The smoothest and most lovely roads had been made; green and beautiful lawns stretched away at intervals on either side; shrubs, blossoming with most beautiful flowers, lined the road. Bridges had been built and artificial lakes constructed, and everything which the wit of man could devise had been provided to make our trip pleasant. Again a carriage of a somewhat different form had been provided, and we were politely invited to take seats in it. Fearing, perhaps, that your mother and I would be a little lonely, a party of four ladies, who made themselves very amusing and agreeable, were there to accompany us.

Well, we enjoyed it very much. I felt in a generous mood and lavished my money freely on our servants, and every one seemed to be in a good humor. We returned in the same way, finding at every turn some one ready to serve us. Isn't it wonderful that some unknown

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friends should have done so much for such humble people as we are? There must be some goodness in the world, surely.

The following letter was given to me by an old lady of eighty. For many years she had treasured it as a solace and comfort, and when she thought she had not long to live she sent it to me, that I too might prize it. Since it came into my possession, copies of it have many times been loaned or given to friends in affliction. It has comforted many sad hearts.

“My Precious Letter from my Pastor, Rev. C. Giles”

BOSTON, July 27, 1874.

I have heard from Lucy, with much pain, of the great calamity which has fallen upon you, and I sincerely wish it were in my power to do something to assuage the bitterness of your sorrow or to help you bear it. But we cannot do much. I never feel so helpless as when trying to comfort those who mourn. There is only one Comforter who knows every secret spring of affection within us, who knows how we suffer and how to apply the healing balm. He does know and He has invited us to cast every burden of sorrow upon Him. He feels for us more deeply than any human friend can and He is ready to do all in His infinite power and love to assuage our sorrow and to bring the greatest possible good out of it. And we must try to remember what our doctrines so clearly teach us, that the Lord never permits us to suffer any trouble, or any affliction to come upon us, unless it is in some way for our good or for the prevention of some evil greater than the one He permits. If you could see the full bearings of this sudden removal of your son from the natural to the spiritual world, in all their influences upon you and upon him, and upon your whole family, you would not wish to have it otherwise. Terrible as the blow is to your mother's heart, you would say, “Let it come, for there is a blessing in it.”

I know how hard it is to *feel* this; I know we cannot see it when our eyes are blinded with tears. But we may know that it is true, because the Lord has said it. And this should be our comfort, and it will, if we try to think of it in this way. If you could see your beautiful boy as

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he rises into the other life and is led by wiser teachers than any upon earth, into those relations and pursuits which are the best adapted to make a pure, noble, and angelic man of him, you would see how much better the Lord is doing for him than you could have done, even if you had possessed the wisdom of the world. You would not withdraw him from the care of the wise and pure ones to whose care he has been committed and bring him back to labor and suffer, as all must who live in this world, if you could do it by saying "Come."

I know all these considerations do not immediately heal the wounds of torn and bleeding affections. No wound heals instantaneously. But they do help. They assuage the sorrow; they mitigate its severity and they hasten the healing.

The natural mind instinctively turns to its loss and it requires much effort to lift it up and direct its attention to the Lord. But we can do it. We can compel ourselves to look to Him and to try to see the bright side of every storm of sorrow. Nothing but this will help us. And this *certainly* will. The help may not come as soon as we wish it or expect it. But it will come. There is no possibility of failure. Go to Him, through His Word. He will meet you there and through His Word He will comfort and sustain you.

CHAPTER XII

NEW YORK PASTORATE, 1875-1877

THE two chief events of 1875 were Mr. Giles's election to the office of President of the Convention and his trip to Europe. Of the former Rev. William Worcester writes:

In 1875, while Mr. Giles was pastor of the New York Society, he was elected President of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States, succeeding the Rev. Thomas Worcester, and he held the position until his death, a period of eighteen years. In the general body of the church, as in the societies with which he was connected, Mr. Giles was a warm supporter of practical uses and a leader in them. The missionary cause was especially dear to him and the printing and publishing of the doctrines. His earnestness in the work of the church, his confidence in the support of the Divine Providence and in the ability of the people to supply the means to do their part, were inspiring and led to substantial results. Mr. Giles's annual addresses as President of the Convention presented in practical ways the principles which should guide the Church in its work. Each address seemed to sound the keynote of the session, and it was a note of harmony and practical usefulness. His very earnestness that the Church should be at work actively furthering the great uses intrusted to it made Mr. Giles impatient of obstruction, and even of parliamentary forms, when they seemed to retard the uses which he had so much at heart. He recognized this quality in himself as a defect in a presiding officer, and it was his custom of late years to intrust the conduct of the business to the vice president. He thought, however, and probably with truth, that his disregard of rules had been useful to the Church in leading to less insistence upon mere technicalities. Mr. Giles's presence always seemed to give deliberations a higher tone, and when he spoke it was

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often to lift discussion above minor differences to the more spiritual plane of use, where all could unite.

It is pleasant to note the following comment on the progress of the society:

It seems as though we had entered upon an "era of good feeling." I think the society has never been in so good a state as it is now and I believe it will prosper more abundantly than ever. It seems to me as though we had come more into a settled condition and that will be a great help.

WEDNESDAY, April 17, 1875.

Every member of a family is to a family what a window is to a house, — a medium for transmitting heavenly light and the still finer and more precious influences of heavenly warmth. I have been thinking what a heaven a home would be if the heavenly life were transmitted by every member of the family without hindrance and perversion, and I have such a longing for the peace and rest which comes from such a life that I can find no words to express it. I have everything to be thankful for, and yet I am so weary sometimes with internal and external conflicts that I long to retire from all public relations and spend the rest of my days in quiet. But I know that would not be right and I could not get away from myself.

In the winter of 1874-75 Mr. Giles wrote a course of sermons on the Lord's Prayer. These form the basis of the book "Perfect Prayer." He says of them:

Finished my sermons on the Lord's Prayer. They have awakened some attention, but they have not satisfied me. They seem crude and rough. I think if I had time to work them over they might be much improved. But that, I suppose, I shall never have.

In April the society voted to give Mr. Giles a four months' vacation to visit Europe. Life was very busy in the interval before sailing. In May the family moved from 143 East Thirty-fifth Street, its third dwelling place since coming to the city. The furniture was stored,

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and Mrs. Giles and the children went to Cambridge, New York, for the summer. On May 15th Mr. Giles went to Washington to dedicate the new church of that society. He was assisted in the services by Rev. Mr. Day, Mr. Hunt, and the Rev. Jabez Fox. The building was crowded to its capacity on the occasion, and some had to go home who could not find even standing room.

On his return to New York, through the kindness of friends he stayed at their home until the time of his sailing. In the last hurried days before leaving he wrote, by request, an article for the *North American Review*. Writers from different churches had been asked to unite in a symposium which would give the standpoint of their various denominations. At first Mr. Giles felt that he could not do it, but disliking to neglect an opportunity for making the New Church known, he consented. He wrote to a late hour the night before sailing and felt, because of the enforced haste, much dissatisfaction with the article. To his surprise and pleasure it was well received and copied into an English magazine.

On June 16th he sailed for Liverpool. The members of the New Church in England were glad to see and hear and know personally one whose writings they so highly valued. Mr. Giles felt very deeply the kindness shown him on this and subsequent visits, and close friendships were formed with his English brethren. Writing home to the *Messenger* from England, he said:

I found I was not a stranger. I could not make myself one. They not only took me by the hand but by the heart. I was a friend and a brother and at home. A feeling would sometimes come over me that I must have seen them and known them before. I hope the cordiality of my welcome and the impossibility of feeling that I was among strangers may be accounted for by the great law of spiritual association, according to which those of a homogeneous nature feel as though they had always known one another, when they first meet. I am sure I shall always remember with profound gratitude their kindness and unremitting efforts to make my visit a pleasant one. My visit has enlarged the horizon of my thoughts and affections and enriched my mind with many charming scenes and pleasant memories, which will be a comfort and delight during my whole life.

On his first visit, in 1875, Mr. Giles attended the New Church Conference in Manchester, as the official messenger of the Convention,

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and received the kindest hospitality. He found this letter of welcome awaiting him on his arrival:

Letter to Mr. Giles from Mr. John F. Potts

RUTHERGLEN, June 25, 1875.

I have just received your letter, which I was expecting, as I saw the announcement in the *Messenger* of your intended departure. I am delighted to hear of your safe arrival and of your intention to be with us on Monday. I am going to preach at Edinburgh on Sunday, but I shall be at home in time to receive you and to meet you at the station in Glasgow on your arrival. I shall avail myself of your kind offer to preach for me on the 4th of July, and shall have you duly announced on Sunday. Won't the people stare when they hear that the Rev. Chauncey Giles of New York will preach in this church on Sunday next! I shall announce it at Edinburgh myself, if only for the pleasure of saying it. Glasgow is the best place for seeing Scotland, as it is very central to all places of interest, and you can start from here quite conveniently for any locality in the country. A large number of day trips can also be made from Glasgow to some of the finest scenery in Scotland. I shall be very happy to do all in my power to help you in any way you like.

I don't think I can "prepare" to see you. I expect I shall be taken all aback after the most tremendous preparations. I cannot realize you yet, or that I shall so soon see you. Well, it is very nice to meet some folks. Spiritual presence is all very fine, but I confess to a strong hankering after the ultimate of this condition, in some cases.

The porridge which is to be honoured by absorption into your material envelope is already in contemplation. Your bedroom is also being put in readiness, whence you will command a very extensive prospect of smoke.

Letter to Mr. E. J. Broadfield from C. Giles

July 3, 1875.

Your favor of the first I found on my return from the Highlands last evening.

I should like very much to go to Birmingham and I may find time

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to do so on my route to London. If I can stop I will write, as you suggest.

We have not had very favorable weather for sightseeing since I came here. Indeed it has rained every day but yesterday, and Thursday it cleared in the afternoon and we had a view of the Highlands, which I enjoyed very much. I found Mr. Potts and family very well, and I have had long talks with him about the Church in general and Glasgow in particular. I think he is disposed to do right and has acted with prudence, but I will tell you more about how affairs stand here when I learn more and see you.

I recall my visit to Manchester with a pleasure which continues to accumulate as I receive new expressions of kind regard. I shall return home to America rich with treasures which can never be taken from me, for they will be laid up in the heaven of a grateful heart.

I am invited to "a reception of the Associated Churches in London" next week. What can all this mean?

I go to Edinburgh Monday and there they invite me to preach and attend a reception Monday evening.

To Mrs. Giles from her Husband

KESWICK, July 8, 1875.

In some respects Edinburgh is the handsomest and the most interesting city I ever saw. The old part of the town shows how people built their houses and lived in olden times better than anything I have seen. The houses are eight and nine stories high and in some places they are built around courts, of which we have heard much, but I never had a clear idea of them before. The streets are swarming with people. Soldiers are mingling with them and, clustered in groups here and there, with their red coats, present quite a brilliant appearance. I went to the Castle, which has so many historical associations. I went and I went until I was so tired of going and of seeing that I was glad to go to bed. Of course I saw St. Giles's Cathedral and I have a photograph of it. I entered the pulpit, but I did not preach a sermon. It is the handsomest pulpit I ever saw. But more of that another time.

Yesterday I succeeded in getting away, and it is the first day I have

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been alone and permitted to do as I pleased since I came to this country. I rather enjoyed it. I went to Melrose and visited Melrose Abbey. I shall bring you some photographs of it, which will be much better than a verbal description. Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, is about three miles from there. I rode out to see it, but it was not a day when visitors were admitted and I could only peep at it through the bars of a gate. I was much disappointed in its location. It is down on the banks of the Tweed, surrounded by hills. I cannot imagine why Scott should build there. The country around is wonderfully beautiful, but none of it can be seen from his residence. As you see, I am now at Keswick. It is the most picturesque and beautiful part of England that I have seen. The hills are two or three thousand feet high and they are wonderfully picturesque. Derwent Water, the lake in Keswick, is about the size of some of the ponds in Vermont. I did think of putting it in my pocket and bringing it home, but the English people think so much of it I concluded to let it be. To-morrow I am going to see Wordsworth's home and Saturday I shall go to London. If you knew the amount of walking I have done in the last twenty-four hours you would think I had some powers of locomotion left. You would be amused to see the English walk,—men, women, and children. I never saw anything like it. There were many women out to-day in the wild mountain places we passed. We also saw several companies of men and one company of boys, with their long sticks and bags, rushing along as though they were walking on a wager.

I am enjoying my trip very well, but I am too old to travel and I am not enough of a talker to make myself interesting to others. I went to-day with a carriage full of people, but I hardly spoke to any one. I was glad to be silent. It was enough to commune with nature and be still. I thought of you all often, and wished you could be with me, but when I found we had to walk two miles over a steep mountain, so steep that the horses could pull only the wagon over it, I was glad you were not. I am sure you could not have done it. I puffed some but do not feel the worse for it now. Indeed, I shall take a walk as soon as I finish my letter.

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To Mr. Broadfield from C. Giles

LANCASTER, July 9, 1875.

I am here because it rains and I am writing because it rains. I came from Keswick this morning and, much to my disappointment, I could not stop at Rydal Mount on account of the weather, but I had a glorious day yesterday. Isn't the lake scenery beautiful? I have never seen anything like it, nor anything which equalled its variety and picturesque beauty. I have brought away with me many a lovely picture which will comfort and bless me when I am thousands of miles away. How I should like to spend a week or more in a quiet and careful examination of the country and wait long enough in one spot for the picture to grow into me and become a part of my being!

The night I reached Keswick I thought I would walk around Derwent Water; I would surround it and take all its beauties captive, without saying "by your leave" to any one. It was after sunset when I set out, and I went on admiring this beautiful glimpse and that glorious view. After a time I found myself with two stone walls on each side of me, and a pretty dense wood besides, but I went on in the hope of soon catching a glimpse of the water. Finally — no, not finally, but gradually — the road was less traveled and did not seem to me to lead in the right direction, but I was sure it must soon turn and so I kept on. It did turn. There was just light enough to see "Thoroughfare six feet wide" in large letters. "Now I have it, I shall soon come to the lake and find my way around it," I thought. But instead of a hospitable way opening to me, I was soon confronted by a closed gate, with the fearful words over it, "Any person found trespassing on these grounds will be prosecuted." I turned back and soon came to another path with the same ominous words, but I had gone so far I could not think of giving up. The road, however, was less trodden and *finally* I came to the end of it, when there was nothing to do but turn around and go back the way I came. I must have walked six or eight miles, which is nothing to an Englishman, who must be born walking, but to a poor, footsore, and lame Yankee! Excuse me, but I was revenged the next day! I have the whole lake in my possession and I shall carry it home with me.

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An Account of the Reception in London

The company had been waiting for us for some time. Tea was served in the schoolroom, which was filled with ladies and gentlemen. The room is large and was filled with tables, at each of which ten or twelve persons could sit. They had the inevitable tea, which is always good, bread and butter, cut very thin, and two kinds of cake. During the tea a bowl was passed around into which each put a shilling, which was the price of the tea.

Afterwards the company adjourned to the auditorium, which is a large and handsome room. Seats had been erected in front of the chancel for those who were to take part in the exercises. Mr. Presland, the minister of Argyle Square Church, presided. Dr. Bayley, Mr. Tafel, Dr. Batiman, Mr. Bruce and Gunter, and last, your husband. The exercises were opened by the singing of a hymn and a prayer by Mr. Bruce. Mr. Presland stated the purpose of the meeting in a very neat and complimentary speech. Mr. Tafel then read the address of welcome, which you will see. Then I had to stand and reply. When I rose there was a long and tremendous clapping of hands, and I found much difficulty in beginning; but I did make a beginning and an end. I turned the tables of praise upon them by telling how well Mr. Bruce and Dr. Bayley were known in America, and got through tolerably well—that is, I did not make an entire failure of it.

To Mrs. Giles

HARWICH, ENGLAND, July 17, 1875.

Here I am upon the east coast of England, an involuntary prisoner. I left London yesterday, as I said I should, for Germany. When the steamer put off from the shore she got her wheel fouled with the chain of anchor to another vessel, and she was so much injured by it that she could not go on. So we came ashore and put up at a hotel in which we must wait until this evening. I say “we,” and will explain. A gentleman in London by the name of Allen, a New Churchman who has been at our house in New York, was going to Germany last week, but hearing I was to preach in London last Sunday and was then

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going to Germany, he postponed his visit for the sake of hearing me preach and of going with me. He understands German, and has a brother-in-law about fifteen miles from Munich whom he is going to visit and I suppose I shall go with him. Isn't it kind of him? I certainly have no occasion to find fault with the people because they do not "make much of me." I never had such attention paid to me in my life, and I never expect to or hope to again. It is really painful sometimes, for I feel that I have never done anything to deserve it. I think it will encourage and stimulate me to do more to make myself worthy of esteem.

The Tafels were very kind to me. Mr. Tafel devoted himself to me every day and Mrs. Tafel did everything she could to make my visit pleasant, even to mending my coat. She is a lovely woman, is a finished musician and a woman of high culture in every respect, and yet she is very practical, attends to all the household affairs, and is just such a wife as Mr. Tafel, who is devoted to his books, needs. There is an innocence about her, too, which is very attractive. They have a very pretty house, with flowers in front and rear of the house. I am much surprised at London in many respects. You cannot form much idea of its size. It would take time for that. It has many magnificent buildings, but the houses are generally only three stories high and they are not so elegant as ours. The stores are generally small, and they are all in the service of Her Majesty or H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, or some prince or princess. They have their arms over the doors and put on airs as though they partook of the royal favor. The whole city is traversed by an underground railroad which is very convenient and very disagreeable. I have seen no streets yet as crowded as Broadway, but some of them are crowded enough. I have not seen much of the city. I have been more occupied with looking at the people. When I come back I hope to have a more particular view of the city. I shall stay with Dr. Bayley when I return from the continent—but only for a few days. I have agreed to preach for Mr. Presland on the 8th day of August.

From Germany there are several interesting descriptions, but as the subjects are very familiar to most travelers they have been omitted.

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I do not expect to learn much about art or many other things which attract the attention of some people, but I hope to learn something about human life which will be of use to me in my profession and I think I have done it already. If I am not greatly mistaken, my journey will be of great use to me as a minister.

The following whimsical description of the "House in the Wood" belongs here, although the account is written at a later date.

I think you would like to know something about my visit to the Queen of Holland. I reached the palace, which is not a very imposing structure but covers a large space, three minutes before the time, and was informed by the porter, who is an "awfully" tall and portly man, dressed in correct style, that the Queen would not be ready to receive me until ten. He took my *parapluie* and deposited it in a safe place, and I waited for the Queen to put a few finishing touches to her toilet, I suppose. She was punctual to the time, however, and conducted me through the palace.

When she found I was an American she seemed quite pleased and remarked that an American, Mr. Motley, was the best historian of the Dutch Republic, and she would show me his portrait. She was quite communicative and said she would first show me her dining room, in which she never dines except on state occasions. She begged me not to step on the rug, or, more properly speaking, the "crumbcloth," as it was a very elegant one, presented by the ladies of The Hague. It was really quite beautiful and looked as though it was not made to be stepped on. It resembled a magnificent piece of Astrachan cloth, with a border and fringe. Then she showed me her china, — first a large number of pieces arranged one above another in a manner to show to the best advantage. She said they were two hundred years old. My admiration was two hundred times as great as it would have been if it had been of modern production. On the other side of the fireplace was another set of china which she said was three hundred and fifty years old, and I have no doubt it was, for it looked as old as that, and my admiration was increased with its age. When she said it was a present from the Emperor of China my amazement knew no bounds. When

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I had recovered from my surprise and astonishment she showed me the figures on the walls, done in plaster. Of these I approved; but when she said they were two hundred years old my admiration grew to wonder, and when she added that they were all done by *hand* I was completely overcome. After we left the dining room we went into the Chinese room. Everything in it was from China and was a present to the Queen from the Emperor of the Sun or his wife. The walls were covered with tapestry of Chinese needlework; so were the chairs; so was everything. From this we passed into the Japanese room. Here was tapestry of the finest silk on which landscapes with birds, trees, and flowers were wrought with such a striking resemblance to nature that you really could tell what some of the figures were designed to represent, and this I consider great praise. The Queen assured me that it was "all done with a needle, every bit of it." My admiration continued to rise and I think my eyes must have begun to roll in their sockets. We passed on into the ballroom. Here my amazement culminated. It was an octagon, the floor of oak and so smooth that the greatest care was necessary to stand upright. The walls and the ceiling, which was a dome, were painted in fresco by some artist. I beg his pardon, but I have forgotten his name. The Queen—not the one who showed us around, but one of a former generation—was painted in the centre of the dome and graciously looked down upon us. The paintings were historical and allegorical, representing some king (I beg his pardon, but my memory for names is proverbially poor), beginning with his birth, which was quite an important event in his life, and ending with his death, which was quite as important as his birth. The figures were as large as life, and if the men were as noble and the women as beautiful as the pictures the Dutch race has woefully degenerated. The dress of the ladies was also remarkable, and if those who have danced in this beautiful room wore the same costume, and only the same, while dancing, they must have created a sensation. I believe it is what is called "full dress," only it was a little fuller than ordinary, and must have been fashioned after Eve's, before she indulged in eating apples. The Queen, in a very innocent way, explained the figures, many of which were portraits, and she did it so easily and in such a matter-

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of-fact way that I should not be surprised if she had done it before.

After she had shown me everything she said, "Now, Sir, I have shown you the principal public apartments, beginning with the dining room and ending with the ballroom," and she held out her hand as though to bid me a reluctant adieu. State affairs, I presumed, might be pressing. I was about to take it and express my regret that my time was limited and I could not remain to dinner; but luckily I discovered that the palm lay open and horizontal, as if to receive rather than to give. Well, I suppose she has many expenses and the times may be hard, so, not to be outdone in courtesy, I gave her a silver coin,—a gulden, worth about thirty-seven and one half cents. She thanked me very kindly. Her feelings did not seem to be hurt in the least and she bowed me out. I saw others coming in. I should not be surprised if she would have to go through the same story. So you see, Dutch as well as American queens have to work for a living. I had been told that the grand man at the door, in gold lace and silk stockings, would not feel hurt if I offered him a gratuity. Poor fellow! It must be tiresome standing at the door all day and telling people to put their *para-pluie* in the rack. The reason he says that is, I suppose, because the roof of the palace is well shingled and does not leak, and it would be a hindrance to carry an umbrella around all the rooms. I gave the man—I wish I knew his name—ten cents, and he seemed wonderfully pleased.

Having some more time upon my hands before the train left, I went into the gallery of paintings and saw two which were almost equal to the Chinese needlework. One was "The Bull," by Paul Potter, and the other was by Teniers. I don't know the name of it, but I should think it ought to be called "The Bread Distributor," for that seemed to be what was represented. The picture by Potter was the most wonderful one I ever saw. It was life itself. I had no book with me and I did not know who painted it. I knew it was a great painting, and in describing it to some one afterwards he said, "That must have been 'The Bull' by Paul Potter. That is a world-renowned painting."

From Switzerland he writes of a sunset in the Alps:

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MOUNT RHIGI, August 25, 1875.

The mountains seemed as though they were playing with the clouds, wreathing themselves in their folds and smiling through them, playing at bo-peep with each other. Sometimes I wanted to shout, "Glory Hallelujah," and again my eyes would fill with tears. But they were not tears of sorrow. Ah, my child, perhaps you will think your old father is growing sentimental. He does sometimes feel as if he were renewing his youth, but not growing childish. I thought of you and wished you could stand with me. You would have carried the picture with you forever.

As the sun sank toward the horizon the clouds seemed to melt away very gradually; the mountain peaks came out in clear outline, and some of the highest, which we had not seen, became visible. It was a glorious sight, far more interesting than it would have been if there had been no clouds. As the sun's rays struck the sides of the mountains more directly they glowed more brightly. One peak would cast its shadow like a dark mantle around the sides of an opposite peak, which by contrast made its face glow all the brighter. The clouds are still fading away, and point after point, and line after line, comes out in clearer form. The light is also changing from pure white. It is becoming dyed with pink and the glaciers and the face of the mountain are gradually flushed with it. Oh, what a glory was spread over the summit of the lofty peaks while the lower ones lay in shadow!

But the darkness kept sweeping up from below. All darkness comes from the earth; finally the sun shone only on the purple garments of the Jungfrau. And now the last rays have fallen upon her. The sun has sunk behind the horizon. I have seen a clear sunset on the Alps and I am sure I shall never forget it.

Then a change took place which surprised me more than any which I had seen. The mountain peaks which had seemed to pierce the heavens now sank down to a common level, and the remote chains drew nearer. Their apparent approach was quite startling. They looked gray and cold; they seemed to be divested of all their beauty and much of their grandeur. The disenchantment was wonderful. The changed appearance was due to the disappearance of light. It seemed

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to me that I had learned a great lesson in life—the use of shadows and of various degrees of light. I think I have learned much which will be of use to me in my vocation.

There were many English people present, and also some Americans. I could not help hearing the expression of one lady who stood near me. “Oh, look!” she said to a gentleman standing near her. “What a lovely mountain; it looks just like a wedding cake.” I suppose she had recently eaten of her own and could think of nothing more beautiful. As the mists cleared away and the mountain’s form was more fully revealed, the resemblance became more striking and her exclamations more frequent and enthusiastic. An immense glacier, hundreds of feet deep, was the frosting, and on one side it seemed to have been cut sheer down, so that you could see the thickness of the frosting and the size of the cake. Perhaps it is the cake which was made when the Jungfrau was married.

Of the sunrise the next morning he says:

There were probably two hundred men and women huddled together upon the pinnacle of Mount Rhigi. I found a place sheltered from the cold west wind and looked in the west rather than in the east for the first indications of the sun’s coming, for I knew that the group of mountain peaks of which the Jungfrau forms one was much the highest and that the sun’s rays would first strike their sharp points. And they did. First their very points, which seemed sharp and well defined, were flushed with rose color. Gradually the whole range became illuminated. It was a grand sight, which is not given to every visitor to see. And now, as the light increased, a wonderful transformation was seen, the reverse of that which took place in the evening. The mountains began to break the line and to take their proper positions. Some of them receded to a great distance and assumed their proper colors and forms. The light fell down into the valleys like a benediction and revealed rock and tree and hill, lake and habitation, until every nook was penetrated by it. The transformation was magical beyond description. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the mountain forms were defined in the sharpest outlines.

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To Mr. Broadfield

ZURICH, August 30, 1875.

I feel that I have become greatly enriched by my summer's tour. I count over the additions to my life's treasure which I made in Manchester. I never estimated so fully the value of an acquaintance with those whom one can esteem and love. It is a new way of access to the Lord and they are new mediums of communicating His life to us. Roseleigh will hereafter be a pleasant and a precious spot to me, and I feel as though I could not thank you too much for bringing together so many pleasant people during the Conference.

I am sometimes very lonely, and then again I am glad to be alone. The forms of nature around me are a more quiet speech than any human voice. Sometimes I hardly know whether I am a boy or an old man, but I soon find out when I begin to climb the mountains.

I must look upon Mount Blanc. My knowledge of the Alps, previous to my coming here, gained almost wholly from the poet Byron's description of a thunder storm in the Alps, has haunted me ever since I came, and yesterday I could endure it no longer, so I bought "Childe Harold" and am reading it.

After crossing the Alps into Italy Mr. Giles writes from Milano, September 21st, 1875:

I have visited several churches here. I saw nothing in them which interested me particularly, except the original of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. I was much affected by the face and head of the Saviour. I have never seen anything like it. It is full of majesty, sweetness, and sorrow.

Of Florence he says:

It is the most interesting city I have seen since I left home, and of all foreign cities I think I should prefer it as a residence.

Here he visited a son-in-law of Mr. Hiram Powers, the sculptor. He thus speaks of the family:

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They are charming people and they seemed to like me. They fancied that I resembled Mr. Powers. I had a most pressing invitation to remain longer with them, and when I come again I must come directly to their house. The different families of the Powers (there are four or five of them) live near each other and form a kind of English settlement. There are also some other artists who live near, among them Mr. Ball, the American sculptor. While I was there Wehli, the pianist, called with his wife, who is out of health. Wehli has lost his money and is going to settle in Florence and give music lessons. I had quite a talk with him about America, though I did not know until he left that he was the great pianist, for they pronounce his name "Vaily," which I misunderstood for "Bailey."

Florence is full of pictures and works of art of all kinds. I saw the first telescope, the one which Galileo made and looked through, and I think it interested me more than any of the great paintings I have seen, save a few.

I spent the afternoon in the gallery of paintings, where there are some of the greatest works of art in the world. There is no mistake about it, the old chaps did know how to paint. But it requires months of study to appreciate them, and some one who knows more about art than I do. I can only tell when a picture pleases me and — would you believe it? — I am such a Goth that I like some modern paintings better than the ancient.

I think the young women in Italy are fine looking. They have large dark eyes and look intelligent. I presume they preserve their good looks much better among the middle and upper classes, but the women of the lower classes grow dreadfully ugly. Their faces are wrinkled and look dry, like old parchment, and their forms are bent and their eyes glow like fire. I saw a woman yesterday, thin, shrivelled, bent, ugly, whose face made me shiver. She embodied my ideal of the impersonation of evil. But the boys and girls look bright and I understand that they are; I should not be surprised if Italy would again take a high rank in the intellectual world. A gentleman in Florence told me that there is as much freedom in Italy now as in England. Papers containing all opinions are published, and books of every kind are

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freely admitted. The Italy of to-day, he says, is not at all the Italy of twenty years ago.

ROME, August 1, 1875.

Rome is unlike all my conceptions of it. My ideas of it were formed almost wholly from classical reading, and it seems so poor and small and mean compared with my imaginings that I can hardly believe that it is Rome, the city that was once the mistress of the world and that now claims to be the centre and source of religious knowledge and life.

I spent yesterday in St. Peter's and the Vatican. St. Peter's is grand. That equals my expectations. I spent all the time I could in it and the more I stayed the more it grew upon me, and I suppose it would continue to do so if I should visit it every day for a month. I spent the morning in the Sistine Chapel and tried to get as good an idea as I could of Raphael's greatest work and of the greatest works of the kind in the world. The paintings are grand, but to a New Churchman the ideas, which are those of his time, seem very puerile.

In the afternoon I went to the galleries and saw some of the masterpieces of the world. Some of them were horrible in subject, and how any human being could bear to paint them I do not see. I am so tired of seeing madonnas and babies and Josephs and Maries and saints of all descriptions that it would be a relief to see a good sinner, well painted. I am wearied also with seeing "Pius, P.M.," which would be quite agreeable if it meant a pious postmaster, which I suppose it does not. I have seen the noble and beautiful in art and the mean and squalid in human beings. I have seen the most lavish richness of ornament and human poverty in its lower forms.

I have spent nearly the whole day in ancient Rome. I have been in the house where Caesar was born. I have stood on the spot where Cicero's house is said to have been. I tried to bring the old Romans back and repopulate the spot with them. I have wandered around the Forum and the Coliseum and along the Via Sacra, treading on the very stones which Virgil and Cicero and Horace and Pompey and Scipio and Caesar and Brutus and a multitude of others have trod. I can assure you that it has been an interesting day, and one which I shall not soon

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forget. I feel now as if I should like to review my classical studies. But that I shall never do.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

You see by the date of my letter that I am safely in my own country once more.

I found it very difficult to get away from England. From the power of attraction, or from some other cause, the steamer could not leave until night had cast her shadows upon the earth and hid the island home of so many dear friends from my view. A fog gathered around us so that neither the captain nor I could tell in which direction lay my native country. But it cleared away, and we steamed slowly from one class of dear friends to another.

I know that I have gained much by my visit. I have enlarged the horizon of my thoughts and affections, and I feel that I am becoming greatly enriched by the—I was going to say—friends I have made, but they must have been made before. It is the exact truth to say the friends I discovered. I feel that I have largely increased my world. Its horizon stretches much farther away and embraces many more interesting objects of thought and affection.

I know how busy I shall be when I put on the harness and begin my work. I know how absorbed I shall be in it; how I shall write to weariness of myself,—and others, too, perhaps. But I am sure I shall think of the pleasant hours and kind faces and warm hearts in England when I am writing and working, and unless I greatly change I shall be addressing you as well as others, nearer in the body, perhaps, but not so near in the spirit.

I feel deeply thankful that I have been permitted to make this visit, and I shall try to profit by it as much as possible.

Mr. Giles writes in December, 1875:

The year has been a very hard one and a very pleasant one. I have traveled over the greater part of Europe; I have written many sermons, and I have written at least two pages of the *Messenger* every week, be-

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sides many other things. I think I have not wasted much time, and I hope I have performed some use.

Those who have attended church have appeared to be much pleased, and I seem to have a stronger hold upon the people than I have ever had. I hope it is one which will last and be for their good.

I can see that I have made many mistakes, and if I had my work to do over again I should work in a very different way. I would do much more work with individuals and would rely much less upon mere preaching. But I had no training for my work when I began it, except a little knowledge of the doctrines. What an absurdity!—to set a man over a society and put the special care of souls into his hands when he has no preparation for it.

Our society is spiritually in a very prosperous state. I have never seen any society in which there was such a sphere of harmony. Our meetings, both for worship and social life, are very pleasant and well attended. I do not know of one person who is disaffected, though there may be such. A lady who is pretty familiar with the whole society says she never saw such a state of harmony and unity. Financially, we are about in the same condition that we have been. How poor the people do feel! I believe rich people always feel poor when they are not actually making money. I never made any, so I do not know so well what the feeling is. I shall soon be where earthly riches will not benefit me much and where earthly poverty can do me no harm. Happy indeed will it be for me if I am spiritually rich.

It seems as though rich men thought they were better than other men and deserving of more attention. There is great danger in riches, both spiritual and material. The blessing pronounced upon the poor must come in the order of the Divine Providence.

In April, 1876, Mr. Giles writes:

I have just commenced a series of articles in the *Messenger* on Spiritual Culture, a subject upon which I have thought much, and if I should succeed in saying anything worth preservation I may publish them after they have been rewritten. I presume they will be somewhat crude at first; perhaps they will at last.

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Of his work during this month he says:

I have done about as much as I could. I have written a sermon every week, and what was equal to a sermon for the *Messenger*, besides all my other duties. I have kept scratching away most of the time. Now I have a much harder month before me. I must begin my address to the Convention. I have the Association, and there are many other duties to perform; I must begin in earnest to-morrow to perform them.

One day's work is thus described:

This has been a day of hard and somewhat successful work. I wrote a story for the children of twenty pages of note paper, and I wrote twenty pages on my sermon, finished it, and attended a meeting at Cooper Union. It seems as though I have some capacity for work remaining. I had not much idea that I could write the story, but the idea came to me in the morning and I began it and it seemed to write itself. If I had given myself up to it I think I could have made myself useful in writing for children. Even now I suppose I might do something in that way if I had not so much else to do.

The following Sunday was typical of many in New York. Distances there are so great that in order to hold services in Brooklyn and other outlying districts much time and strength must be consumed in going from place to place.

It has been a day of labor. I wrote on my discourse as long as I could, and then set out for Brooklyn with Lucy. Reached there just in time for the morning's service. Preached for Mr. Ager, and after service Mrs. B. drove me around to Mr. D's. I had some lunch and a little rest. Wrote an introduction to the prayer and the prayer itself before leaving the house. Went to church and delivered the discourse. Rode to the cemetery and performed the service there. Afterwards I went as fast as I could to Bergen and lectured, and then came home, which I reached about eleven o'clock, as tired as one need be to have a good rest. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed in the usual routine work.

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May 10, 1876. This day closes the sixty-third of my life. When I look back over it, it seems wonderful how the Lord has led me from my humble home among the hills in Massachusetts to accomplish even the little that I have. I can see how I have been checked, my way absolutely blocked, at times, how I have been guided and restrained and helped. But the little I can see is as nothing to what I cannot see. What dreadful mistakes I have made, and yet out of them it seems as though I could perceive that the Lord had led me to some of my greatest blessings. If I had been more patient, more diligent, more persevering and less afraid of men, or rather, less timid in meeting with them, how much more good I might have done! And yet who knows?

I should like to leave some things behind me to work when I am gone. Every man has his own way of putting truth. The Divine Truth takes on the form of his own mind and a new variety is created, so my way of stating the Divine Truth may be more useful to some minds than that of any other man. Thus it behooves me to do as much work as I can, and to give utterance to the truth in a form which will be as interesting and useful as possible.

What Mr. Giles now expresses about reading was equally true for him with regard to music. The suggestion for many a sermon came to him while listening to a Beethoven symphony. The harmonies heard resolved themselves into harmonies of thought.

It is curious what effect reading has upon me. It always excites thought upon the subject I have in mind, however foreign it may be to the topic under consideration. I stopped reading several times and went to writing, and made some progress upon my sermon.

The calm way in which personal criticism was met by Mr. Giles is well illustrated here:

I found in Mr. Miller's *Independent* an attack on me by Mr. ——. He must be "spoiling for a fight," as the boys say, to volunteer his services and go so much out of his way to say something against me. If he was as zealous in working with New Churchmen as he is in working against them, he would be a most lovable and valuable member.

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June 9, 1876. I was not renominated as a member of the Board of Publications. Some new members were elected. I am happily free from all responsibility from that quarter now.

I was reelected President of the Convention by five majority over all votes and by twenty-four over the highest candidate. I wish I could do something to advance the interests of the New Church throughout the country, something much more efficient than I have ever done.

When Mr. Giles went to Europe, in July, 1875, the family moved from the house in Thirty-fifth Street and the furniture was stored. Upon his return in the autumn apartments were taken on the corner of Fifty-second Street and Broadway. These were occupied for a year, and October of 1876 finds the family in apartments on Twenty-fourth Street.

In a letter from London Mr. Giles had expressed very friendly feelings for the Rev. Mr. Tafel and his wife. It was therefore very painful to him to learn that Mr. Tafel, who was now visiting this country, thought my father was working against him.

Letter to Mr. L. H. Tafel from C. Giles

NEW YORK, October 17, 1876.

I called at your brother's store yesterday but was disappointed not to find you there. I want to see you very much before you leave for home. I would exceedingly regret to have you leave with the impression you now have, as I learn from your friends, that I am unfriendly to you and that I have tried to prevent the circulation of your book by giving it a name which would excite prejudice against it.

There is not a particle of truth in either assertion. I have not an unfriendly feeling in my heart towards you. On the contrary, I greatly admire your learning and your devotion to the New Church and think you are performing a great use in it.

I assure you that I have no desire to prevent the publication of your book. Not being a member of the Board of Publications, I have no voice in determining its action, but some of its members have consulted me about the propriety of publishing it and I have always advised the Board to do it.

It has been a source of regret to myself and to Mrs. Giles that we

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could not give you and Mrs. Tafel more personal attention, both for our own pleasure and as some slight return for your great kindness to me when I was in London. But it has been impossible for us to invite you to our own house for the simple reason that we had no room to make you even comfortable. I have been prostrated with the heat this summer and am yet hardly able to do the work which I am compelled to do. We shall try to see you before you sail. If we should not, you and Mrs. Tafel will carry with you our sincere wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage and for a long life of usefulness in your great and important field of labor. We sincerely hope you will believe that I have none but the kindest wishes for your welfare and usefulness. . . .

Two letters of advice to friends:

To one who Thought of Making Writing his Profession

I do not think I could give you much encouragement to engage in literary work for any financial reasons. I think I should prefer to go West and fight with the grasshoppers for existence. But if you have use to others as a primary end, then I say go ahead and do the best you can, which I am sure will be good enough to accomplish your purpose. Your article for the children was well done and shows that you have ability in that direction. I doubt not you would meet with some measure of success as a writer, and I am sure you would succeed in doing good and consequently in getting good, but how much would come in the way of income I cannot say. I hope, however, you will go on and do what you can, but by no means depend upon it for support.

On the Study of Swedenborg

You ask about reading Swedenborg every day. As a general rule I think it is useful to read some every day, if you do not read too much. If only one number is attentively read (perhaps one is better than more), so that the idea is well fixed in the mind and made the subject of some reflection, it would be a great help in spiritual growth. This is what should be our aim. It is not of so great importance to know much as it is to use what we know for spiritual growth. And that is effected

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by reflecting upon what we learn and applying it to life. I am more and more impressed every day with the importance of setting before us as the end of life, to love to be useful.

The year 1877 opened with a course of lectures which were remarkably well attended. Mr. Giles speaks of them in several letters.

January 29, 1877.

I began a course of four lectures last night in our church. For once, and the first time, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The audience was a very appreciative and good one. They listened with profound attention, and there were many expressions of satisfaction and a determination to come again by strangers who were present. I have never seen the faces of our people look so bright. No one came with the expectation of seeing such an audience, and some thought there would not be more than a hundred present. They were so overjoyed that they could hardly go home.

There is also a large increase in the attendance in the morning. The house has been well filled for the last three Sundays, which are the only pleasant Sundays we have had this winter. Our people are all very much encouraged by the interest which seems to be felt, as they have good reason to be.

February 19, 1877.

Last night, when the lecture was over, two gentlemen came up to me, and after some conversation wished to know if I would not deliver the course in the great hall of the Masonic Temple on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. They were Masons and said they would use their influence to get the hall at a merely nominal cost. The subject is now under consideration. This comes from people who are not New Churchmen and looks very significant. Of course I shall accept if the proposition is run in a practicable manner. The hall will seat one thousand people and is very central and accessible. Nothing in the New Church has ever made such a stir in New York as these lectures. I learn from many sources that they are much talked about, and very favorably, too. W. says the boys at school speak about them

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and want to know if it is his father who is drawing such crowds of people. People come from Harlem, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and the interest has been very great. The class of people is also a very good one, and I could not ask for better attention. Well, I hope some good has been done, and the Lord be praised for it.

We are all well and everything goes on in its usual quiet round. The principal difficulties we have to encounter are getting up in the morning and going to bed at night, but we manage to overcome them every day.

In January, 1877, the correspondence with Miss Holmes, afterwards Mme. Humann of Paris, began. Letters were interchanged for fifteen years. In them Miss Holmes wrote for counsel and help in meeting the needs of the little band of New Church people in that city. Obstacles and discouragements were many. She was untiring in her noble work, and my father upheld her faith and courage by his cheering sympathy. Of his visits to Paris and the work done there, mention will be made later.

Of the letters, it is of interest to note that Mme. Humann treasured them for many years. Indeed, it is only since the close of the World War that they came into my possession. They were delivered to me by a returning soldier (my youngest son), to whom Mme. Humann intrusted them.

Letter to Miss Holmes

NEW YORK, January 22, 1877.

We have this encouragement in all our work for the New Church. We know that it is the church of the future and that it must succeed. We know also that there are many forces already in operation and constantly increasing, in the spiritual world, in which the first and principal work to be done is to prepare the ground for the reception of the truth. We cannot effect much in advance of the preparation, though we can aid in it. What seem to us to be insurmountable difficulties may melt away like clouds before the sun.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1877.

It is one of the greatest discouragements in our work for the Church that those who profess to love and serve it seem to have an eye to them-

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selves as well. The work is greatly hindered by little personal rivalries and jealousies which ought to be kept entirely in abeyance. The obstacles in the way of much progress do seem very great everywhere; perhaps greater in your country than in ours.

But they are not so strong as they have been and the forces which are operating to build up the Lord's kingdom on the earth are constantly increasing. I have found that the only way I could work with courage and hope was to do the best I could under the circumstances and leave the results with the Lord, not expecting too much. I say to myself, "This thing I can do, and I will do it as well as I can. That is all the Lord requires of me. I am His steward and I will be faithful to the trust. That He asks. But He does not require that I should obtain a certain success."

I do not know enough about the state of the Church in France and the quality of the French mind to feel competent to give you decided advice. But I should think it important to keep the books in a place where they would be as easily accessible as possible and that such information of the fact should be given to the public. I have not much confidence in the use of self-appointed ministers or teachers. They have never accomplished much good. I saw M. Chevrier when I was in England and was much pleased with his appearance, and though I could not talk with him, I have sometimes thought that he might be a good man to succeed M. Harlé.

July, 1877.

I shall not forget France or my promises to you about her. During the coming year I hope to learn so much about her needs concerning the New Church and how to supply them that I can work understandingly and do her a real service. I shall depend almost wholly upon you for this knowledge.

Mr. Giles's son-in-law, Mr. Carter of Boston, made some alterations in his house about this time. As his wife was out of health, Lucy Giles went in October to assist in the selection of furniture, etc. My father's whimsical comments on household decorations are amusing, and show also a primary regard for their psychological effect and use.

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I am glad to learn that the carpets pleased Carrie. I felt confident they would, for she is a woman of good taste. I am glad you pronounce against "yaller." It may be the color of the sun and a good color for some things, but not for a house. You want a color which harmonizes with the sky above and the earth below, a color which springs out of the earth and melts into the blue above and which is distinct from either. It must not stare at you and hurt you every time you approach it, and repel you, as though you had no business in the house. It must invite you, give you a hospitable welcome; I would say a *warm* welcome if I did not fear Mr. M. might think I meant red. The color must be distinct, so that you can find your house, but not staring. It must be the connecting link between blue and green. I can see how it should look, but I am not sure that the color was ever named. It is not yellow nor red nor brown nor white. I rather like the idea of "gray with a bright tone," if you get the right kind of tone. As nearly as I can express it, the color must have the feeling of home in it. There, is not that clear? It must say welcome to those who approach it and peace to those who dwell in it. If Mr. M. will find such a color, I will get him to decide upon the color of my house, which is a "castle in Spain."

I am not acquainted with Eastlake, but I presume he knows how to make bedsteads and bureaus as well as Mr. Dusseldorf knows how to paint pictures, so I shall not find any fault with his work at present. I will wait until I see it. As to pots and kettles I am not a judge, except of what comes out of them. A good pot ought to produce good potatoes, sweet, mealy, and tender, and light dumplings, etc., etc. As to dishes, I agree with R. I like china better than this brown or blue what-do-you-call it. I can drink good coffee and delicious tea out of a good china cup if it has a small figure and a band around it. You may fill the band with any color which harmonizes with tea. I don't like brown in dishes. It reminds me of earth. Brown is the color of dirt. I don't like blue. Blue reminds me of the sky. It is too ethereal for mutton chops and roast beef to rest upon. The color must be inviting; it must help the appetite; it must suggest aromas and savors. Please to select your dishes of that color.

Since writing the above philosophical disquisition on ceramic art,

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I have eaten dinner. You will think I must have been sufficiently exhausted with the effort to need it.

SUNDAY, October 28, 1877.

MY DEAR, DARLING BUSY DAUGHTER:

I am afraid you have an elephant on your hands in that new shanty. When it is "fixed" I am afraid it won't stay fixed. What can you be doing? Toning up—toning down? Fixing "didos"—or having finished your work, have you given yourself up to repose in some easy chair? Have you forgotten that there is such a village as New York, and that there is one family at least of poor but honest people living in it who had two daughters, one of whom was inveigled away by a young chap—a Carter by profession—the other of whom followed after her, for the ostensible purpose of helping to get a roof over her head and a comfortable place for her to eat and sleep in? Imagine the lonely and desolate condition of that family, especially of the aged parents alone with only two boys, a grandson, a niece, and their friends occasionally dropping in! Think of the venerable mother compelled to give dinner parties to young ladies to dispel the loneliness of her solitude. Think of her as rushing all over the house with broom and duster and scrubbing brush to get every finger mark and particle of dust removed from the suspicion of existence. Imagine her scouring the markets on Third and Fourth avenues, and even extending her explorations to Washington Market for dainties. Think of her, on aged and weary limbs, visiting ten stores to match some china. Think of the directions, injunctions, the reasons, the necessities for full preparation. Then imagine the aged and infirm partner of all these sorrows and confusions driven into a little seven by nine room and compelled to live on bread and milk and some accessories. Think of the parlor turned upside down and the furniture so disarranged that the oldest inhabitant could not find his "sleepy hollow." Think of all these things and as many more as you please. Let these direful visions break in upon your slumbers and haunt you in your dreams. Think of the eight accomplished and brilliant young ladies being invited to see these improvements, the result of all this lavish expenditure of time, money, strength, and temper, and to partake of these luxuries gathered from

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many places, and then behold the supreme result—*one*, yes one, came—one-eighth. Twelve and one half per cent. came. Ask your brother-in-law if he thinks (I believe he is quick at figures and is a good shot whenever he hits the mark) — ask him to bring all his financial ability and experience to the consideration of the question—ask him with due solemnity and emphasis if he thinks that was a paying business. It is time this veteran in social strategy was not caught napping. She “hedged” skillfully and broiled only two “Philadelphias,” did not prepare the whole bushel of cranberries, and the family has profited by the reserve. But think of it and see what calamities have befallen us on account of your absence.

In the autumn of 1877 Mr. Giles became seriously ill. The illness was the result of a long period of overwork. For years he had been doing double duty, acting as pastor of the New York Society and as editor of the *Messenger*. In addition, there were the many demands upon him to lecture in many places, not only in the vicinity of New York but in various parts of the country. Then, too, his position as President of the General Convention involved much correspondence and an active interest and participation in matters relative to the Church at large. There is a physical limit beyond which even the most zealous cannot go, and my father had reached that limit.

Soon after his recovery came the call from the Philadelphia Society. This opened the way for comparative rest with a prospect of continued usefulness. Should he accept? The pros and cons were thoroughly considered and a decision reached. Some of the steps which led to the final result are here given, in fragments of correspondence:

I am going to Philadelphia to preach next Sunday, and Oliver Dyer will preach here for me. I expect my going will bring matters to a crisis either one way or another. I am perfectly content to abide by the leadings of the Divine Providence. Of one thing I am sure—I cannot much longer do the amount of work I have done for some years past. I regard my sickness this fall as a warning to hold up a little. I should be very sorry to leave New York, but unless the society awakes to the situation and takes hold of the work of sustaining the church more vigorously, I shall be compelled to; not immediately, but in the near future. But there is no use in talking about the matter now.

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November 6, 1877.

The formal "call" came from Philadelphia this afternoon. It is *unanimous* and is put in as pleasant a shape as I could wish. The invitation closes with these words: "Our society with one accord unites in calling you and believes that you will be the Providential means of building it up as no other man can now do.

Mr. T. S. Arthur puts the case and the peculiar needs of the Philadelphia Society very clearly in the following:

PHILADELPHIA, December 10, 1877.

Let me present to you some considerations that have forced themselves strongly on my mind as reasons for your coming to Philadelphia. You must, of course, weigh them for yourself. I need not tell you how greatly our society has been tried and tempted, disorganized, crippled, and disheartened for these many years.

Your presence here would check the drift in the current which seems bearing the church in Philadelphia helplessly away. Not that we want you to fight any battles for us; what we want is conservation and the strength that comes from clear seeing of those truths which work themselves into good lives, the only true strength of the church. Our case is exceptional. Not from one or from ten, or twenty even, is the cry sent over to you for help in this our great time of need, but from a hundred and more. It would touch you, could you see and hear the expectant eagerness with which one and another asks, "Will Mr. Giles come?" — and their looks of disappointment when the doubtful answer is given.

So much for our need of you. Another consideration which may have weight with you is this: All the leading and most influential men in the church here are deeply interested in the work of disseminating the doctrines by means of the press. I need not refer to what we have done and are doing. As I understand it, you have in view literary work for the church. In this work our "Tract and Publication Society" could and would aid you very materially. It would be wholly in sympathy with you in the work and could do much to promote the circulation of anything you might put to press. I do not offer this view of the case as

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an appeal to you on the ground of personal success, but only as an indication of the larger use that would come through the greater facilities for putting New Church books into circulation which, under Providence, exist in our city.

As to your coming here. As you perhaps know, I was one of the last to move in this matter, because I could not tolerate the idea of your leaving your home and a certainty, to move to this place. There are many things about Philadelphia distasteful to a New Yorker. I had too much affection for you to be willing that you should incur any risk, and for a long time I turned a deaf ear, to the great astonishment of many of my friends. My duties as chairman of the committee have brought me in contact with nearly every one, and all, while ardently desiring that you may come, stop to ask whether you will be likely to be happy here; in short, show deep, warm, personal interest in your welfare. You were the only person all our people here could unite upon. Strangely enough, they did unite and taxed themselves for your support. Your sickness came, which was a strong warning that you must cease some of your work. I could see that your path in New York would not be all strewn with roses, and then, last and most, there seemed to be real need for you here—a real and important use to be performed, which no one else could render; so, all other doors closing, I felt strong and full of faith to enter the only open way and send the call, trusting that the Lord would guide us aright and send His blessing on our efforts.

After careful consideration Mr. Giles's final decision was given to the New York Society and a letter of acceptance sent in response to the call from Philadelphia.

With the closing of his pastorate in New York ended also his work as editor of the *Messenger*. In response to his resignation, Mr. Giles received a very pleasant letter, commendatory of his work as editor, from Mr. D. L. Webster, chairman of the Board of Publication.

Mr. Giles writes:

NEW YORK, December 21, 1877.

I have just come from the Book Room and have ended my labors as editor. I have been more or less engaged on the *Messenger* for twelve

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years, during six of which I have had the whole control of it and have done the most of the work in editing it. I have written from one fourth to one sixth of it nearly every week for the last six years. It is ended now and I am glad of it, and many others will be also. I don't know how I shall conduct myself when I fully realize that I have no "copy" to prepare.

My relations with the society in New York are also officially ended. My resignation has been accepted and the members of the society have voted that they ought to pay me five hundred and seventy dollars interest for carrying their debt of fifteen hundred dollars for five years for them, and they have voted to pay me as soon as possible—at farthest, within two years. Some resolutions were passed Wednesday evening which I understood were quite complimentary to me, but I have not read them. I shall preach two Sundays more; then my work will be done and I shall enter upon my new field of labor in the city of brotherly love.

How I dread the next few weeks! I do not want to leave New York. I told them in Philadelphia that I should much prefer to remain here, and if I consulted my personal feelings and wishes I should do so. But when the change is once made I think we may be as happy in Philadelphia as here. I try to keep all selfish and merely personal feelings from my mind and to look only to those considerations which ought to govern in such a case, and I hope and believe that I shall be guided aright.

To Carrie from her Mother

NEW YORK, December 20, 1877.

This has been your dear father's last Sunday in Thirty-fifth Street. It has rained all day but there was a good audience. It has been nearly fourteen years since we came to this city and we leave it with deep regret. We shall leave many dear friends and the breaking up of the family will be very painful. But your dear father's severe sickness this fall settled many doubtful questions once and for all.

From Philadelphia Mr. McGeorge writes:

I am heartily glad and proud, if the feeling is proper, that you come to us followed by the regrets of all your parishioners, that you come

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to us wafted on and sustained by heartfelt prayers for your future happiness and prosperity. I am glad for the sake of Church that your influence is so wide and deep and large, and I fervently pray that as the years roll on your influence for good will increase and be more sensibly felt.

CHAPTER XIII

PHILADELPHIA: AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

WE are all familiar with the early beginnings of the New Church in Philadelphia, — beginnings which mean also its birth on this continent. From a lecture given by James Glenn during a brief visit to that city in 1784; from the box of books for him which arrived after he had left; from the readers of those books (works of Swedenborg) which were bought at auction, — we have at first a little group of readers, two or three gathered together in His Name, who met in an informal way and read and discussed with delight their new-found treasures of spiritual truth. As these new views spread (they took good care to communicate them), they received word from others in the country of like mind, and these letters were read with pleasure when they met together. It was the childhood period of the Church, with a simple delight in its life-giving precepts and also a child's delight in growing. As this development proceeded and the period of youth approached (still looking towards maturity), the first General Convention was formed. It met May 15th, 1817. It was a happy and harmonious gathering. Many letters were read from those unable to be present and a committee was formed to regulate the ordination of ministers. Other subjects submitted for adjustment have already been mentioned in the chapter on the Middle West.

With the necessity for definite external form inevitably came much disagreement as to its manifestation. Remember, this was the period of youth. And as youth at a certain stage is argumentative, so was the collective childhood of the Church.

Measures which the Convention recommended for Church polity were as strongly disapproved in Philadelphia as they had been in New York and Ohio, so that it, like the others, withdrew from the general body.

Objections to Convention and its measures continued on the part of individuals, and unhappily for harmony in Philadelphia, among its various leaders were exponents of widely differing church polities. Each man upheld his opinion with the tenacity which belongs to strong

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characters, and many maintained their opinions to be necessary principles.

Those who opposed Convention differed among themselves with regard to rituals and church government. Some adhered to distinctions of rank amongst the clergy, others advocated little or no form; the extremists thinking it unnecessary to have a separate church organization. There was still another party, which while working with Convention advocated an elaborate system of ecclesiasticism. Besides the radicals of these conflicting views there were the more moderate and conservative who wished enough form for orderly worship, but laid more stress on the spiritual development of the church.

Historical details of the Philadelphia society have been omitted, simply because the purpose has been to outline the differing elements which were by degrees focussed in that one society, with the unhappy result that the individuals which composed it were of such strongly divergent opinions that united action was rendered very difficult. It was an unhappy state, and none deplored it more than the society's own members.

To Mr. Giles they turned with a unanimous call, really an appeal, that he would come to their rescue.

How did Mr. Giles meet these conditions?

He has told so clearly what he thinks necessary to spiritual union, and he had so constantly in mind the upbuilding of a strong society which should embody these principles, that I cannot answer better than to state them as they are set forth in extracts from an address given on that subject to the General Convention.

Every man, woman, and child is a living link in the chain of causes and effects by which the Lord creates and blesses man. The penalty for breaking away from this connection is death. "What is unconnected does not exist." Such is the general law.

The unity in which we dwell together with others and with the Lord is always the measure of our happiness.

In society we proceed from bare recognition to intimate acquaintance; in domestic life to the mutual interchange of our most secret thoughts and affections; in the Church we approach one another as spiritual beings, as children of the same loving Father; as sinners against the same Divine law, as having the same hopes and fears, and

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looking forward to the same eternal home. Between homogeneous natures this reciprocal union will grow more intimate and delightful to eternity.

Is such a union and such a blessedness possible to us? It must be, because the Lord made us for it. No mechanic ever constructed two things to fit together so accurately as man was designed to fit man.

Obstacles to this Union are now Considered

Self-love does not incline us to dwell together in unity as brethren. Self-love is the centrifugal force in human society, and when it is the supreme love it drives the soul from its orbit of duty and arrays it against others. What self-love cannot compel into its service it seeks to destroy. Rule or ruin is the law of its action.

Other formidable obstacles are differences of opinion caused by diversity of knowledge and habit, which lead us to magnify things of little value above those which are essential.

One form and one method may be abstractedly better than another, but none of them are of sufficient importance to alienate the hearts of brethren and cause division in the church. That is the best method by which we all can work together for a common end.

How Spiritual Union can be Promoted

When two bodies are drawn by attraction they both must move. So it must be in spiritual attraction. Both must move, and each one ought to advance with a willingness to take the first step, and go the whole distance, and do the whole work. Confidence begets confidence, and love awakens love. Only let our ends be good and we may wear our hearts as open as the day. What miracles a plain, frank, sincere, and tender word will work in us! We thought we were walking alone, perhaps forsaken by man and even by the Lord, when the magic of a word dispels the illusion, and we find ourselves in the midst of friends, with warm hearts to comfort, and strong hands to help us.

In our efforts to approach each other, we must never forget that unity is not sameness. Like the disciples, we are sometimes more

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inclined to complain of others because they do not follow us than because they do not follow the Lord.

The perfection of every society depends upon the harmonious varieties that compose it. A human body all bone is a skeleton; without bones, a mass of flesh. There are no superfluous organs in man. So in societies and organizations, the greater the variety and the larger the number the better, if each would do his own work.

In the construction of the first temple at Jerusalem it is said, "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither." So it should be with us. We ought to do our hewing and shaping before we come together. We ought to put away the personal peculiarities that hinder our approach to others and our union with them.

Such were the principles brought into the life of the society, with the well-known successful results: a stormy youth grown to a well-developed manhood.

CHAPTER XIV

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1878–AUGUST, 1879

THE change from New York to Philadelphia not only marked a new field of labor in the ministry, but altered the home life very much. Lucy, the eldest daughter, and William, the youngest son, were the only ones to leave New York. Two of the family were married. Warren lived in Brooklyn. Carrie, the youngest daughter, had married and moved to Boston five years before. Chauncey and Charles, who were in business in New York, remained there. The parents' home was no longer the centre of the family life. My father and mother felt this disintegration very keenly, but accepted it as a necessary factor of their changed conditions. Of his home in Philadelphia Father writes:

We are delightfully situated here. West Philadelphia is a city in the country. The streets are like green lanes. Many of the houses have beautiful gardens filled with shrubbery and flowers. We have some city sounds, but they are not numerous and loud enough to drown the songs of birds and other country notes. We have enjoyed the quiet and beauty of our new home very much. But it is to be deprived of one of its chief charms. Lucy expects to leave us in the autumn and begin life for herself. She is engaged to be married to a son of Doctor H. N. Guernsey of this place, and if nothing prevents she will be married in the autumn or early winter and move to New York where Mr. William Guernsey is. It will leave only Willie with us. It seems like going back to the time when Mrs. Giles and I set out alone. But such things must be.

Some of his early impressions of Philadelphia follow:

PHILADELPHIA, March 2, 1878.

I am often asked if I feel at home, and I am compelled to answer, "No." I know I am at home and I am satisfied, but there is so great a difference between Philadelphia and New York that it will take time to accommodate myself to all the new ways and feel contented. The

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people are very kind and do all in their power to make me feel at home. There are many people of culture here, and I think they are more sociable than they were in New York. I really think we have received more invitations to dine and take tea since we came here than we did in the fourteen years we were in New York. I do not see why we may not feel at home in due time. At present it seems more like visiting.

The attendance at church has greatly increased since I came. The house has been well filled every Sabbath, and the prospects appear to be favorable for a strong society of the church. If I can really get the New Churchmen in this city into good working order I feel as though it would be a good ending to my life's work.

Soon after they went to Philadelphia Mr. Giles received a letter from Miss Holmes in which she asked his good offices for the little struggling society of Paris.

Through Mr. Giles's efforts with our government at Washington, representations were made to the French Government which induced it to grant permission to the New Church people to hold public meetings. Some of the correspondence on the subject is given herewith:

To Miss Holmes

PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1878.

I find that our people here are quite willing to have me go abroad for several months. My principal hesitation now about going is that I might not be able to do you any good that would be worth the trouble and expense.

It is necessary that you write me in perfect freedom and frankness about your wishes in the matter so that there may be no misunderstanding about it, and I hope you will do it. I have only one desire, and that is to do the best I can for the church.

The following application for permission to hold public meetings was forwarded through the proper officials:

*To His Excellency, M. Mercère, Minister of Public Worship
and Instruction*

We learn with great pleasure by a communication which we have received from the Secretary of State of the United States of America

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that the French Government has been pleased to grant the request of the members of the New Church to hold public meetings for the worship of the Lord, and for instruction in the doctrines of our church in the city of Paris.

We hereby make application to have the instruction necessary to carry this permission into effect issued to M. the Prefect of Police.

In doing so, and with profound gratitude for the liberty granted us, we think it due to ourselves and to the government from which we have obtained this favor, to make a concise but explicit declaration of what our purposes are not, and of what they are, that there may be no ground for any misunderstanding in the matter.

1. Our organization has no political ends of any kind, and our meetings will have no relation to civil affairs. We are not socialists or spiritualists, and we have no connection or sympathy with secret societies of any kind or name. The members of the New Church in America and England, where their numbers are the most numerous, are known as intelligent, orderly, and useful members of society.

2. There is nothing in our doctrines which has any tendency to demoralize and corrupt society. On the contrary, all their principles inculcate personal purity of life and devotion to some useful employment. Their influence will tend to secure obedience to law, social order, and public tranquillity. It is a maxim with us that "All religion has relation to life and the life of religion is to do good."

3. While we have distinct religious doctrines which we hold with intelligence and firmness, we have no desire to be offensive in their propagation, or in any way to awaken religious animosities, or interfere with the religious freedom of others. Indeed, we believe we have no purpose which would not meet with the approval of every intelligent and true lover of his country, and we shall use no means which will be hurtful to civil order and social peace to carry our purposes into effect.

But our position is by no means a negative one. We believe we have come into the knowledge of truths relating to man's spiritual nature and destiny which meet the religious wants of intelligent and good men in all enlightened countries and which throw a flood of light upon

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those profound questions of man's origin, nature, and destiny which have heretofore baffled the power of the most acute minds and the most honest lovers of truth. We believe that these truths will help men to take a new step in human progress as great in spiritual life as a true knowledge of nature has enabled them to take in industrial and social affairs.

We desire to meet for the worship of the Lord, for instruction in these principles, and for mutual encouragement and help in the practice of those truths which will better assist us in the development of the highest faculties of our nature and in all our social, civil, and religious relations to perform our duties in the most efficient and helpful manner.

On June 13th, 1878, Mr. Giles with Mrs. Giles and his son William sailed for Europe. Miss Holmes, who was in the United States at the time, accompanied them. Their voyage was uneventful and comfortable, as far as life at sea is consistent with comfort. They landed in Liverpool, and after a short stay in London went to Paris. Mr. Giles thus describes their surroundings:

We try to do a little something at sight-seeing every day, but we are not driving the business very hard. I cannot walk very long at a time, so we do what we can. We are really leading quite an idle life, which suits me better than any other. Our house is as quiet as it is at Philadelphia, — perhaps it is even more secluded. Our room looks out upon a garden full of shrubbery and there are many open lots around, with the thousands of acres of woods in the Bois de Boulogne only a short distance, not more than a Philadelphia block, beyond us. So we have fresh air, quiet to which we can retreat, and easy access to any amount of crowds and excitement we may desire.

I do not know that we are spending the time very wisely, but I am too old to profit much by my advantages. This is the history of the world. Experience is like the stern light of a ship; it only sheds its beams on the track over which we have passed.

The small beginning of the Paris Society is thus described:

In the afternoon we went to hear Dr. Poirson at his house. The service is held in the fourth story in a little room which twenty people

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will crowd. The floor is of brick with a rug which covers the centre. On one side are bookcases filled with books and other literary matters. On the other side is a painting of the nude figure of a girl.

The service seemed very long and tedious.

Mrs. H—— was baptized by Mr. Benade, who read the service in French. Then Dr. Poirson read a chapter in Isaiah and gave the spiritual meaning. Then he read from some work on the "Symbolism of the Eastern Mythology." Mr. Benade followed with a prayer which ended the service.

The prospects of the New Church certainly do not look very bright; but the Lord has the care of His church and He will raise up men to do the necessary work.

Of the various objects of interest in Paris Mr. Giles writes:

There are so many new and beautiful, and old, ugly things to see that it seems useless to try to describe them and as impossible as useless. The professional writers do it much better than I can, and I suppose the American papers are full of such accounts.

Some descriptions, however, were not left to "professional writers." The travelers saw that rare event, the playing of the fountains at Versailles, and the following letter gives their experiences:

After many inquiries and some guessing we really found "Les Grands des Eaux." It is the grandest thing of the kind in the world. There is an immense basin in the form of a semicircle. The fountains are on the side of the diameter, and the ground rises gradually on the other side. It thus gives a fine opportunity to see the water when the fountains are playing. This upward slope covered with grass was filled with people waiting for the waters to break forth. It was not yet eight, and the performance was not to come off until nine o'clock. We thought we should be in ample time to get good positions. What was our surprise to find this whole amphitheatre packed with people. We tried to work our way through the crowd, but soon gave it up. A platform had been placed in the middle of the circle. Upon it there were chairs, from which a good view could be obtained. Seated here, we had

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to wait nearly an hour. But there was a fine band near us which helped to pass the time pleasantly. Finally a gun was fired, and we soon saw the water begin to rise at one end of the arc. Soon streams began to shoot up from the middle of the lake, and all along the line of the diameter of the circle I counted seventy-five jets, some of them rising as high as eighty feet. There were three fountains formed of bronze mythological figures: one in the centre, and one on each side at equal distances from it. At every few rods between them there was a line of jets of different heights, the water rising and falling and waving in the wind.

To heighten the beauty of the scene and to enable the people to see it more clearly, electric lights had been placed at different positions in the circumference. These could be turned on and off and changed in direction, increased or diminished in intensity, at will. This gave life and animation to it and threw a charm over it which made it a perfect fairy scene.

After a time, rose-colored Bengal lights were kindled all along between the jets of water. The tinted smoke rose and mingled with the moving columns of water, and the electric lights were poured upon them with greater intensity. A cry of admiration arose from the vast multitude. Then the rose lights soon died away, the smoke arose, and left the pure water playing upwards in clear white light. I should have said that this fountain is surrounded with tall, dense trees. Between the trees and the lake, with the dark foliage for a background, there had been erected a long line of arches.

These must have been twenty-five or thirty feet high. The faces of them were covered with little glass tumblers of different colors partly filled with oil in which was a wick or cork. They were connected with festoons of lights, and on the top were blazing figures of harps and urns, etc. They extended for a long distance, and presented a chain of light before which there rose seventy-five jets of water, whose sprays fell in soft and beautiful showers reflecting the various lights, half concealing and then revealing them. You must imagine this steady light as a background to the fountains.

When the rose lights had died away they were replaced by green ones, and these by red, which gave a weird and unearthly appearance

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to the scene. The people themselves became partly enveloped in the red smoke, which transformed them into different beings. Then the smoke died away and the atmosphere became pure. The electric lights were also shut off and the scene was dim and sombre. Suddenly we heard a loud report, and from twenty places along the line there was a discharge of immense balls of fire which rose high in the air and exploded, sending out a great number of smaller balls which in their turn exploded and filled the whole air with a rain of fire. This continued for some time, until it seemed as if the whole shore were belching forth balls of fire.

This was succeeded by streams of fiery particles, which rose nearly as high as the jets of water and appeared like fountains of fire, mingling with the columns of water and vying with them in height and volume. The combined effect was wonderful. You could see the water and the fire rising, falling, blending their streams, drops of fire, sparks of water, so mingled you could hardly discriminate. But no description can give any adequate idea of it.

This quiet and enchanting scene was followed by rockets and other pieces which burst with a tremendous noise, and it required no fancy to imagine that they were bombarding us. In connection with this, pieces were thrown into the lake, occasionally rushing madly around, and sending up into the air, with an explosion like cannon, balls of fire whose course we could trace until they in turn exploded and filled the whole air with golden rain or with smaller balls which darted madly around and then burst with a loud cracking noise.

Fully to appreciate this exhibition you must try to imagine its immense extent. It was not from a few pieces alone, but there were a great number of them in constant and long succession. It was like the firing of a park of artillery in sound. It seemed as though this must exhaust the genius of even the French for such displays and we rose to go, as we wished to get home before the immense crowd, when suddenly there was a tremendous explosion and a shout from the multitude. We turned and were greeted with something more grand and terrific than anything we had seen before. Directly in the centre there issued a stream of fire and balls of various colors, branching out into

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a fan-shape, rising high above the trees and filling the sky with beautiful and many-colored lights. This certainly must be the end, and we again rose, but a shout and a rattling fire arrested our steps. Along the whole line and in front of every arch, erected on high posts, there were revolving arms of fire sending out balls of green, blue, red, and white fire, with a loud report. They revolved so rapidly that it seemed as if they would hurl their masses at our heads. During this grand fusillade we saw the jets of water sink to the ground, and we knew "Les Grands Fêtes des Eaux" was over. And grand it was beyond any conception I had of the possibilities of human skill in that direction.

On August 2nd Mr. and Mrs. Giles and their son left France. The credentials from our Government had not yet arrived, and the interim was spent in England and in travel upon the Continent. On the 4th of August Mr. Giles preached for Mr. Presland in London. August 10th finds him in Manchester. On the 12th the English Conference which he attended met. During his stay in Paisley Mr. Giles spoke in the Town Hall to a crowded audience. Everywhere he went there were many social gatherings at which the English friends vied with one another in their expressions of cordial welcome.

He visited Glasgow and Edinburgh, and by August 29th had sailed for Antwerp. The three travelers visited the Cologne Cathedral and much enjoyed a day's sail on the Rhine. After a short stay in Strassburg they went to Switzerland. Lucerne and the Rhigi were revisited, also Meiringen, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Berne, and Geneva.

Wherever Mr. Giles went the church in Paris, for whose well-being he had come to Europe, was uppermost in his thoughts.

On September 5th he writes to Miss Holmes from Lucerne:

Please to let me know as early as possible when M. Chevrier will be in Paris, that I may not fail to meet him. I will come immediately if necessary.

I think it would be well, if possible, to have a meeting of all the New Church people who can be got together when M. Chevrier arrives, and organize some kind of a general society for the propagation of the doctrines in France.

Two days later he writes:

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I am glad M. Chevrier is in Paris. Please let me know on the receipt of this how long he proposes to remain, if you have not already done so.

I am glad to hear that there is a prospect of having some one enter the ministry who will engage in it with his whole heart and soul. I knew some one would be raised up, for when we begin to work in earnest the Lord opens the way and provides men. I am sure it will be so in France.

I should like to meet Père Hyacinthe. The Hon. John Bigelow told me he had talked much with him upon the doctrines of the New Church and had given him some books, and he seemed to be very favorably disposed towards them. He may do something in his way to help the good work, indirectly at least. And the time must soon come when there will be just as much freedom in France to preach the doctrines of the New Church as there is in America. I doubt not you will live to see it and rejoice in it.

By September 20th the travelers were once more in Paris. On the 22nd Mr. Giles writes:

It seems as though the English people could not do enough for us. I should be more or less than human if I did not have a warm place in my heart for England. I trust the evidence that I have been useful to so many there will stimulate me to do all in my power for the church while I remain in this world. I wish I could do as much for France. But the wide gulf of language is between us. I never appreciated so fully before the great power and use of language. "Man as a Spiritual Being" has been translated into French, and has done some good and will probably do more, and I may do something for the people in some other way. The French Government has replied to our request made through our Government for liberty to worship and preach our doctrines and granted it. This will be a great help to the New Church people in many ways. It will take away a great cause of fear, and they will feel much more freedom to work. But New Churchmen are "few and far between." I hope, however, that there will now be another beginning, and that a permanent effort will be made to propagate the doctrines. There is to be a meeting here in Miss

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Holmes's house this afternoon which I look forward to with some solicitude.

Evening.

Well, the meeting is over and I am relieved; I do not know when I have had a more trying task to perform. I had to address almost total strangers in a language unknown to most of them, and very imperfectly known to all but two or three of the others. The man who had acted as their minister was to be present, and I knew I must say some things quite contrary to his belief and practice. I knew also that the French are very sensitive to any interference with their affairs. It so happened in the Lord's good Providence that there was a lawyer present who understood English and French very well. I would say a few sentences and he would translate them into French. I could see by the countenances that a good impression was being made and this encouraged me. After I had spoken about half an hour I asked Dr. Poirson, the man who has acted as minister, to speak. He took some exceptions to what I had said about the best methods of propagating the doctrines in France. I replied in as pleasant a manner as possible, and the whole affair ended very happily and I think usefully. After the formal meeting was over they stopped and talked for some time in quite an animated way, and expressed themselves as much pleased. Both ladies and gentlemen took me very warmly by the hand in bidding me good evening. I feel as though a great weight were taken from me and that my coming here will be of some use to the church, even more than I expected, because it may correct some errors and give encouragement and direction to the work which will be of great use in future movements.

It is my creed that when we try to do good from a love of being useful to others we always succeed,—not according to our expectations, perhaps, but really, and it may be in a much larger and better way. It requires some faith to stick to the principle, sometimes, but I am sure it is true and will prove so in the present instance. I shall take much more interest in the church in France and shall know better how to help it.

September 29th he writes:

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Had another meeting in Miss Holmes's house more satisfactory than the first; more persons were present and a statement of our principles was drawn up and a request to have permission granted us to hold meetings. This was signed by all present. It was engrossed on government paper, and will be sent to M. Mercère.

This seems to me to settle the question about freedom of meeting in Paris. I said what I could to encourage them and to help them to pursue a wise course in building up the church.

Called on Père Hyacinthe.

On October 1st they left Paris for London. Two days later they went to Birmingham. Here they were again received very cordially. Mr. Giles gives details of gifts and speeches and social gatherings in his diary, but perhaps they are all best described in these family letters:

Aug. 31, 1878.

We have had a most charming visit in England. It seems as though the New Church people could not do enough for us. They have given us parties and fêted us and tried in every way to make our visit pleasant. If my head is not turned it will not be for the want of attention and praise.

Mr. and Mrs. Paterson of Paisley gave us a supper to which they invited a number of friends. After supper Mr. Paterson rose and proposed my health, and made a very pretty speech in which he stated at some length the use my books had been to the church in Paisley. It seems he has read many of my sermons to the society while they were without a minister. Mr. Allbutt, their minister, seconded "the toast," and made very pleasant allusions to me and the happiness it gave them to have me come personally among them. I had to reply of course, which I did as well as I could.

A busy Sunday in Birmingham is thus described:

I went to church early and visited the Sunday school. Then I preached to a crowded house and went to dine with some friends; attended the Sunday school in the afternoon, distributed prizes and addressed the scholars, went to another friend's to tea, and preached

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again in the evening, and after the service administered the Holy Supper. So you see I had a good day's work. I was somewhat fatigued but not exhausted, and I feel as well as ever this morning. This shows that I have gained very much strength and I feel much encouraged.

To Miss Holmes he writes from Manchester, October 9, 1878:

I have just a moment to write you a line and let you know how we are. Now we have said nearly all our farewells. The friends in Birmingham and Manchester gave us quite a grand reception in both places. They have said and done so many kind and charming things that I cannot be too grateful to them. I am sure I do not deserve half the praise they give me. I am certain the knowledge that I am of some use will stimulate me to be more active and to do all in my power to deserve their good opinion. There were many people present last night and many speeches made which it would not become me to repeat. But instead of feeling vain I am humbled that I have done no more and no better work.

The poet Wordsworth so deeply influenced my father that it was a keen delight to him to visit the home of one whose writings were for him a stepping-stone to the New Church. My mother too loved his poetry. How often we have heard our parents quote favorite passages! The following account is one of pure enjoyment and entire satisfaction:

We are now doing the English lakes. We left Manchester yesterday morning and came to Windermere in the cars, and then we took an old-fashioned mail coach which was not constructed solely with reference to ease, and rode to Grasmere, which we reached about two o'clock P. M. We passed many interesting places of which we only caught a glimpse, one of which was Harriet Martineau's residence. Another was Rydal Mount, which I wanted very much to see. So after lunch your mother and I went back and got the best view we could of Wordsworth's home. It was quite an ascent from the main road to his house, and when we had made it we were confronted with the unpleasant words in large letters over the gate: "No Admittance. This is private property, and not open to the public." So we had to content ourselves with looking

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into paradise from without. But we determined to get as good a view as we could. I discovered a lane above the house and a gate which was not closed. I entered and soon found I could get a little better view of the grounds, especially of a walk which was a favorite one of Wordsworth's. We also had a lovely view of Rydal Water and of the hills opposite. Imagine your father climbing a wall and peeping through every crevice to get a glimpse of a garden and an old house; but if you had been with me you would have seen him in the act.

After seeing all that we could we went to the church near by and I peeped in at the windows, but saw nothing very interesting. Then we made our way to the rock, "which was a favorite seat of the poet's." We both climbed it and sat down. It was too hard and uncomfortable to allow of any poetic inspiration. Indeed, the feeling was quite otherwise. We stayed there long enough to take a little cold, then we heard the coach coming and mounted it and rode to our hotel. We had a charming walk and ride, and I am very glad to "localize" Wordsworth, and to get an idea of the scenery which he has described, and which had such an important influence upon him. It is an ideal home for a poet. The vale of Grasmere seems to me to be the most beautiful spot I ever saw. We were fortunate in having perfect weather. The air was mild, there was a soft and smoky haze over the hills, just deep enough to subdue their ruggedness and give a charm to their forms. I am sure there was an influence from all the scene which pervaded my soul. I do not know when I have spent a happier day.

Willie and I walked around Grasmere and saw what we could of that beautiful village. We saw the house in which Wordsworth lived before he went to Rydal Mount, and where, it is said, he spent the happiest part of his life. It was a small, homely stone building in a back and narrow street and was anything but poetical, and if the happiest time of his life was spent there, his happiness did not depend much upon natural scenery. We saw also the church in which he worshiped in early days and in which a tablet has been placed to his memory. His body and that of Coleridge are interred in one corner of the churchyard. We wandered around a while and then went back to the hotel, which you must know was the Prince Albert Hotel. Here His Royal

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Highness once stopped and was graciously pleased to fish in the lake, and to view the scenery, of which he highly approved. This of course makes the hostelry highly popular with every Englishman, and enables John Brown, the proprietor, to put on airs and to charge high prices for medium accommodations.

At half past twelve o'clock we took the coach for Keswick, where we now are. We were fortunate in getting very good seats on top of the coach. The day has been the most beautiful I ever saw in England. There was not a cloud in the sky this morning and there was a gentle breeze, just enough to temper the heat of the sun. The ride was perfectly lovely. I use the words with discrimination. I enjoyed every moment. We had a view of some of the noblest hills—they can hardly be called mountains. The heather is now in flower, and the famous Skiddaw is red and purple with its blossoms. I cannot conceive that this region can ever be more beautiful or pleasant than it is now. We are very fortunate in the time of making our visit.

While in Switzerland Mr. Giles learned of the death of Rev. Thomas Worcester. He comments upon it as follows:

How beautiful it was that he should pass away unconsciously, and that the beginning of the end should come upon him while he was conversing. I have heard that he had a physical fear of death, as some persons have. He was saved from all suffering he might have endured from that source. I was not prepared for the intelligence. He seemed so bright and strong during the Convention that I thought he might last for years to come. How beautiful it was that he could attend the Convention and administer the Holy Supper as his last public act. It seemed a fitting culmination of a long and useful life. I have thought much about him since I heard of his departure. It brings the spiritual world very near when we think of the constantly increasing number of friends who are passing into it. It becomes more clearly and fully a reality. We think more of being citizens of that country and of living with those who are congenial to us and of engaging in employments for which we are fitted, and in the performance of which we shall find our happiness. I think of Mr. Worcester as throwing off

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all the feebleness of age and all the encumbrances of a material body and entering with ever-increasing interest and power into uses which he has become fitted to perform.

So one after another passes on and helps to form the societies in the heavens and to prepare a home for those who will soon follow them. I delight to think that some of the acquaintances I have made here I shall renew there. There are beautiful souls in the world which we meet only for a short time, and perhaps never see again here. May we not meet them again in a few years at farthest and under far more favorable circumstances enjoy their society? I have no doubt it will be so, and how charming it will be! It seems almost too good to be true.

Good news from the church in Paris arrived just before Mr. Giles sailed for home. He writes from steamer *City of Berlin*, October 11, 1878:

We were greatly delighted to get your letter and to hear such good news of your first meeting. How cheering it is!

I saw clearly enough that something of the kind must be done before you could make any successful movement in building up the church in a more public way. We all need something more than a philosophy; we must have help in the daily duties of life. We need higher considerations and purposes than any derived from this world to help us to bear our burdens and to do our work well. I am sure Dr. Poirson has done as well as he could and the New Church people must feel very grateful to him. He has looked at the church more as a philosopher, and I doubt not his work has been very useful. I wish I could have talked with him; I might have been able by my experience to help him some.

I am glad you saw Dr. Bayley and that he feels interested in your work. He will be able to give you help, I have no doubt. But I do very much doubt the wisdom of trying to hold two meetings on the same day in different languages. It is best not to try to do too much. We cannot force anything, we must grow.

I have great hope of M. Berteaux; I think he did just right, — spoke a few minutes and then read a discourse. If he pursues this plan he

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will gradually acquire the practice of speaking upon religious subjects, and by and by he may be able to devote his whole time to the work. Remember me very kindly to him and tell him that I shall be much pleased to get a line from him whenever he has time or feels disposed to write. I can read a letter in French if it is written plainly.

I am so happy that it now seems as though my coming over will not be entirely useless. The thought that I might not be able to do any good by it has been the only thing which has marred the pleasure of my visit. But I am sure I came with good motives, and if the Lord prospers the little I have done I shall be very well content.

Mr. Giles's warm interest in the Paris church continued unabated. Miss Holmes kept him in constant touch by correspondence, and in reply he wrote many letters of counsel and encouragement.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1878.

I can understand that it must be a great responsibility for you to have the meetings at your house and must cause you some trouble. Things will be constantly occurring in this transitional stage which will require wisdom and patience to meet. But do as well as you can and constantly look to the Lord for guidance and you will get along well. It is not best to change too much, and it is always wise to be cautious in adopting new things. Occasionally, however, experiments may be tried which do not involve any risk, to see how they will work. A little novelty in our modes of worship sometimes gives a pleasant variety and awakens renewed interest. There should be no effort and no wish to exclude any one from your meetings, as long as he comes to worship the Lord and learn the truths of the New Church and does not make himself offensive to others. To guard against unpleasant differences, I know of no better means than to adhere to the idea of worship and instruction in the doctrines of the New Church. If people would meet only to learn, so that they might live better, many difficulties would be avoided. That is one reason why I spoke so plainly about the necessity of meeting on the common ground of the New Church and keeping all minor and collateral subjects in the background. You will find great help in adhering scrupulously to that. There are a thousand in-

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teresting questions which are well enough in their place, but they do not properly belong to a society in your present state.

I think it would be an excellent thing for you to take charge of the young people. It will do them good and you much more. You will do more than the preacher to propagate the doctrines of our church. I should think that little book of Mr. B——'s would be a good one to begin with. If not, you must write one. You see I expect great things of you; I know you are capable of them. Begin any good work and the way opens as one goes along.

I think you are quite right in taking part in the local charities, and I hope the ladies will join you. It will bring you into contact with other people and will tend to win the good graces of the Government. There is nothing that keeps the soul bright and develops all the faculties so well as having plenty to do and doing it. But no good can be accomplished without effort. Many obstacles must be overcome and many unpleasant things must be endured. But the Lord is on our side and He will help and reward us.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27, 1878.

I was much rejoiced to learn that you had finally succeeded in getting permission to hold your meetings. I judge from what you say that it is not quite so broad and full as you expected it to be. But it is one step gained and that may help you to take another. Men have come into a freer state of thinking upon all questions of civil and spiritual life, and that must produce in time a corresponding freedom of action. Perhaps you have all you need now; and a feeling of limitation and restraint may not be hurtful to some minds and may be useful in some ways. I like to look at all these things in the light of the Divine Providence. But I should like to know the form in which our request was granted; I say *our* because you see I regard myself as one of you. Perhaps if you are not too busy, when you write again you will send me a copy of your permission and tell me more particulars about it.

The S——'s have always appeared friendly, and I think they are. But I do not intend to put myself into the power of any one. Somehow

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I have no fear of being harmed and never have had any. I try to do my work and leave the results where they belong, — with the Lord. I have long known that some of the ministers do not like me. But I do not blame them much. I don't like myself very well sometimes.

I am sorry you have so much trouble with your book room. It must be a care to you; but it may be a great blessing not only to you but to many others. I can easily see that there are decided advantages in having a general library connected with a New Church book room. I should put much confidence in Mr. Mittnacht's judgment, for he has had much experience, and I believe he is a true friend of the church. I was much pleased with him and was very sorry not to see him this summer.

Now, my dear Miss Holmes, do drop in and have a little chat with us. We have a good cheerful fire in the grate, my study lamp gives a soft and pleasant light, and we can offer you an easy chair. There is also a basket of delicious fruit, a present from the Sunday school, on my desk, and on the side table there is a very large and beautiful bouquet, covering nearly the whole of the table, a present from the ladies of the society. Come, you shall share in them all. Mrs. Giles will lay aside her book, and I will put away my writing, and we will have a good talk. Well, if you cannot cross the ocean in a minute to-night, we will keep the invitation open for you and our hearts open to receive you when you can come.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23, 1879.

The work you are doing is small in itself, but I am sure it will be large in its results, though it may be a long time before they are manifested. The New Church truths are living seeds, and they will grow, even if we cannot see it in our day. All the influences favorable to the New Church are increasing in power, and will continue to do so. They are coming from the spiritual side, from the spiritual world, and they are quickening men's minds to hunger and thirst for them. They are also preparing the way for a fuller coming of the Lord.

What a blessed privilege it is to work for the establishment of this new kingdom on the earth. How many women in France have worked and suffered even unto death to establish a political kingdom in the

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past. It is given to you to work for a nobler and more blessed kingdom. There are many difficulties and many trying and unpleasant things. But the Lord does not ask any more of any one than he can do. I am sure you are doing more than any woman in France for the good of the French people. Your work may seem small but it is not so. This must be your encouragement when difficulties arise. It is a great thing to "learn to labor and to wait."

I am sorry to hear that you have more trouble with your library. I hoped you had made such arrangements that everything would run on smoothly. But why should we expect anything to go on without trouble and much care and labor? I think you may have many responsibilities, but they will all help to make a noble woman of you if you meet them with a right spirit, as I have no doubt you will. It is much nobler to do something and to suffer something in doing it than it would be to sit down and live an idle life, and simply vegetate. I honor you for your purpose and effort and I am sure you will be the happier for it.

The right way, as it seems to me, is to exclude none, to welcome all, whatever may be their personal opinions about many subjects. The advice I gave you at the last meeting was the result of my long experience; and that was to meet as New Churchmen, to learn the truths of the New Church, leaving all personal and external matters *outside*. Every one has peculiarities and personal opinions about many things which are in the borderland of the genuine church or far beyond its boundaries, it may be. Some will believe more or less in spiritism and socialism, some will be republicans, and some imperialists, and so on. Such differences will do no more harm than differences of dress, or of color of the eyes, if they are not brought into your meetings. Let there be nothing in them but the pure principles of the New Church. If there is not, those who come for some other purpose will soon remain away. But I would welcome all who come.

There must be some ritual. "It is the dress," Swedenborg says, and we need a dress as well for our religion as for our bodies. The New Church will have a ritual but it will not be the principal thing. It will only be for use in its proper place. But nothing can be done by force; we must grow into the right way.

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I think it is much better for you to have your meetings at a private house for the present. You will learn to work together, you will gain strength, and there are pleasant influences about a private house or a quiet hall which have a restraining and elevating effect. I think you are doing very well.

So much has been told of the experiences of the Paris church that but little mention has been made of the constructive work necessary to the harmonious development of the Philadelphia Society. Among its members were many earnest and devoted New Churchmen who, because of tenacious and opposite opinions held by other equally sincere members, had refrained from active participation in the affairs of the Society, so that conflict might be avoided. Some who had come into the Church from the Quakers wished little or no ritual; others there were who liked a more elaborate service. Some would like to join the General Convention and work with the Church at large; others opposed it. Mr. Giles's one aim was useful work in harmony for the Church. To achieve it, members should unite on points of agreement. Once a common ground was found, to stand firmly upon it and work for the general good. This practical working together proved a most unifying process.

The first efforts were made in the direction of decoration of the church windows. Then it was found necessary to have a new organ.

Mr. Giles writes:

The difficulties of paying for it were not overestimated. The whole machinery and all the motive power of the society were brought into requisition to raise the money. We had suppers and sales, strawberry festivals, concerts, and lectures, until every one was weary of them, and almost of the organ itself. I think the movement was useful to the society. It was movement, and that of itself was worth more than the organ. It awakened a more general interest in the society, brought its members together, and gave them some practice in working together, and prepared them in due time to take another step.

Important changes were inaugurated this year. The by-laws of the society were altered so that quarterly meetings were held, and a church committee which met weekly at the house of the pastor was formed.

Mr. Giles writes of it:

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There is nothing to tell, unless it be of a new church committee which meets at our house every Wednesday evening, and which is taking hold of church work in good earnest and I think will accomplish some valuable results. We are now looking over the ground to see what material we have for a good working New Church society. The ground has lain fallow for many years, and I hope it will produce some good fruit. I want to do something here that will stay done.

Of one occasion he says:

Wednesday evening we had a meeting of the church committee at our house in which we tried to heal some old sores and do some good work, and I think we made good progress in it. I am pained beyond measure at the little trivial difficulties which keep the members of the church apart, and the petty jealousies, rivalries, and irritations by which the spiritual power of the church is dissipated. I have never seen a society yet which possessed and exerted more than a small fraction of the spiritual power which it could and ought to have embodied and communicated. With our grand truths, the very elements of power, how little we impress the community with their superiority!

The members of this committee were broad-minded men who wished not only to promote the healthy growth of the society, but had warmly at heart the good of the Church at large. They might differ as to methods, but each respected the others' opinions, and results were attained without friction. All of the important measures taken up by the society had their origin here. One of these, begun later in the year, was the weekly publication of Mr. Giles's lectures. Copies of the discourse of the preceding week were distributed in the pews, and those who came were at liberty to take them home if they chose. This plan had already been successfully carried out in New York.

Mention has previously been made of Mr. Giles's strong love for children and his remarkable success in interesting them. With a winning smile he would begin his remarks with questions on some subject of vital interest to childhood. Here and there an eager child would respond, until the attention of every one was held. Then step by step the apparently unimportant beginning was found to lead to some spiritual truth made clear by illustrations and experiences familiar to the children.

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At Easter and at Christmas the children of the Sunday school had special seats assigned them in the church. The service was especially adapted to them, the music was familiar, and the sermon a story-sermon, which all could comprehend.

At Easter of this year the first of these services was held in Philadelphia. Mr. Giles writes:

We had a very pleasant day. The children of the Sunday school occupied the seats in the body of the church, as many as they could fill. We went through with the usual service, a little shortened, the children doing the singing with the assistance of the older people, and instead of a sermon I read a story entitled: "The Earth People Who Lived in the Ground." They listened with profound attention, hardly stirring from the beginning to the end. Every one, so far as we have learned, was delighted. The children and the babies and the flowers produced a delightful sphere—both natural and spiritual. It was very lovely, and the older children seemed to enjoy it as much as the younger ones.

I have long been of the opinion that more ought to be done for the children. They demand "life." They do not care about abstract truths. I think a picture presented in a story has far more effect upon them than an exhortation. And it is surprising what a perception they have of an allegory of any kind. We succeeded so well I think we shall try it again. More must be done for the children.

Not only was Mr. Giles interested in children as future members of the Church, but his affectionate interest extended to individuals and particular needs.

To a mother of many children he wrote:

Remember, there is an unconscious and involuntary influence flowing forth from every one, especially a mother, which will have a powerful effect for good or evil. Heavenly affections cannot but have a good influence, and the more you look upon your child as a gift of the Lord to you, accompanied with a commission to return it to Him in as pure and as beautiful a form as possible, the more help you will get. The Lord will work with you and help you to do the work He gave you to do. I

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feel more and more like going to the Lord and trusting Him. If we cannot trust Infinite Love and Wisdom what can we trust?

Herewith is made mention of the new plan for the distribution of Mr. Giles's lectures.

The subject of my lecture to-night is: "The End of the World — What world?" At least that is the way it is announced in the papers. I am a little curious to know how it will be received, — whether it will be understood or not. The lecture is already in print and will be handed to the audience afterwards, as they pass out of the door. This is an experiment. Some of our friends thought it would be a good way of calling attention to the book, and would enable those who would like to do it, to look over with more care the thought and truth set forth in the lecture.

Feb. 5, 1879.

My book on "Human Stewardship" is done. The plates are made, and I presume it will be printed this week and sent in sheets to London, where it will be published first. But it will be issued here as soon as it is published there. The Lippincotts want to control the sale of it in England.

SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 7, 1879.

I was quite surprised and gratified to find from the *Messenger* that my article in the symposium on "What is Revelation?" has been published in the *Contemporary Review* of London. The greater part of it was written during the evening and morning before I sailed. It is certainly an encouragement to write more. It has now been published in four different papers and as a tract.

I went to hear Henry Ward Beecher last night. He spoke on "Amusements." The lecture was very good in many respects. He said some true and useful things and some very foolish ones. But he was interesting throughout. I think he is one of the best if not the best speaker I ever heard. He has a wonderful command of language, and he is rich in illustrations, and he speaks with ease and force. He said in his lecture that he had had his share of sorrow, but he thanked the Lord more for his love of nature and his power of getting happiness out of

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its beauty and grandeur than for anything else. He spoke touchingly of his indebtedness to his mother for it.

I am pleased to hear that Mr. Seward is getting along so well in New York, and that the attendance is so good. I presume some who disliked me will come back and be glad to take an active part in the society again, and those who were my friends will remain. So my coming away will be a gain and not a loss. I am sure Mr. Seward finds the society in a much better condition than I did.

To Miss Holmes

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1879.

There are great difficulties in the way of building up the Lord's kingdom. Some are more external and some are internal. The internal are the most difficult to overcome. But only think what encouragements we have. The Lord and the angels and all heaven are working to bring forward the New Age. All that any one can do is a mere drop to the ocean. So we will stand in our places and do our work as well as we can and try to be content with it.

I used to be discouraged and impatient, but I am not so much so now. I am trying to learn to do my work and leave the results with the Lord, where they belong. They are very small, and yet they help to make the great tide of powerful heavenly forces which are beginning to move the world to its profoundest depths.

I am pleased to hear that M. Mallet and M. Chevrier have proposed to help you. Let them do it, I beg of you. It will do them good. It will get them initiated into the work, and when a beginning is made there is no telling where one can stop. I can understand that it may be a little embarrassing at first and may lead to some complications; but I am sure nothing serious will grow out of it, and I can conceive that much good may come of it.

The Lord does not depend upon any one man or upon all men. His work will go on. We are mere atoms in the universe, and yet we have an important use to perform to other atoms. I have thought of our influence and relations to others in this way. We are like particles of matter in a telegraphic wire. We stand in our places and pass the

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communication on. We cannot do the whole of it; we cannot work in the future; we can live only in the present. We cannot measure the effects. By your influence and efforts somebody will be raised up to carry on the work in France more vigorously. We may not be able to see whom or how, but the Lord sees and we must trust Him.

Not only were his counsels and encouragement given to the little society in Paris, but the right hand of fellowship was also extended to New Churchmen in Germany and Switzerland.

Portions of such letters written on behalf of the General Convention are here given:

To the German New Church Union

June 24, 1879.

No sincere lover of humanity, who has any knowledge of the doctrines of the New Church, can be indifferent to every wise effort to make them known to any people, much less to a people who have done so much to bring out these doctrines from the secluded recesses of a public library and make them known to the world. The name of Dr. Immanuel Tafel of Tübingen will always be cherished in the hearts and dear to the memory of every New Churchman for his learned and unwearied labors in editing and publishing the writings of Swedenborg, and the interesting documents concerning his personal history. It gives me great pleasure to know that others of his countrymen are coming forward to take his place and carry on the work which he began and so efficiently performed.

We are well aware that you will have many difficulties to contend with. All New Churchmen have. We have our own partial conceptions of the truth to mislead, and our unregenerate natures to oppose us. Ignorance must be enlightened and inveterate prejudices overcome. We have confirmed errors to oppose and organized institutions, consolidated by the growth of centuries, to hinder us. You, without doubt, will have difficulties to meet peculiarly your own,—difficulties which grow out of your civil institutions, and the powerful ecclesiastical polity which preoccupies the field of your operations and involves many personal and public interests. From these and other causes it

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may be more difficult to effect changes, and the propagation of new truths may require methods specially adapted to the customs and habits of your people. Of these things you are the best judges.

We rejoice to learn that you have united for the purpose of assisting each other in this good work. "In union is strength." In union one man has the strength of all for his help. We gain confidence and power and assistance in every way, when the hearts of others beat in harmony with our own and the arms of others are extended for our support.

The New Church in America regards with deep and peculiar interest every effort to disseminate the doctrines of the New Age among the German-speaking people. It will give us great pleasure to hear of your efforts and of your success, and to do all in our power to aid you. Large numbers of your people have become citizens of America; your language is widely spoken in our country and your books and papers are extensively read. There are many natural bonds of sympathy between us. May they form a common ground on which we can stand while we come into closer spiritual union by means of these heavenly truths and affections which are not limited by time and space, and which have power to make men of all nations one, and to conjoin all with the Lord.

To the New Church Union in Switzerland

June 24, 1879.

By a resolution of the General Convention of the New Church in America, passed at its late session in New York, it is made my pleasing duty to convey to you the cordial esteem and fraternal regard for you of the New Churchmen in America. We desire to assure you that we regard with profound interest your efforts to make known the truths of the New Church to a people so brave and intelligent as the Swiss, and so conspicuous for their love of civil and religious liberty and so steadfast in their defense of it. We pray that they may become as ardent recipients, and as able supporters, of spiritual freedom. Every American feels an intense sympathy with all wise efforts to establish civil freedom, but our interests as New Churchmen must be much deeper with those who are laboring to disseminate those spiritual truths which make men free indeed.

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Spiritual ties are the deepest and most enduring. As we rise above the natural plane of life, the distinctions of birth, family, and race become less pronounced and influential and the bonds of spiritual kinship increase in extent and power and draw us into a closer and a more vital union. We have one Father. We are brethren; we are heirs to the same heavenly inheritance, and we are working together to accomplish the same ends. We have common hopes; we have the same joys, and trust at last to dwell in the same eternal home.

As spiritual beings no ocean rolls between us, no mountains bar our access to one another. Being members of one body the same life flows into us, awakens our affections, and moves our thoughts to action. The love, wisdom, and power received by one can be communicated to all. We need your aid and sympathy. It encourages and helps us to see you working wisely and faithfully. And according to the same law our love, sympathy, and fidelity to duty will help you.

Every effort to build up the Lord's kingdom upon the earth is made in the direction of all the currents of the Divine order; the truths we teach are the principles of that order, and the Lord has declared that His Word shall not return unto Him void but shall accomplish that whereunto He sent it. The New Church is the church of the future. We have, therefore, every assurance that our efforts to teach its truths and organize those who receive them into societies will meet with a measure of success equal to the wisdom and fidelity of our work.

You have our deep sympathy in your labors and it will always give us pleasure to hear from you and to learn of your success. It will give us equal pleasure to do anything in our power to bring your Union into close and harmonious relations with the New Churchmen in America, and to realize in all our relations and activities that we are children of the same Father, that we are engaged in the same work, and that we may ultimately reach the same home in heaven.

Early in July Mr. Giles again sailed for Europe, accompanied by his son Charles.

He preached on board the ship to an extremely appreciative audience, and thus describes the occasion in a letter to the *Messenger*:

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On Saturday, the fifth, Captain Harris and several gentlemen among the passengers invited me to preach Sunday morning, and to give a statement of the doctrines of the New Church. I was not a little surprised at this, as it is customary on such occasions to speak upon some topic about which there is not likely to be any difference of opinion.

I spoke about forty-five minutes to as attentive an audience as I would wish to address. I began with the doctrine of the Lord, and gave the fundamental doctrines of our Church as well as I could in the time. The statement excited a great amount of comment, which continued more or less during the whole voyage.

There were many special conditions and associations connected with the service which were peculiarly interesting. We were a little company gathered from many nations; we were alone upon the ocean. There was no human being and no sail in sight, and nothing but a plank, or a thin sheet of iron, between us and the devouring waves. But we were in His care and keeping Who loves all His children, and Who can protect them on the sea as well as on the land. As our songs mingled with the sound of the waves dashing against the strong sides of the vessel and of the wind sighing through its cordage, it was delightful to think that the ear of the All-Merciful One was open to the praises we sang to Him, and that He could distinguish the sounds of affection from the wild and empty voice of the sea.

On Mr. Giles's arrival in Liverpool he found several cordial letters of invitation to visit and to preach in different places. Of the latter he says:

I am determined not to tie myself down to hard work on Sundays. I would be glad not to preach at all; but I cannot get rid of it entirely. To-morrow I am going to Accrington, where I expect to preach on Sunday in the morning and to return and preach in Peter Street in Manchester in the evening. This will be quite work enough for one day. I presume also I shall preach in Birmingham, though I have not been asked yet. But I do not intend to make preaching my practice while I am here.

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Liverpool looked as black and forbidding as ever, and we did not care to remain there any longer than to get something to eat.

Mr. Broadfield wrote to me that he might not be at home, but to come to his house, — our rooms were ready, and we would be well cared for, and we did as he told us.

Mr. Parkinson saw us drive along the street and he came in before we had dismissed our cab and invited us to his house. We accepted the invitation after tea, so we changed our clothes, washed, and then we went to Mr. Parkinson's. We found Mr. and Mrs. Tafel from London there. We spent a pleasant evening and stayed until ten o'clock. We had not been back long before Mr. Broadfield came in and gave us a hearty welcome and we sat and chatted a long time, and now I am writing when I ought to be in bed. So ends the day.

Everything looks familiar. The grass is as green and the sky as dark and gloomy as ever, and the people as cordial.

From London he writes:

August 14, 1879.

I see more and more that my writings are having a great influence and that their influence is increasing. I hear new instances of it wherever I go. I must try to do more than I have ever done to build up the Lord's kingdom on the earth. I have had many requests to publish nearly every sermon I have delivered since I came over, and in some cases I have been quite persistently urged to do so. I think that this is not a mere compliment, but a sincere belief that they would be useful. Well, we must all do what we can.

I am sure the people think much more of me here than they do at home. Perhaps it is because they know me better there.

In London Mr. Giles took cold and was thus prevented from speaking at the Conference. From Paris he writes of his London experiences:

PARIS, Aug. 17, 1879.

Here we are, you see, in the place where all good Americans go when they die, according to common saying. It is a very charming place in some respects, but it is not exactly my idea of heaven, or of

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the other place which must not be mentioned to ears polite. But it is very pleasant to get out of smoke and clouds, to see the sky once more, and to have a horizon which does not shut you in like a prison.

But London is a grand city. It is so large that it takes a long time to get an adequate idea of it. I am not surprised that it has a great fascination for many people, and if it were not for the smoke and the constant rain it would be a delightful city to live in. But with these drawbacks I think I prefer our own quiet little home in Philadelphia. We have a sun and a sky and a clear atmosphere, and plenty of good fruit.

I have had several invitations to preach next year when I come over!!!

They said that the meeting at the Conference at which I was expected to speak was crowded to suffocation. Some persons came from several miles in the country on purpose to hear me. I know many were disappointed. One lady told me she could have cried when she found I had spoken at the introduction of the American ministers and she was too late to hear me. Just before I came away I received a letter from the Executive Committee of the Birmingham Society thanking me for my sermons, and strongly urging me to publish the one on "Modern Unbelief." I think I will do it when I have time to look it over.

I was disappointed in not seeing more of the Conference. I was there only one day. I hoped to see more of the ministers and get better acquainted with their methods of doing business.

CHAPTER XV

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, AUGUST, 1879—SEPTEMBER, 1880

SOME of Mr. Giles's letters to the *Messenger* are of general interest, and extracts from them are herewith given without further comment.

MANCHESTER, August 27, 1879.

A fair day as far as I can learn has quite a different meaning in England, and especially in Lancashire, from what it has with us. If it does not rain much, or all the time, if it is the kind of rain the minister prayed for,—not a minister in England, for there is no need of praying for rain here, it comes without asking,—“a drizzling, fizzling kind of rain” with an occasional cessation, it is “fair.” If the sun breaks out from the clouds and shines long enough for your umbrella to dry, it is “fine.” This, so far as I can learn from observation, and the unconscious and therefore most trustworthy testimony of the inhabitants, is the general character of the climate. This year it has been much worse. I saw it stated in a London paper that it had rained forty-three successive Sundays, and it has kept on doing it ever since.

It might reasonably be expected that so much dark and dismal weather would produce a corresponding effect upon the minds of the people. One would naturally think they would be as morose, sad, and tearful as the atmosphere. But such is by no means the case. Their minds are bright and their hearts are warm and sunny, though the winds are cold and the day gloomy. How they resist the influence of such a wet and dismal climate is a secret which is known only to themselves. Perhaps Milton referred to it when he said in effect that he who has clear light within may sit in the centre and see bright day. By the “centre” he must have had a prophetic reference to Manchester, which is the centre of the gloomiest climate I know, and also of cotton manufactures. However this may be, the people I have had the pleas-

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ure of knowing have the light within, and they let it shine upon their friends.

Manchester is especially interesting to New Churchmen as the theatre of the ministry of the Rev. John Clowes, whose memory is held in great respect and affection by the older members of the New Church. It was my pleasure to meet one old gentleman who seemed to be imbued with the serenity and sweetness of mind which characterized Mr. Clowes, and who told me that the last official act of that venerable man was the consecration of his marriage. This brought me into a more living connection with him, and helped me to realize his personality.

Mr. Clowes was a voluminous writer of New Church books, which must have had a great influence in their day. Though he retained his connection with the Church of England he went into the country round about, like his Master of old, teaching in the villages and sowing the good seed of the new kingdom. And the fruits of his labors have been very abundant. The seed he sowed has grown and become the nucleus of many flourishing societies in the neighboring towns. Manchester is probably the centre of a larger New Church population than any city in England, and perhaps in the world. Many of the societies have houses of worship of their own, and some of them very good ones. Others are old and rather primitive in their style of architecture and arrangements for worship. But they will soon be changed for more commodious and beautiful edifices when the times are a little brighter. There are many earnest and intelligent men and women among the members of the church, and they will not permit its external wants to be long neglected.

While staying in Manchester, among their many attentions and unremitting kindnesses my friends procured a seat for me on the platform at a political meeting held by the Liberal party on the Greek question, which is now exciting much interest in England. I was much pleased to have an opportunity to see a large meeting of the people and to observe the methods of conducting it, and the general spirit and manner of expressing their sentiments. The meeting was very large and enthusiastic but perfectly orderly. It was estimated that there were five thousand persons present. I have heard of houses being "packed,"

but I never knew the meaning of the word before. There was not a spot unoccupied on which a man could sit or stand. They were crowded and squeezed together so compactly that only human faces were visible. It was an audience of heads and faces, and they were good faces too, which had brains behind them.

I could not but think that these were the men to whom England owes her wealth, power, and greatness, far more than to her kings and queens and aristocracy. Here were the giants who had laid every clime under contribution to increase their wealth; the soldiers of industry whose peaceful victories are blessing the world.

The hall was full long before the time for the speaking to commence. The interim was occupied in singing patriotic songs, accompanied by a grand organ. When the people were familiar with the words and music the effect was truly grand and soul-stirring. As the men who were to take part in the proceedings, and who were well known to the people, came in, they were greeted with loud cheers. But the cheering reached its climax when Jacob Bright and Lord Rosebery appeared. Hands and hats were flying in the air and the great hall echoed with the wild and almost deafening shouts of five thousand stentorian voices.

The business of the meeting was conducted very much as it would be in America. The chairman introduced the subject by some appropriate remarks, and Jacob Bright, the brother of John Bright, and a member of Parliament, moved the resolution and made a calm and lucid speech of half an hour. Lord Rosebery, however, was the principal speaker and the great attraction. He spoke about an hour and spoke well. He delivered some good hits against the government which were always received with hearty applause. He spoke readily, but not fluently, nor with the earnestness which carried the impression that he was advocating a very important cause.

Other men followed who spoke well, but the climax had been reached and the audience began gradually to disperse. I did not remain to the end. The air was stifling and I was glad to escape from the hall, even into the rain. But I was much pleased to attend a meeting of the kind. It affords a good occasion to learn the character of a people, and to see the drift of public sentiment, which is sure in the end to prevail.

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BIRMINGHAM, September 24, 1879.

Birmingham is situated nearly in the centre of England. Politically it is the country's most radical city and takes the lead in all the great questions of political reform.

Rowland Hill, who introduced cheap postage, Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and many other gases, and James Watt, the discoverer of the power of steam and the inventor of the steam engine, were all natives of Birmingham, and statues to their honor adorn the city.

The first house dedicated to the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ was erected in Birmingham. Services are still held in it, though it has passed out of the hands of New Church people.

The membership of the Church in Birmingham is in some respects quite peculiar. The society is more like a large family than any I have ever seen. The active and influential members are related by marriage or otherwise, and many of the families live in little groups near each other so that they are brought into very intimate social contact. The young people, of whom there are large numbers in proportion to the size of the society, give life and freshness to its social intercourse, and find such ample means for amusement and intellectual culture among themselves that they have but little inclination to go outside of their own circle for their pleasures.

The society is fortunate in another respect. Its leading members are on about the same social level. They are intelligent and active business men who have accumulated a sufficient amount of money to give their children a good education, and to provide their families with comfortable and even beautiful homes. This social equality is a great advantage.

The friends of the New Church in Birmingham seem to have all the elements and means necessary to a society of great and increasing power. They have a large number of young men and women who have grown up under the influence of the Church; they have some veterans in the work of the Church who are still strong and active, and a house of worship sufficiently beautiful to satisfy a cultivated taste, and supplied with every requisite for vigorous work; they have a minister in the prime of life who does good work now, and who will do better and more

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effective work in the future, as his mind becomes enlarged by a wider and more particular knowledge of spiritual truth and his power increases by experience and practice; and, in common with all societies, they have the glorious truths of the New Church for their light and guide. If the society does not become a great and beneficent spiritual force in Birmingham it will be from ignorance of its advantages and dereliction in duty.

I had thought of Birmingham only as a great and gloomy manufacturing town. But I found it famous as the home of men who have been the benefactors of humanity and the centres of principles of civil and religious freedom which must ultimately prevail. I found also a society of the New Church which in some important respects seemed to me to be as homogeneous and well equipped for work as any I had ever seen. I went there, as I supposed, a stranger, and I found myself among friends who welcomed me in the most cordial manner, and did everything in their power to make me feel at home and to make my visit delightful. But this has been done everywhere in England and Scotland, and there is no ground for any invidious distinctions. I shall always remember my visits with deep pleasure, and feel that I have been enriched by the acquaintances and friends I have made.

LONDON, October 1, 1879.

It is well known that Swedenborg visited London several times, published some of his most important works there, and died in that city. The first society of the New Church was formed in London, and the earliest organized efforts to propagate the doctrines of the new age were made there. It seems peculiarly appropriate that those truths which are the central principles of a new step in the life of humanity, should first be systematically propagated from the financial and intellectual centre of the world.

There are now eight societies of the New Church in London, the most important of which are the Argyle Square, Camberwell, Camden Road, and Kensington.

The society in Argyle Square, from which it takes its name, is more nearly in the centre of London than the others, being near King's Cross

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and the stations of the three great northern railways. The Rev. John Presland is its minister. He is in the prime of life, is a ready and impressive speaker, and a hard worker. He succeeded Dr. Bayley, who left it to build up a society at Kensington. Dr. Bayley took a large number of the society with him, and it is the best evidence of Mr. Presland's ability, energy, and wisdom, that the membership is now as large as it was before Dr. Bayley left. It contains many intelligent and influential members who are active in the work of the church, and in all the efforts to propagate the new truths.

Dr. Bayley, who is probably better known in this country than any other New Church minister in London, has built up the flourishing and powerful society of Kensington, in the West End of London. He is the author of many works which have had a wide circulation in this country as well as in his own. He is a ready and forcible extempore speaker, quotes largely from the Word and the hymn book in his discourses, and though seventy years of age is foremost and active in all church work. May it be many years before he will finish his share of it in this world. I have very little personal knowledge of the members of his society and therefore cannot speak of them. I know, however, that they are full of zeal and energy, and keep abreast with all the movements in the Church for lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes.

The Camden Road Society formerly worshipped at Cross Street, Hatton Garden, where Mr. Noble, and afterwards Mr. Hiller, preached. A few years ago the society sold its property in Cross Street and erected a very handsome church in Camden Road, in the northern part of London. The Rev. R. L. Tafel has been the minister for some years. Mr. Tafel is well known in the New Church as a man of great ability and indomitable industry in the study of the New Church writings. He was employed by the General Convention before his settlement in London to go to Stockholm and examine Swedenborg's manuscripts, and gain what knowledge he could concerning Swedenborg and his works. The results of his labors are the magnificent photo-lithographs of the most important manuscripts, and three octavo volumes of miscellany concerning Swedenborg's life and writings. Mr. Tafel has a very interesting society, but difficulties have lately arisen which have resulted in

the withdrawal of some of its old and able members. As a preacher, we judge from what we have heard from others and from his published discourses, he specially interests those who delight in the unfolding of the spiritual sense of passages from the Word whose meaning is somewhat obscure, and in a somewhat rigid statement of the doctrines of the New Church. The music in the Camden Road Society is noted for its excellence.

The Rev. William Bruce, the editor of the *Intellectual Repository*, and the author of "Commentaries upon Matthew, John, and the Revelation," preaches occasionally. He reached his eightieth year this summer, and he says he is beginning to grow old, but there are no indications of it in his writings unless they are to be found in their gentleness of tone, and the clearness of insight into spiritual truths which comes from purified affections.

The Rev. Mr. Clissold, though in advanced age and feeble health, still uses his pen in exposing the errors of the past age and setting forth the truths of the new. He has never severed his connection with the Church of England, though he has not performed any official service in it for many years. He takes a great interest in the Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society and has contributed largely to its funds. He gave to the society the house in Bloomsbury Street, which is now the headquarters of the publishing business of the New Church in England.

There are many cultivated and energetic laymen in London who read to societies having no minister, and in some cases act as missionaries. Societies are formed for many purposes in which they take an active part, and form a sound and vigorous body for practical work. The ladies also are not in the least behind the men in their devotion to the interests of the church, and in the help which they give to it in their way. They are not so conspicuous in public work, but what they do is equally important. Without their sympathy and coöperation the men could do but little.

Mr. Hiller regarded London as the most important and fruitful field for the New Church. Not so much, perhaps, from the number of persons in the city who would accept its doctrines as from the fact of its being a great centre of influence which extends to the whole world.

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What is done there is in an important sense done everywhere. Our friends, therefore, have every encouragement to do true and faithful work in building up strong and active societies with wide sympathies and comprehensive principles, that there may be a vigorous and generous heart for the great body of humanity which comes within the sphere of its influence.

One entire letter, dated October 29, 1879, gives a biographical sketch of the great Frenchman, M. Le Boys des Guays. Space will only permit us to mention the very interesting fact of his unremitting industry in the translation of Swedenborg from the original Latin into French.

In 1843 he calculated that by translating ten pages of the Latin text a day he would be able in seven years to translate all the writings of Swedenborg. In 1850 he had achieved his task. Few men had a capacity for labor equal to his. He took his pen at seven in the morning and laid it down at half past nine in the evening, intermitting his work only to take a very sparing meal and a short walk in his garden. His handwriting was fine, neat, regular, and never bore the least marks of fatigue.

His devotion to the work was such that he refused political preferment in order to prosecute it.

My father thus comments:

It shows of what patience, unselfish devotion, and faithful work the French mind is capable. Le Boys des Guays is a promise and pledge that other men will do the work of their day as he did the work of his. Wise, able, and eloquent men will arise when the time is ripe; they will teach the truths of the New Church openly, and will scatter broadcast the works which he translated.

But the friends of the New Church in France must not sit idle and wait for the coming of the time and the men. They have much to do in hastening the day and preparing the men and the way for their coming. Every age and every man is a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, and preparing the way for the coming of a better age.

A comment on the preceding is given in the following letter, dated Nov. 14, 1879:

To Mr. Giles from C. H. Allen

Your letters in the *Messenger* have given me real pleasure, especially that in which you so graphically describe M. Le Boys des Guays. How wonderfully the Lord prepares and raises up His chosen messengers and gives them strength to perform His work! May He strengthen you, dear Brother, to go on with your noble work in the free land of America, the reflex of which pulsates across the broad ocean and beats in gentle undulations even upon the poor shingly beach of my too faithful heart. I think I told you I was secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. I send you a letter I wrote to the *Times* respecting outrages in the South and the great exodus of colored freedmen. The facts reported are too terrible, and I am afraid they are true. Surely the noble North cannot justify or approve such acts. Will you kindly tell me how far they are known in the North and what steps are taken to put a stop to such enormities. I suppose this feeling against the Democrats is partly owing to the bad conduct of the Southerners. Would it not be well to have Grant back again? They tell us he kept the South in order and protected the negro. Your views on the subject will be much prized by me, for I am anxious only to obtain the truth. Much feeling is excited here by the constant reports of these awful outrages. Do not say you will not cross the Atlantic again or I shall be forced to say "I will." I wish I could bring my wife to visit your noble country.

In a letter from Brussels, dated August 27, 1879, Mr. Giles writes:

Miss Holmes says I have done them more good than I can imagine by my coming last year. She says they would not have moved a step if I had not come and helped them. She says I can have no idea of the influence of my visit, and if it is an abiding one I believe I may do them as much good this year as last. This is a great comfort to me. I shall go home feeling that I did not run before I was called and that my vacation has been useful to others as well as to myself. I cannot tell you how earnest and kind and cordial they have all been.

I have now a little better insight into the peculiarities of the French nature, and I shall know better how to help the little society. Well, it is pleasant to know we can help others.

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To Miss Holmes

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 30, 1879.

I am sorry you cannot make things go to suit you better, but you must not be too impatient. Do what you can without worry and do not be too anxious or too much disheartened if the church does not move along as fast as you could desire. It will succeed. We will do what we can and leave results with the Lord. The work you have already done will have a great influence, and that will continue even if you should not be able to do any more. But you will be, and when you are as old as I am you will see the greatest changes. So, my dear child, be patient and take some comfort, and be thankful that the Lord has given you the means and the will to do as much as you have done. Am I scolding you? Not in the least. I want to comfort, strengthen, and help you.

How many times I have wished I could speak French. I should be so much pleased to address your people. But I cannot, and so I must be content to let others do it. If I could speak I should have been with you before this, doing what I could to help forward the Second Coming among the French people.

On the homeward voyage the steamer on which Mr. Giles sailed struck a Norwegian barque loaded with sugar and cut her in two, one part going one side of the steamer and the other the other side. The steamer was stopped and backed, and the boats were lowered in an incredibly short space of time. The forward part of the vessel went down immediately with five sailors who were asleep in her. The after part floated a while and the boats soon rescued the men who were on it, and the captain, who was clinging to a spar. The boats were back in an hour and the steamer was under motion again. Five men were saved and five lost.

This accident created much excitement on board the ship and was the theme of conversation during the remainder of the voyage. Much sympathy was felt for the unfortunates, and subscriptions were taken up for the benefit of the rescued seamen.

September 8th, the wedding anniversary which brought to my mother so many beautiful letters, occurred during this voyage. My father's thoughts were homeward bound to her who was the centre of his home, and are thus, in part, expressed:

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It is a lovely day, the most lovely we have enjoyed since we left Europe. The ocean is at rest. The sun shines out from the clear blue heavens and the waters sparkle and glow with his reflected rays. Where it is not bright it is "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;" I have never seen such a day upon the ocean. We are nearing home. Already the influence of the land in which our home lies is distinctly perceptible. May it be a true omen of our own life. May it grow brighter and more peaceful toward its close, and may we feel more and more distinctly the pure and lovely sphere of heavenly influences which constantly flow forth from the bright homes toward which we are hastening and in which we hope forever to rest.

After his arrival he writes from Philadelphia, October 2, 1879:

I am going to Ithaca Saturday to preach on Sunday before the professors and students of Cornell University. I think your mother will go with me. She has had an invitation from the president, and I think it will be a pleasant trip for her. I have been trying to write two sermons for the occasion and am now in sight of the end of the last one.

Miss Holmes has married a M. Charles Humann, and Mr. Giles's letters are now addressed to her new name.

To Mme. Humann

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1879.

The New Church in relation to the old is like a little sprout just out of the ground compared with the mighty trunk of a tree which has been centuries in growing but which is now dead. It can grow no more and must become constantly weaker, while the sapling, weak in itself, is constantly gaining strength, and in the case of the New Church is a tree of life which will continue to grow forever, bearing all manner of good fruit, and whose leaves, even, will have power to heal the nations.

I do not doubt that a hall will be a better place for meeting than a private dwelling. You will get a larger number of hearers and be more likely to find those who will receive the doctrines and whose hearts will be animated by them. Go on with the good work. Let

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nothing discourage you. You will gain some measure of success and you will be preparing the way for still greater success in the future. M. Humann will become more interested in it and be able to perform a constantly enlarging use.

The following letters describe an episode in the life of the Philadelphia Society which had far-reaching consequences:

Nov. 10, 1879.

We are having quite an exciting time here in the New Church. We applied for the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association for lectures and were refused on the ground that we are not Evangelical. The papers got hold of it, and they have made it very warm for the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Magoon, a Baptist minister, came to me and offered us his church. His offer, made in writing, and my reply, were published in all the papers and became quite a general topic of conversation. The result was such a crowd last night as I never saw before in any church. So great was the pressure to get in that the doors were finally locked. People stood in the aisles. Every stairway and the steps to the pulpit were covered, and even the organ loft was crowded. Dr. Magoon sat with me in the pulpit and took part in the services. He introduced me very handsomely. I spoke about an hour on "Spiritual Death: its Nature, Origin, Delights and Torments," and though it was very sultry and the house was so closely packed, I held the attention to the last. I stand it very well.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12, 1879.

I enclose a report of the meeting Sunday night. How the man knew that I had written over a hundred books I do not know. With that exception the account is very good. It was estimated by one gentleman who stood outside that two thousand people came who could not get seats and went away. There was a stream of people coming and going for forty minutes after there was not standing room in the house. I do not flatter myself that they came to hear me or from any love for the New Church; I suppose they came from curiosity.

I think it will be useful to our people. It will stimulate them to

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greater activity and give them more hope. It will call the attention of the people to our church and may lead some to embrace our doctrines. If it does not accomplish that, it will have some effect in allaying prejudice and showing people that we are not wild fanatics. The papers gave very full reports of the lecture, and that also will help.

In all this matter I think we stand very well in the estimation of the community. It is the general opinion that we have pursued a wise and honorable course, and I am sure we shall gain by it, if we are not too much elated and do some foolish thing which will cause a reaction, and I do not think we shall.

From Chauncey Giles to his Daughter

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16, 1879.

I preached on "What is Evangelical Religion," and it was the purpose not only to define it, but to show that the New Church is Evangelical. I had good attention and I think it probable that the sermon will be published. I found there was so much interest in knowing something about us that it seemed to me it would be wise to change my subject from that announced in the Manual, and take one more especially adapted to what seemed to be a point of interest in the public mind.

I do not know what we shall do after to-night. We may either hire St. George's Hall or go back to our own church. We do not propose to go to Dr. Magoon's church again, though he has offered it to us. It might embarrass him in some way, and this we should be very sorry to do. We will do the best we can and leave the results where they belong.

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday evening, Eleven o'clock, 1879.

We had the same crowd to-night. People were going away when we came, and that was some minutes before the time for service. Every particle of space was occupied and many went away. A great crowd gathered in the street before the doors were opened.

But the best of all was the address of Dr. Magoon before I commenced. He said he was out among the crowd before the doors were opened, listening to the remarks, when a young man asked if I was going to be there to-night. When assured that I was, he said, "Those

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people don't believe in the Bible, do they?" "What makes you think so?" Dr. Magoon said. "Some man told me so," he replied.

Then Dr. Magoon went on and said it was very strange that a people should be so misunderstood. He said we were remarkable for two things in particular, — our belief in the sole and absolute Divinity of Jesus Christ and in the inspiration of the Bible. He spoke particularly of our belief in the Bible, referred to Noble's "Plenary Inspiration," to Dr. Bayley's works, those of Professor Parsons and the "True Christian Religion," and said he had profited greatly by reading them.

His remarks gave me an occasion to say something about our position in the world, and the difficulty we find in getting truly known. My lecture was listened to with profound attention. There were many of our people present. They must have gone early or they could not have obtained seats.

Well, this has been a successful day in some respects, I am sure. I think Dr. Magoon's remarks will do us much good in allaying prejudice and as an incentive to attendance at our church. I am very tired, too much so to sleep. But I must try it. So good-night.

The account is continued as follows:

Monday the Baptist minsters hauled Dr. Magoon over the coals for inviting me to preach in his pulpit, and they had quite a lively debate upon the subject. Of course my name is coupled with the Doctor's and the papers comment upon the remarks. Two weeks ago the *National Baptist*, a weekly paper published by the Baptists, had a very false and specious article under the title, "Swedenborg, — What Did He Teach?" I have replied to it, but I do not know whether the editor will admit it or not.

When Dr. Magoon was arraigned by the Conference of Baptist Ministers he addressed them as follows:

"Now, brethren, you have a perfect right to form and express your own private opinion as to the mental calibre and the moral excellence of your associates in the Christian life, and if you believe one to be heretical in doctrine, and a Church to be out of order in its movements, you have a right as independent churches to call an associated council

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of the same and then cite the offender before the ecclesiastical court and try the case. But not a man here present has the slightest credential to show that he comes hither to represent any Baptist organization whatever. As a ministerial conference you have not the slightest legal basis or ecclesiastical authority, and for you to take up an independent church in your discussion, and without notifying it of the trial you have instituted, proceed to condemn the same unheard, is a piece of stupendous impertinence which I did not think you capable of perpetrating. To speak back in words recriminating is no part of my purpose, believing sincerely with St. Francis de Sales that I would give twenty serpents for one dove."

Dr. Magoon then knelt and repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which he stepped off the platform, saying, as he retired from the hall, "Dear brethren, I wish you all a very, very happy New Year."

The correspondence which took place between Mr. Giles and Dr. Magoon follows:

From Dr. E. L. Magoon to Rev. Chauncey Giles

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4, 1879.

DEAR FELLOW SINNER: If you wish, my pulpit is at your command for next Sunday night to teach any truth you may honestly believe.

Yours fraternally,

E. L. MAGOON.

From Rev. Chauncey Giles to Dr. E. L. Magoon

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5, 1879.

The friendly offer of the use of your church for next Sunday evening was duly laid before our church committee and was unanimously accepted by them with many thanks for your kindness. Hoping the courtesy extended to us may strengthen the bonds of human brotherhood, and that the truths taught may promote the cause of genuine Christianity, I remain,

Yours in the bonds of Truth,

CHAUNCEY GILES.

THE LIFE OF CHAUNCEY GILES

November 25, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER GILES: Your kind favor of the 19th inst. came duly to hand.

The document to "Broad Street Baptist Church" was read to the congregation last Sunday evening and entered on the church records last night.

Dear Brother, your own generous intuition told you at once the motive that led me to your side, and will keep us very near each other to share serenely the bitterness of bigoted abuse.

Our names are coupled and commended by generous natures all over the land. Greetings come from strangers, widely differenced as to dogma, but unified by what is deepest in redeemed humanity and friendship inspired by our dear Lord.

Yours in a common service,

E. L. MAGOON.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER GILES: It was my full purpose to attend at least one of your lectures, but am prevented.

Yesterday was occupied in New York, getting a permit to pass on the dead body of my grandchild.

Must go Monday to Vermont to bury it.

Yours in mutual infamy,

MAGOON.

From Dr. Magoon to a Friend

December 24.

Christian courtesy was extended to Chauncey Giles for two reasons. First, every man who does not cripple others has a right to his own freedom of thought and utterance. Second, personal conviction leads me especially to favor the most open consideration of Swedenborg's belief. Ten years ago I began to get quit of the "Death's head and marrow-bones Theology," and the universe of the dear Lord brightens more and more every day.

Early in January, 1880, Mr. Giles received the following letter from Dr. Magoon. It closes the correspondence between the two clergymen.

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As an instance of coöperative Christianity irrespective of creed it is well worthy of preservation.

Thanks for your kind letter this morning received. When you write Dr. Bayley please thank him for the lesson of good nature I took from his example at Brighton, when badgered by the bigots there. If he will "come over" he shall be "heretic" No. 2 in my pulpit.

As it is, letters from the first people, near and remote, prove that you and your "Fellow Sinner" are more loved than ever. Is not that better for us, and for the dear Lord's kingdom, than any polemic triumph?

Thanks to Providence for personal acquaintance and coöperative faith.

Dr. Magoon's generous Christianity, and the publicity brought to the church through mention of the incident by the newspapers, were of inestimable value in drawing the attention of Philadelphians to the New Church and her doctrines. For eleven weeks of that winter Mr. Giles spoke to crowded houses. The general topic of the first series of discourses was the "Garden of Eden," with subdivisions on the "Origin of Evil," etc.

The second series began with the sermon "Who Was Jesus Christ?" followed by "How Does He Save Men?" "The Death of Christ," and "The Blood of Christ."

Mr. Giles writes :

The trustees have placed seats on hinges at the end of every slip, which gives us about sixty more sittings. These were mostly occupied this morning.

The society has commenced publishing my sermons every week. The sermon I preached two weeks ago, "Who Was Jesus Christ?" was distributed after service last Sunday. Seven hundred and seventy-five copies were taken, and since then many more have been called for, so that more than a thousand have been distributed. Eight hundred were taken to-day and there were many calls, which could not be met, for the first sermon. There seems to be a very lively interest in the work. The young men who act as librarians are kept very busy before and after service, giving out and receiving books. Some persons who cannot come to church send by others for the sermons. So you see I am

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having a large audience, and it does my soul good to know that the Lord has given me power to feed many hungry souls.

We have about seventy-five thousand dollars towards a new church, which I hope to see erected before 1882.

We have really put into circulation over six hundred thousand pages of matter relating to the New Church. I think the people are united and working together more harmoniously than ever before.

I presume the interest will in some measure subside, but if we had a church which would hold a thousand people now, it would be filled every Sunday. It is delightful to see such a manifestation of interest in our doctrines. It cheers and strengthens one for more work. I hope I may be able to do it. But if I am not some one else will take my place and carry it on. I don't know what to make of it. I am sure I have done nothing specially. I expect every day to see the crowd diminish; but instead of that there seems to be a growing interest. The audience is also an intelligent one. The attention is profound, and we see the same faces Sunday after Sunday. So I hope there may be a permanent interest. I have always felt that there were many people who would rejoice in the doctrines of the New Church if they could get access to them. I only wish I could do more to help those who need help.

If the pressure continues they must seriously take into consideration the subject of building a new church. I told Mr. L—— as I came out of church that I was afraid I was getting the society into difficulties. "Yes," he said, laughing, "you are trying your best every Sunday to do it. Well," he said, "we will meet the difficulty with as much fortitude and equanimity as possible." I should dread such a movement because I am old and it would entail so much labor upon me, and yet I would be glad to see it.

April 7, 1880. The trustees are going to meet to-night with the church committee to discuss the subject of providing a new house of worship, and I have some hope that something will be done.

Well, it is pleasant to see a society which has been noted for its dissensions waking up and working together so harmoniously. I am sure I do not know how it has been done. It seems to have done itself, somehow.

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The Convention of 1880 met in Portland. The subject of the President's Address was "Spiritual Union." By vote of Convention two thousand extra copies were printed and distributed throughout the United States and Canada.

In July of this year Mr. and Mrs. Giles again went abroad. They landed in Liverpool. After a short visit to a friend in the suburbs of Liverpool they went to Manchester for over Sunday and a few days following. Mr. Giles preached and they attended the dedication of a church at Radcliffe. Dr. Bayley of London was present. From Manchester they went to Birmingham. The event of their stay there was the celebration of the centenary of the Sunday school. This occurred on August 5th. Mrs. Giles says:

On that day after dinner everybody took naps, to be ready for the evening celebration, — some on sofas, some in easy chairs — gentlemen upstairs.

When the time arrived every one met in the lower rooms of the school-house for tea and afterwards went upstairs for the celebration itself. The room was decorated with flowers, many fuchsias in pots, also ferns. Everything looked fresh and pretty. There were speeches and music. Mr. Rogers was pleased to say the meeting was twofold: *first*, to give a welcome to their friend and brother from America, also to commemorate the establishment of Sunday schools. Of course he rather got the cart before the horse, but such polite fictions are well understood.

Mr. Giles was awarded the honor of presenting the commemorative medals to the teachers and officers of the school and also to Mr. Rogers, the pastor of the society. Everything passed off pleasantly. I had almost forgotten to say that two pictures, one of Raikes' house and the other of the house in which the first Sunday school was opened, were passed from seat to seat in the audience room, that we might see them. Mr. Rabone gave us two copies of the same, which we shall value very highly.

In our country our Sunday schools are composed in the main of the children whose parents attend church. In England the establishment of such schools was a movement to give to those who could not afford it an education. At that time they had not the Board schools, which now are in operation all over the country.

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In the year 1780 a printer named Robert Raikes was walking one Sunday about the narrow streets of Gloucester. He became impressed with the many children running wild in the streets and was much concerned to improve their condition. He induced the teachers of several dame-schools to take the children in and instruct them in the ordinary rudiments of education with additional teaching from the Bible.

From this beginning the movement spread and Sunday schools were established throughout England, at first amongst the poor only.

As every day educational privileges increased, the demand for secular teaching on the Sabbath diminished and instruction became more distinctly religious. The teachers, no longer paid for their services, were volunteers who engaged in the work for the love of it.

This was the beginning, and from this nucleus have grown all the Sunday schools of the world.

The New Church people who were pioneers in this work would build a schoolhouse for week-day instruction which would also become a place of worship. "The children of the neighborhood would then be gathered in and taught, and would thus come under the influence of New Church people, and incidentally, if not directly, learn New Church truths. Quite naturally the children are disposed to come to religious meetings and bring their parents. In this way the schools are an important instrument in building up the church."

From Birmingham Mr. and Mrs. Giles went to London. Here Mr. Giles preached for Mr. Tafel, and in the evening at the Argyle Square Church. The London visit was followed by one to Liverpool. Here the English Conference met. They very much enjoyed the proceedings. In the evening there was a discussion on the "Relation of Religion and Science." The Conference lasted two days. They were invited to a grand supper at one house. There were many toasts, speeches, etc. While there they learned that similar feasts were going on all over the city. The Liverpool clergyman was invited to all of them, and drove from one house to another in the evening.

From Liverpool they went to Southport. Here they made a brief visit and Mr. Giles lectured. On the next day a social gathering was planned, but Mr. and Mrs. Giles thought best to forego the pleasure and return to Liverpool and thence to London. Here, after re-packing, they left for Harwich. They sailed for Antwerp in what Mrs. Giles called "the poorest specimen of a steamer it was ever my ill luck to take. We did live through the night and found each other in the morning and compared miseries."

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On their arrival they went from Rotterdam to Amsterdam. After seeing the usual sights there they went to the Hague.

Their next objective was Antwerp. Thence they went to Cologne.

From Cologne their itinerary included Coblenz, a trip on the Rhine to Bingen, and thence to Homburg. From here they took an excursion to Frankfort, in which place they much enjoyed a visit with Mr. Mittenacht's family.

After a short stay in Brussels they went to Antwerp, whence they sailed for home. They arrived in Philadelphia October 8th. Father remarks that "It was rather desolate coming into the house which had been closed so long, with no help, and nothing but dust and insect powder to greet us."

CHAPTER XVI

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1881-1886

EARLY in January, 1881, Mr. Giles notes the encouraging fact that for the first time in its existence the Philadelphia Society was out of debt.

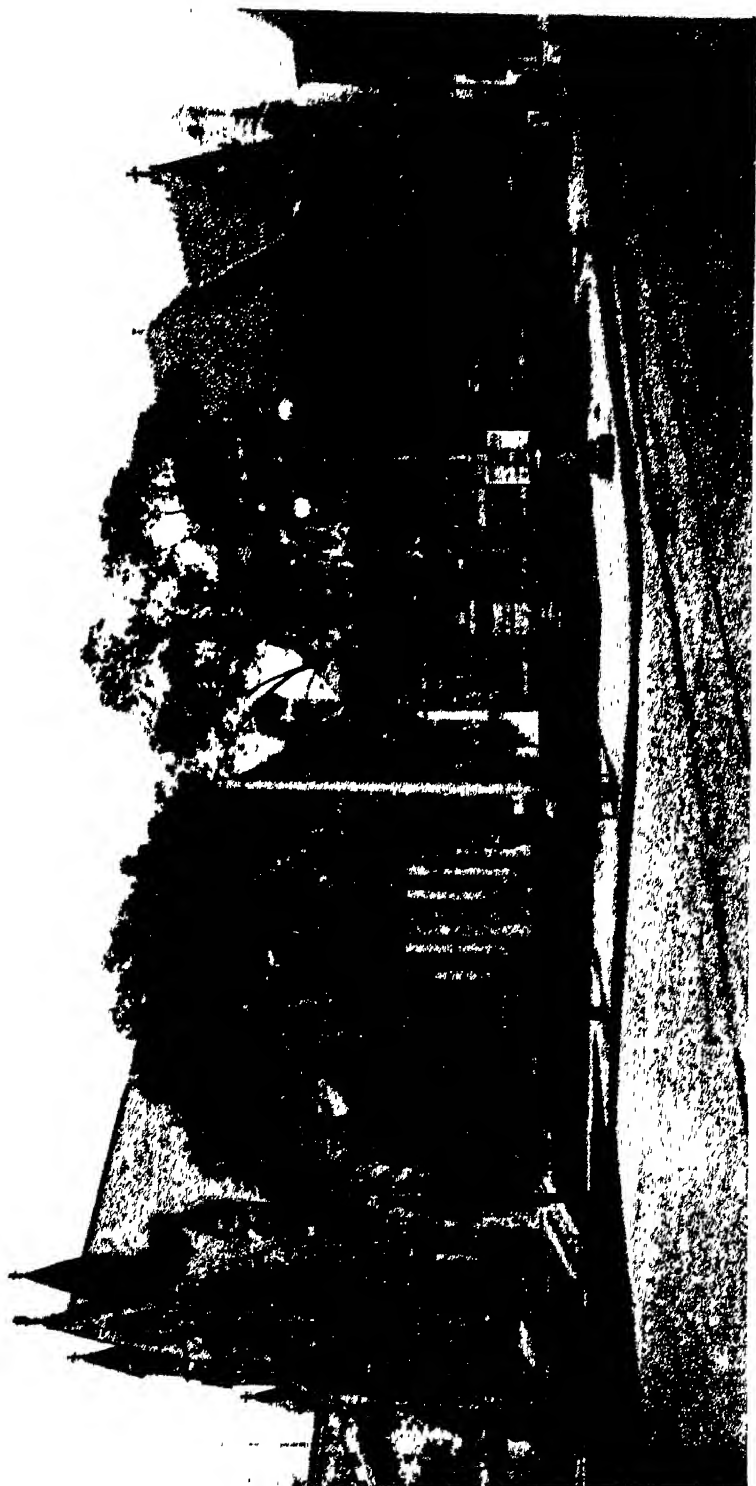
During this year the sermons on the "Garden of Eden" were published, and also the "Valley of Diamonds." The latter book was printed in England. An accident occurred to the steamer which brought it to this country, and the delay thus incurred spoiled the Christmas sale.

In May a lot for the new church, on the corner of Chestnut and Twenty-second streets, was purchased. The work was pursued with vigor, and in November the corner-stone was laid. Mr. Giles comments on the ceremony as follows:

It was a bright but cold and blustering day, altogether too cold for enjoyment, but there was a good number of people present. I handled the trowel, so the masons said, almost like an expert. I believe I have been commended more highly for the manner in which I laid on the mortar than for any sermon I have preached. I suggested to the masons that if they were short of hands at any time to call upon me.

From time to time the letters note with quiet enjoyment the progress of building, but Mr. Giles's deepest satisfaction came in "the entire unanimity in which every step concerning it was taken by the society." In 1882 the old church was sold to a Unitarian society and the building was used jointly by the New Church people and the Unitarians until the new temple for the former was ready. The edifice was completed in the early spring of 1883 and the dedication service took place on March 11th. As the time approached it occupied more and more of Mr. Giles's thoughts. Letters on the subject to and from various people follow. In his letter of invitation to Mr. Meday, he says:

We can promise you a cordial welcome and you may see what a small body of earnest and united New Churchmen can accomplish, in



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one direction at least. We can show you a handsome church and the handsomest Sunday school building you ever saw, and what is much better, some live New Churchmen.

I think we have performed a much greater use than we should have done if we had carried on the most interesting quarrel with one another or with any one else.

February 8th, 1883, he writes:

The completion of this church and the Sunday School building and their dedication to the Lord will be in one way the crowning success of my life. I do not know of any one who thought it to be possible when I came here. I do not think any one even dreamed of it, but there they stand, an ornament to the city and a beautiful and convenient home for our society. This has been accomplished without any contention or difference of opinion which has caused any ill feeling. I doubt whether a church was ever erected with so much unanimity and with so little effort to carry any special plan in opposition to the wishes of others. We have been highly favored in almost every respect, but you can easily see that there must have been some wise direction.

We have invited Mr. Reed to deliver the discourse at the dedication, and there will be other ministers to take part in the service. How many we can get I do not know, but I should like to have all my children here, if possible. I do not know of a better time, and I doubt whether they will ever be able to all meet again.

To Mr. Giles from Eliza J. Chandler

BROOKLINE, February 21, 1883.

Many thanks for your kind invitation to the dedication of our New Church in Philadelphia. I accept this invitation with great pleasure, and shall be with you in spirit if not in body.

I well remember the dedication of the small church in Twelfth Street, when Mr. Hargrove ordained Mr. Carll to be our minister, New Year's morning, 1817. In a letter of my father's, written March 17th, 1817, a copy of which I have, he says:

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“It affords me great consolation to inform you we go on in peace and harmony, increasing in number, and our Temple is so crowded in the afternoon that many are obliged to go away. If I could have foreseen this circumstance I certainly would have made the Temple larger, but really I feared we should not be sufficient to fill the house, and you know a large place of worship and a small congregation have a discouraging appearance and effect on the members as well as on the strangers who attend, but the Lord will provide another Temple if necessary, and perhaps the circumstance of our being so crowded and not having room for all that wish to come may be the very cause of inducing many to be more anxious to come and read the books. If a larger house had been necessary, I doubt if the Lord in His wise providence would not have instigated me to have built it at the time, for I am convinced He governs and regulates the concerns of our little society in a wonderful and hidden manner or it would not go on with harmony and peace.”

The Lord now has provided another Temple and I am pleased that my son Theophilus was chosen to be the architect. He has expressed great pleasure in constructing this building and I am very thankful that his design and work have given satisfaction. Dear Mr. Giles, chosen and faithful servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, may He fill you with His Holy Spirit and His tender love, that you may be able to send forth the doctrines and truths of His holy Word throughout this large and beautiful country, and may His blessing return upon you and fill you with peace. Kind remembrances to Mrs. Giles.

Written from our old, sweet home in Brookline, surrounded by a happy family, of husband, six grown children and two grandchildren. I am one of the few left who worshipped in the little Temple at the corner of Twelfth and George Streets, Philadelphia.

The dedication of the new church took place on March 11th, 1883. There was a full and beautiful service, in which Mr. Giles was assisted by Rev. James Reed of Boston. There was also an evening service in which Rev. J. B. Parmelee of Wilmington, Rev. S. M. Warren of Boston, and Rev. C. H. Mann participated with the pastor. The music for both morning and evening was fine and both services were very im-

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pressive. As my father had hoped, all of his children were present on the occasion.

April 7th, 1883, he writes:

I feel very grateful and happy and humble. I do not see how it has been done. It does not seem as though I had had anything to do with it, but I suppose I have; I feel constantly like saying, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." If I can only continue to do my part well I shall be still more thankful. Several persons have said to me, "I should think you would be proud of your success," but I am not. It is n't my success.

To return to 1881. In June of that year Mr. Giles wrote one of his letters of encouragement to Mme. Humann. He says:

Visible success is very cheering, and it requires much courage and faith to work on in the face of difficulties without much apparent progress. I think the hardest thing to bear is the indifference of others who profess to have some interest in our work. How much of that you have to try you! Those who ought to sustain you with money and sympathy, and good, faithful work, hold back and are quite willing to let you do the work and bear the expense of it. I saw that when I was in Paris. It is disheartening, but it shows how necessary it is to have some one who will go forward and sustain the work and who is not afraid to have it known that he is a New Churchman. You are a providential woman, and in my judgment are doing the most important work that is going on in your country to-day.

I like the idea of editing a paper. The press is the most economical instrument for diffusing knowledge at present. You can reach many minds in that way to which you could not get personal access.

I think your idea of a house with a chapel connected with it a very good one, and I hope you will be able to carry it into effect, and I think you will in good time.

If you can form a printing society do so. Even if it is very small at the beginning it will grow, and societies often live when persons die. If you do form a society, I should insist upon all the members bearing the expense of it. It is better for them to do it.

THE LIFE OF CHAUNCEY GILES

The summer of this year was spent at Lake George, the first of many happy seasons to follow it.

Early in the year 1882 Mr. Giles suffered from bronchitis. The attack lasted for several weeks, and he was thereby forced to a period of inactivity which he found quite irksome.

In the spring his lease of the house 3609 Hamilton Street was relinquished for a consideration to a purchaser. The furniture was stored; Mrs. Giles went to visit her children in New York and Mr. Giles and his sons boarded in Philadelphia. Meanwhile an opportunity occurred to buy a very comfortable homelike house at 3502 Hamilton Street. Through the kindness of friends arrangements were made which enabled Mr. Giles to buy the house. For the first time in his life my father owned a home of his very own. This fact was a constant source of gratitude. I have heard my mother say that it was the only material blessing for which he ever prayed. The home was a comfort to them both in their declining years and a blessing most deeply appreciated.

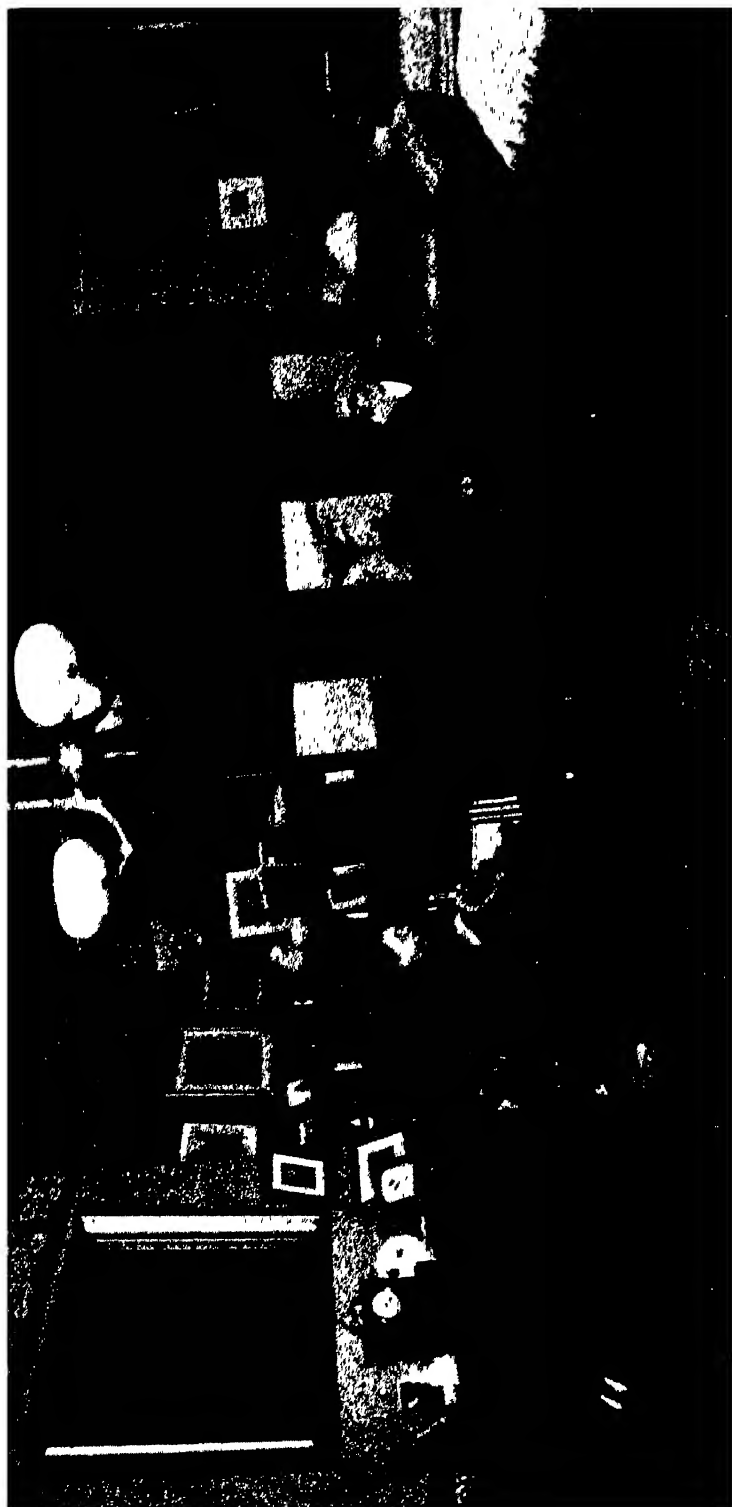
The kind friend or friends—identification has always remained a mystery—who so repeatedly made it possible for Mr. Giles to go to Europe again offered, through the steamship company, passage for Mr. and Mrs. Giles to go abroad. They accepted the offer at first, but eventually decided to remain in this country and spend a few weeks of the summer at the seashore.

The annual meeting of Convention is always the most important event of the church year. As president of that body Mr. Giles deeply felt his responsibilities. The beautiful letter which is in part herewith given, from Mr. Benjamin Worcester, must have been very encouraging, the principles herein stated were so fully in accord with those of my father.

To Mr. Giles from Benjamin Worcester

WALTHAM, MASS., May 14, 1882.

For the last few months my thoughts have been very much with the Convention and its ministry. I am anxious that our Convention should be gaining more and more of the respect due to it from all its component members, and I think it our duty, each as he can, to strengthen your hands as its present head. With this purpose, please allow me to express to you what it seems to me we are to look for at your hands,



THE STUDY AT 3502 HAMILTON STREET, A BUREAU

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believing that the better you know all our wants the more grace will be given you to answer them.

It is too much the fashion in our associations to regard the Convention or its meetings as a congress in which to scramble for what our respective sections most want. The reverse should be the case. We should go to Convention as the Jews went up to Jerusalem, with our best offerings in our hands, to lay them together before the Lord, to receive His blessing upon them, and to accept what is bestowed upon us from Him. We should go with love for Him and for the whole of His Church uppermost in mind and with the desire to submit our own ways to Him and our special good to the good of the whole.

In doing this, it seems to me, our hearts will be lifted up nearer to the Lord and into association with angels who behold His face, and we shall receive interior blessings that will hallow the whole year. I am sure that many in times past have gone to Convention with this feeling and have received this blessing. I am sorry to hear at times other feelings expressed. I know that at this very coming Convention a division on important subjects is expected and more or less strife. Difference of opinion cannot but be met. Yet it will subside and leave no scar if love for the good of all and desire to submit to the judgment of the whole shall only be kept uppermost in the heart.

What now can we ask of our president in this behalf? When all were assembled at Jerusalem it was Aaron's office to bear the names of the tribes on his breast, and to go into the Holy of Holies before the Lord, to lay the blood of their sin offering on the mercy seat. We can ask nothing more of our president than that he should, with full consciousness of the forwardness of our hearts, acknowledge our sins and lay our offerings before the Lord, and pray with all the strength that is given him in our behalf. So far as he is enabled to do this we shall see his face to shine with the light reflected from angel faces, words of the Lord's love and peace will fall from his lips, and he will guide our deliberations with the gentle steadiness of his shepherd's crook.

Please let this humble prayer of mine, in behalf, I hope, of many, serve to offset suggestions that may come to you from other quarters, of battles to be fought and stern rulings required.

THE LIFE OF CHAUNCEY GILES

The dedication of the new church of the Chicago Society was the most important event during Convention. This Mr. Giles mentions in his diary, and he also makes some comments on what should be the ruling motive of ministers in their work.

June 4, 1882. It was a memorable day for the people of Chicago. They have been burned out and scattered and divided, and now, after some years, are gathered together again. I hope the Church will grow strong and flourish. The house they have erected is a very pleasant one, though there are many things in it which would not or do not suit me.

June 5, 1882. A plan for the reorganization of the ministry was adopted, of which some of the ministry have great hopes. I cannot see much difference between it and the old order.

There are some ministers who are constantly striving for a low kind of power,—the power of votes and office. They desire to rule as politicians rule. Surely there must be a new kind, a higher order of power in the Church. We must seek the power which comes from love by truth. . . .

I am not a favorite with the ministers. Some of them pretend to regard me with contempt as a shallow man with very little knowledge of the doctrines. Well, I have not a great amount of knowledge of them and have never claimed to have, but I try to make some use of what I have.

In a letter to a friend my father speaks of the controlling motives which he thought should actuate both minister and congregation:

It is an entire mistake that ministers are to rule in an arbitrary way or are invested with any authority over their societies. They ought to be able to lead, but instead of going before the flock and leading them in freedom by means of the truth some go behind and drive them. It seems to me that the people are willing to accord all due respect and obedience to ministers, often more than they deserve, but the minister and people are brethren and there should be mutual counsel and aid and real sympathy with one another. It seems a little strange, but

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1881-1886

many of the brightest minds in the New Church have greatly weakened or wholly destroyed their influence by the love of power.

In midwinter of 1882-83 Mr. Giles fell on a slippery pavement and fractured a rib. He says:

The people have been very earnest in their inquiries about me and kind in attention to my comfort and wants. They have sent me flowers and fruits and jellies and other eatables sufficient to give me dyspepsia for a year. If I should eat them all the consequences would be worse than a broken rib.

It is very pleasant to have Lucy with us. It seems as though there were many good things in broken ribs.

I can see that it is going to be useful to me. It will be a rest from brain work and it will give me time to think quietly and a little more excursively. I can go outside the lines of a sermon and a lecture and take a wider and I hope a wiser view. I am almost overwhelmed with the goodness and mercy of the Lord. I have often been impressed with the constant repetition of the words "by the Divine mercy of the Lord" in Swedenborg's writings. We think we see it in some exceptional things, but we are too apt to overlook it in the constant and customary things. But "His mercy is forever." Everything that is good and beautiful has its origin in the Lord and is a heavenly force. Swedenborg mentions flowers as one of them, and I think I have enjoyed the many beautiful flowers that have been sent me more than ever as a form and revelation of heavenly purity and beauty.

Notwithstanding his accident he managed to do some work, as we find in the following extract from a letter:

PHILADELPHIA, January 12, 1883.

I am going on in the same old way. Last week I wrote an article for an encyclopaedia of religious knowledge. Tuesday night I lectured before the Young Men's Hebrew Association. It was a stormy night, but I had a full house and excellent attention. The subject was the "Wit and Wisdom of Children." The audience was greatly amused, and the rabbi and some leading men expressed much satisfaction in

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the lecture. Yesterday I took the title page, contents, introduction, and corrections of my discourses on "Prayer" to the printer. They are soon to be issued by the Lippincotts. They will make a volume of two hundred and thirty pages ("Perfect Prayer"). This is all extra work, so you see I am not idle.

Extract from a letter to Mr. Meday:

Your kind letter came with many other voices of friends from afar to comfort and cheer me in hours of pain. I was laid on the shelf for a few weeks but I am about again now, — not, however, in my full vigor. I preach on Sunday and can do some writing, but at my age fractured bones and ruptured membranes do not heal as rapidly as in youth.

It is as impossible for a society to grow when torn by dissensions as it is for the human body when its bones are broken and its muscles are torn to pieces. I wonder that every minister cannot see a fact so self-evident. Perhaps it will be seen more clearly when the ministers and the people get the beam of self-love out of their eyes. Well, we are poor guides at the best.

I hope you will make your arrangements to attend the Convention this year. It is the centennial of the establishment of the New Church in America.

From Philadelphia, June 22, 1883, Mr. Giles writes:

I have been busy in one way or another, mainly in writing an article on Swedenborg for Dr. Schaff's "Encyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge." It has been a severe, because an unusual, task for me. I have only one or two more things to do in a literary way before I finish my summer's work.

In July Mr. and Mrs. Giles again went abroad, sailing directly to Antwerp. From here they went to Aix-la-Chapelle and there tried the baths so famous for the cure of rheumatism.

On their arrival at Antwerp they found a letter awaiting them from Mme. Humann. The little church in Paris was nearly completed and she wished very much to have my father dedicate it, but as it was not



MR. AND MRS. GILES

*About 1883
During Philadelphia Pastorate*

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1881-1886

quite in readiness, he suggested that his visit to Paris be postponed until after the English Conference. This was agreed upon, so, after a short trial of the baths, Mrs. Giles and he went to London.

The journey to England consisted of a series of misadventures and minor disagreeable happenings. There were many delays in their railway journey across Holland and the Channel crossing was rough in the extreme. However, they were met by kind friends in England. There was time for a day's and a night's rest before the very busy Sunday when Mr. Giles preached morning and evening for Dr. Bayley.

After two weeks spent in London he writes from Birmingham:

We have seen more of London and under more favorable circumstances than ever before, and the more we see of it the more we are impressed with its size, wealth, and power.

We expected to have been in Paris long before this, but they have met with great delays in getting their church ready and have had many obstacles which were difficult to overcome. There has been a long and vexatious lawsuit about the land on which the church is erected. This was decided only a few days ago, and fortunately in their favor.

We have many invitations to visit in England which we cannot accept. I think we shall return to London in a few days and remain there for a time. Then we can visit Mme. Humann at Dieppe, or go to Paris, and do as we please there. I do not care to travel about much. We must be in Antwerp on the 14th, and we sail on the 15th, only two weeks from next Saturday, which will soon come around. Your mother thinks I am much better than when I left home and I think she is, so you have two good witnesses to our improved health. We hope to come home quite strong for work. I preached twice yesterday and read the service, and though weary last night, I feel none the worse for it this morning.

In spite of delays and disappointments, the little church in Paris was finally ready, and my father was at hand to dedicate it. His description of the event follows:

Mme. Humann and her husband have erected a very neat little church which will seat two hundred people. It is so connected with

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their dwelling that they can pass into it from the house and from the book room, which is one room in the house. This arrangement will be very convenient in the circulation of the books and tracts.

The church is situated in the Latin Quarter. It is near the Pantheon and the great university. They hope to attract the attention of some of the students and professors, but they have many difficulties to overcome, of which we can form but little conception. The French people are under the domination of the Catholic spirit, though they know it not. Some of their leading men were opposed to having the front door of the church open on the day it was dedicated, for fear it would be too public and attract too much attention! They wanted to enter it through Mme. Humann's house. They were afraid that it would be known that they were New Churchmen. This is only an instance of the power which the Catholic Church still has over the souls of those who reject her doctrines. There are some, however, who have in a great measure become emancipated. I baptized a very pleasant young lady whose mother, a widow, is a Catholic of the Jesuitic order. She was, of course, violently opposed by her mother, but she was determined to come out freely for the New Church and she has done it, but it must have required a great amount of courage. Such instances encourage me to believe that the New Church can be established among the French people.

Mr. Presland went to Paris to assist in the dedication. The services were very simple. I read the service and M. Humann translated it as I went along. He did the same with my address and with Mr. Presland's. He then addressed the audience in French. Two hymns were sung very well by Mme. Humann and her friend, who played on the melodeon.

After the services I baptized three children and two adults. A Frenchman whom Mr. B. ordained, but who does not dare to have it known even to New Churchmen generally, read the preliminary service in French, and I administered the sacrament. This was done after the service of dedication. Mme. Humann's little boy was one of the children I baptized and the two Catholic grandmothers were present. M. Humann's mother came to me just before the service and said the

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Catholics recognize our baptism, but she had looked at our service and she thought we did not say "Amen" after it. She seemed to be afraid that that would invalidate it in some way, but I told her I would say "Amen" after the service. This seemed to comfort her. Then she wanted to know if I baptized them with a whisk. When a number of persons are to be baptized the Catholic priests sometimes take a little whisk broom and, dipping it in the water, sprinkle the candidates and so baptize them all at one time. "You know," she said with some concern, "that sometimes the water might not go onto all of them." I told her that I should baptize each one separately. That satisfied her. The administration of the sacrament was witnessed with much interest and seemed to make a deep impression upon them all.

It was a trying day to me, as you can well imagine. I felt much relieved when it was over, but everything went off very smoothly.

After their return to America came this very encouraging news from Paris:

From L. Humann, Bellevue, Seine-et-Oise

November 6, 1883.

My husband continues his preaching and I must say with success. Every Sunday the audiences are triple what they used to be in our parlor. Our own people are more interested, and we have many strangers who come in; some new people never missed a Sunday since you were here, my dear Mr. Giles. Some Protestant ministers are getting interested; in fact, things look more hopeful than they ever did. Mr. C. was saying last Sunday that this public worship was certainly a great step for the New Church in France and one in the right direction. He says he will try to help my husband and preach sometimes.

But the best is that the new people listen with such interest. Sometimes you could hear a pin drop. It seems so new to them and yet so sensible; we can see that. My husband feels the influence of that interest and certainly he never spoke so well.

We feel so grateful to you, my dear Mr. Giles, for all you have done for us. If it had not been for you we could never have met as we are meeting now. And the suggestions and advice you gave us are in-

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valuable. The people of the church in France were going on a wrong track and your inspiration set them right.

Renewed in vigor by his vacation abroad, the close of the year brought many activities to Mr. Giles. Three "literary lectures" were given on successive Tuesday evenings, and he preached again in Dr. Magoon's church to a crowded house.

About this time the *Philadelphia Press* began publishing his sermons in full. Of this my father said:

I think the publication of my sermons in the *Press* will have a good effect upon our own people and will call the attention of the public to our church. They will also tend to correct many misapprehensions about the New Church and I hope remove some prejudices. So far as any influence upon the community was concerned, our church seemed to be dead and buried, out of sight, and forgotten. I am trying to gain recognition for it, and I think I am succeeding. If I can get a hearing, I hope to lead those who can be led into the church.

One Sunday evening a lecture was given in Horticultural Hall, the largest auditorium in Philadelphia.

Upon all these varied uses he entered with the utmost zest. He loved his work and was never so happy as when engaged in it.

In the latter part of the year 1883 my father again fell and broke one of his ribs. He was incapacitated from active work for several weeks but still managed to write. He thus refers to it:

PHILADELPHIA, January 21, 1884.

Our Church Committee are getting to be quite overbearing in their demands upon me. I don't see how I can stand it. At the last meeting they ordered me to get a carriage whenever I wanted to go out and charge the cost to the church. A stop must be put to this domineering.

I am getting into the harness again, but have not fully recovered my strength. I contrive to preach on Sunday and write a sermon when I can, but my brain soon wearies. Our services are very well attended and our people feel much encouraged to extend their work. We have a missionary who is beginning to visit the neighboring towns. If he proves useful we shall try to keep him in the field.

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I think we have a very meagre conception of what might be done in giving spiritual help and comfort to many in a society who need it, the rich quite as much if not more than the poor; I am trying to awaken our people to the idea of having a genuine society of the New Church. It is slow work, but something may be done; not much, however, in my time. But it will never be done until we work for it.

After a long period of dull weather he says:

A strange phenomenon has occurred twice this week in Philadelphia. A remarkable canopy of blue has spread over the whole heavens, and a bright orb with a clear disk appears in it during the day, and beautiful gems of light, brighter than diamonds, in the night. The papers have not taken much notice of it yet, but people look up with wonder and rejoicing. Have you noticed anything of the kind in New York?

Convention was held in Philadelphia this year, and many arrangements were necessary for the meeting of its delegates. The preparation of the annual address was always an arduous task to Mr. Giles. And yet the spirit of these addresses was so filled with love to the church and the wish to further its best interests that their usefulness was undoubtedly very great.

My parents did not spend the summer at the seashore, but had a taste of the salt air in a brief visit to friends at Bayshore, Long Island, and before long they left with Lake George as their final objective.

To this beautiful region for many summers my father and mother went. Through the kindness of some of his parishioners a good room was secured for them season after season at the Sagamore, which has since burned to the ground, but at that time was a fine, new hotel on Green Island, one of the best situations on the lake. They loved the spot and many are their references to its quiet beauty.

At this time, instead of going by the most direct route, they first visited their daughter near Boston. From there they went to Charlemont, my father's native place, and after a pleasant visit with the relatives went on to Lake George.

Mr. Giles had many dear friends in England. The Mr. Allen to whom the following letter is addressed was the kind gentleman who had on one occasion accompanied my father to Germany.

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To Mr. Allen from Chauncey Giles

PHILADELPHIA, January 10, 1885.

I feel moved to write you to-night. I often think of you and call upon you, and I hope you sometimes cross the raging Atlantic and look in upon me. You will generally find me in the same sitting-room, at the same desk, and scribbling away in the same old effort to transmit to others some ideas of the Holy City, and give them some help in entering through its gates of pearl. The city grows brighter, more glorious and attractive every day, as I seem to be approaching it. I am sure it is closer to my thought, but whether I am really drawing near to it is quite another matter, for we can only enter it as its streets and river of life enter us. But I am beginning to preach, so inveterate is the habit.

Well, my brother, how fare you and how fare the wife and children? I hope you are all well and doing well, and are still at No. 1 West Hill. I hear from you occasionally, through your paper, for which I thank you. I hope you are making some progress in rescuing men from slavery of the body. I am trying to do the same work for those who are in bondage to sin, and I am sure I am making some progress. A very comforting idea has been given me. Every effort to do good meets with some success. There! is not that a comfort? I have spent the whole evening talking with a Japanese who is somewhat interested in our doctrines. He has promised to call again. Who knows the result? I do not; I will not pretend to prophesy.

But possibly you may care more to know something about me than about a Jap. Well, I am about the same as when you saw me, head a little whiter, step a little feebler, limbs a little stiffer, but able to do about the same amount of work, and I am nearly two years nearer home. There is consolation in that. And yet I am in no hurry; I am willing to remain in this foreign land as long as my Master has any work for me to do and wait until He calls me. But the home seems nearer and more beautiful and wonderful.

There cannot be anything too great or rich or good for the Lord to give. The more He can give the better He is pleased. So I comfort

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myself. Ah! but to think of being freed from the impediments of this mortal flesh and to go on into clearer light, into more ardent love, and into a more glorious rest forever! Can these things be?

To Mr. Giles from Charles H. Allen

LONDON, 1885.

I have been very busy getting up two large Anti-Slavery meetings of which you will see the account in the *Reporter*. H. M. Stanley spoke at the London meeting and it was quite a sweep.

I have had a busy and an anxious time, as you may well imagine, since the death of our beloved friend Gordon and the relapse of London into a state of barbarism and anarchy. The poor natives are worse off than ever and slave hunting goes on merrily. Still we do not despair. There is a Divine Providence yet, although so strangely denied, and we try to leave the destiny of the African tribes to the guiding of that Supreme hand. But it is our duty to use the means God has placed in our hands, and so this society must continue its work until slavery is abolished all the world over! A long time off, I fear!

We continue to delight in your sermons whenever we meet with any, and my wife was saying only on Sunday that whilst we were at church and she had to remain at home unwell, she had read a most beautiful sermon of yours in "Perfect Prayer." So you see you are with us in spirit through the medium of ink and paper and we can read your thoughts and try to embody them with our own.

Early in 1885 a very important change took place in the Philadelphia Society. Although as industrious as ever, advancing years brought to Mr. Giles the frequent reminder that his powers of endurance were failing. Rheumatism, a constant companion, the noise in his head which he had endured for years, bronchitis, and the suffering entailed from a broken rib, all had drained his vitality. The ardor of his love for the Church and the wish to impart its blessings to others increased as he grew older. But he often deplored his failing memory, saying that his comprehension of what he read was keener than ever, but his memory could not be depended upon. There were many demands upon him which a younger, more active man could fulfil, so it seemed best

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that an assistant should be called. No one could have filled this position with greater devotion and efficiency than Mr. William L. Worcester, who, after some correspondence, accepted the call.

The relation between the two men was very beautiful and utterly without that jealousy which sometimes mars the association of an older and younger clergyman. It was literally work in unison, both oblivious of self, seeking only the use of their respective offices. Mr. Giles rejoiced in every success of Mr. Worcester's, and he in turn looked to my father for counsel, at the same time himself working in freedom. Mr. Worcester's usefulness to the Philadelphia Society is well known, but none but the family can know of his filial devotion to my father. He protected him in every possible way from overfatigue, and in my father's last illness shared with his sons and daughters—I am sure he would call it—the privilege of nursing him. Herewith follows some of the correspondence relative to his coming and arrival.

Letter to Mr. Giles from Rev. John Worcester

January 20, 1885.

William will go as you ask. You will find that he is somewhat self-distrustful in undertaking new things and yet does them courageously and well. Also I think you will find that he is not ambitious for himself, nor for anything but to do his duty, and that after his visit you will be just as free as you are now. If he can do the service you desire for the Philadelphia people I shall be very glad. You and they must judge, and if he is not suited to it there is good work for him to do nearer home, to which he will return contentedly. I pray with you that the Lord will guide us to do wisely just what He desires us to do.

To Mr. Giles from William L. Worcester

NEWTONVILLE, April 2, 1885.

There surely is no minister whom I would rather assist than yourself. There would be no misunderstanding, no thought that the assistant was in any sense a rival, and it would be a delight to feel that I was relieving you enough to prevent your work from being a burden and enabling you to give your strength to that which you do so peculiarly well.

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This will at least show you that if the guidance of Providence continues so plain I shall accept the offer when it comes from your society, with the sincere prayer that it may lead to usefulness.

The following, dated Philadelphia, April 2, 1885, gives the action of the Society:

Our society voted with great, I may say perfect, unanimity last Monday evening to invite William Worcester to be my assistant. I have never seen so much earnestness about any movement in the church as there is in this. He quite won the hearts of every one. I do not know of a larger and more useful field of labor in the church than this, or one in which a young man could begin under more favorable auspices.

Mr. Giles writes, January 9, 1885:

I am delivering a course of three lectures, a program of which I send you. The subject is "The Relations of Labor and Capital." We have departed from the "Garden of Eden," and have entered into the conflicts of the times, and the public seems to like us better, if we can judge by the audiences. We have taken special pains to distribute circulars through the workshops and with some effect.

I am trying an experiment which I am sure will do no harm and may do some good.

Since I began these lectures on "The Relations of Labor and Capital" I receive frequently pamphlets on socialism, labor, and its various relations. To-day came a batch of John Swinton's paper, so that if you hear that I have become a socialist, dynamiter, or any other modern monstrosity, you must not be surprised. I am a little curious to know where it will end.

Of "Labor as a Curse and as a Blessing" he says:

I liked the lecture, which is a rare thing for me, and I think it will be a useful one. I wish it could be put into the hands of every mechanic. I could make some points in it better if I had time, but it went into the printer's hands this morning. I think it will give some

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workmen a higher idea of their employment and some people a truer idea of their indebtedness to laborers if they will read it. I was quite amused at the sharp attention that was given to what I said about the needle. Well, you will have a chance to read it and judge for yourself. I am quite satisfied with the results of my three lectures, so far as they now appear. I have taught some wholesome truths which do not usually come from the pulpit, and I am confident they will bring some people to the New Church who would not otherwise have come.

This is the passage to which reference is made:

It is the curse of labor that men and women do not find their happiness in it. They regard it almost wholly as a means (imposed by stern necessity) of gaining happiness by spending the wages they earn, or in freeing themselves from the necessity of useful employment; whereas, if they would put love for others into it, their *work* would become the instrument of accomplishing the end they sought. Every stitch of the needle, every stroke of the hammer, every step taken and every word spoken would be in its measure a success. Would not that take the servility, the drudgery, the feeling of inferiority out of labor?

Two of the lectures of this course were translated into Italian and twenty thousand of them distributed among the Italian people.

In May Mr. and Mrs. Giles attended the Congress of Churches in Hartford and afterwards went to Cincinnati. With the advent of summer began their pleasant season of rest at Lake George.

July 31st Mr. Giles writes:

I am reading such light literature as "The Divine Love and Wisdom," Wilkinson's "Greater Origins of Good and Evil," and Professor Fiske's exposition of "Evolution." For rest I read some novels and talk some with the guests, but I cannot do much in that way. I rise in the morning long before breakfast and row out to an island, and in the shade of the great trees which cover it I read a Psalm and worship with the birds and squirrels. They sing and chatter and enjoy the good the Lord gives them. Then I read something from the Writings until I am rested. Then I row on to another island and repeat the process. I was

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out two hours this morning and got back just in time to go to breakfast with your mother at nine o'clock.

The reading of Fiske's work on "Evolution" was introductory to his own lectures on the same subject, which later formed the little book on "The True and the False Theory of Evolution."

This letter to a friend in England is very expressive of his peaceful happiness amid beautiful surroundings and is very full of that spirit concerning the New Church which was so marked a characteristic of his:

THE SACAMORE, LAKE GEORGE, August 24, 1885.

As I have leisure now and it rains so that I cannot row or sit under the trees and dream, I will answer your letter at once. We were glad to hear from you again and to learn that you are all well. We think and speak of you often, and visit you, though we do not come in a cab or make any trouble after our arrival. We feel sure that a room is always ready in your hearts and we require no care or labor to entertain us. I read something about English affairs every day. Our papers give a good résumé of London news, so we are kept *en rapport* with you and move along together. Sometimes I am disappointed when events do not suit me, but I try to remember that they are the best that could be secured under the circumstances, and that whether one party or another succeeds everything is moving on towards better conditions, and that every step, even though it seems to be retrograde, is necessary to the full accomplishment of the Divine purposes.

I am happy to say that I am still able to do something. I have preached four times in the open air since we came here. The island on which the hotel stands contains about seventy-five acres, the most of which are still covered with the original forest.

A lovely spot surrounded by large forest trees was selected, the underbrush cleared away, and some seats procured. A rude or rustic pulpit was erected in front of an immense chestnut tree, and in this temple not made with hands we worship every Sunday morning. The trees give us a perfect shade. The birds join in our songs and the squirrels look on at a respectful distance in the galleries above us, and sometimes chatter away, whether in wonder or contempt I do not know.

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The service is well attended by the visitors at the hotel, and I hope some good is done in making known the truths of the New Age. Inquiry is made about the doctrines.

We judge too much of the progress of the New Church by the number of those who formally and openly accept its doctrines. This is as unsafe a criterion as it would be to judge of the coming of summer by the number of early flowers. One is as sure a sign of the coming summer as a thousand. Innumerable obstacles of which we know nothing must be removed, and this work goes on like the melting of snow and ice and the thawing and warming of the frozen ground, before any seed can be sown and take root. There must be and there is a general movement, or a tendency to movement, in all departments of human life towards a better condition. Humanity is in the human form and a new life is penetrating the whole body. Every effort has some effect. You are helping in your way and I in mine. The disclosures of iniquity made in the *Pall Mall Gazette* are an effect of this universal cause which is operating upon humanity. Light reveals darkness.

The societies of the New Church do not grow anywhere with much rapidity. Perhaps it is not necessary that they should. The minds of men are formed by the old doctrines, and it requires an organic change in them to see and live according to the new, even when they have discarded the old. What the external organization of the Church will be I do not know. It is not perhaps of much consequence, so entire freedom of mind is allowed and we can all see that much progress is made in that direction. One thing we know, and it ought to be a sufficient encouragement in our work to know it, and that is that the principles of the New Church are to prevail because they are the laws of human life in all its degrees, — natural, spiritual, and celestial. So we are working for a winning cause, under whatever form it may appear.

We are having a delightful summer. This is the most beautiful place I ever saw. We are surrounded with friends and we do not lack any natural means of happiness. The rheumatism which has tormented me for so many years has gone into my feet, and I cannot walk much without great pain. But I can row and I find it an excellent exercise. So you see I am being hemmed in on many sides and my communications

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are interrupted and cut off from the material world. But, as I am driven out of this world, I hope my mind is opening more fully to the other. It seems nearer and brighter and more real every day. But to come back to this one —

Our room is in the fourth story of the hotel. From one window, beside which Mrs. Giles is now sitting, engaged in her usual occupation of knitting, we look out on a beautiful lawn which is *almost* equal to any I ever saw in England. The forest trees in many varieties, tall and graceful, are thickly scattered over it. They cause the most beautiful shadows morning and evening, lying in long lines, and during most of the day constantly changing and dancing with the light. Beyond the lawn lies the lake. Through the leafy screen of the trees and shrubs on the shore can be seen its pure water, clear as crystal, stretching away for five miles, but interspersed here and there with lovely islands covered with a dense forest of pine, oak, chestnut, birch, and many other varieties of trees extending to the water's edge. Beyond rise the mountains, wooded to the top, but here and there showing immense precipices. Little steam launches, sailboats, and rowboats are constantly — [end of letter missing].

With the return to Philadelphia the preparation of a course of lectures on Swedenborg was begun. In addition were the usual pastoral duties incident to a large society. Once a month a manual was printed which gave in outline the forthcoming events in the church. Then, as all Mr. Giles's sermons and lectures were printed and distributed every week, there was the proof to correct and the careful oversight which necessarily precedes publication.

At this time, also, he sat at intervals to Miss Cecilia Beaux, who was painting his portrait. He characterizes it as "a stupid business."

His correspondence was always extensive and covered interests in many activities of the church at large. There were one or two meetings of the Tract Society and the Book Association. Of the former, Mr. Giles was elected president. Then there were the weekly meetings of the Church Committee, at which plans for the improvement and increased usefulness of the society were informally discussed. Nearly every new movement for good in the local church work originated here.

At one of these meetings it was voted to make application for the

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ordination of Mr. William Worcester. This rite took place on December 13th.

Early in January, 1886, Mr. Giles received a letter from Paris which mentions that a new translation of "The Nature of Spirit" had been made by Baron Mallet. The translation was preceded by a short biographical sketch. The letter also speaks of some active and successful work begun in France for the distribution of Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion" and "The New Jerusalem and Its Heavenly Doctrines."

At home the lectures on "Evolution" were in progress. These afterwards formed the little book, "The True and the False Theory of Evolution." One of these lectures was given in Brooklyn to a crowded house.

On February 20th he went to Washington to preach and to attend the Maryland Association.

After a visit to Boston he wrote the following letter to a friend in that city. It came into my possession in rather an interesting way. One day I was taking a walk with a friend and incidentally my father was mentioned and something said of the helpful nature of his writings. Reference was made to this letter and I was asked if I had ever seen it. My friend had a copy which was given to her by the recipient, and in her turn she sent it to me. It has since been lent to many people and has cheered them when they were ill. Indeed, it returned to my father himself, for once when he was indisposed I sent him a copy, with the remark that I would give him some of his own medicine.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1886.

I was sorry to hear that you had taken cold and were confined to your room and bed. But why should we be sorry when out of it will come some greater good than the pleasure of moving about and attending to household duties and entertaining friends, if we will let it? No one but ourselves can close our doors against the angels and the blessed spirits who delight to minister to us.

I doubt not they do come near to us when our thoughts are closed against the intrusion of natural cares and turned to them. And as we turn to them in thought and affection, the sphere of their love flows into us and softens the hardness of the natural mind and makes impressions upon us which Swedenborg calls "states of sanctity," which are germs of heavenly fruit, or seeds which will bear it, when we get to our house

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in heaven. I have no doubt the enforced rest we find in sickness is often of inestimable value to us. The thought has frequently come to me lately that sickness and the growing infirmities of age are a gradual death, and it is pleasant and beautiful to think of them in this light. They are a gradual loosening of the bonds which bind body and spirit together. The loss of natural memory is the beginning of the process, which ends when we leave the body in being entirely closed, so that in our ordinary states of life in the spiritual world we have no recollection of this world and our life in it. By such gentle process does the Lord effect the great changes in our life. This gradual change was doubtless much more evident to the people in the Golden Age than it is to us, but the principle is the same. If we could keep in mind more distinctly and constantly than we do, that we are citizens of the spiritual world, that our home, our wealth, and our means of happiness are there, it would alter the standard by which we estimate all values and make this life brighter and this world pleasanter and full of deeper meaning. We should think less of the ills we suffer and more of the good we gain, because the labor and the pain are but momentary and the good is a prophecy of the higher and more precious good we shall enjoy in our home. It seems, somehow, as though light were breaking in every day. I cannot describe it. The partition walls between this and the spiritual world are growing thin and becoming transparent. The light of the spiritual world seems to be shining through and the objects that lie beyond are becoming more distinct and substantial, and it is easier to think of them and more delightful to contemplate the life that must open, open wider, richer, and more beautiful forever.

Then the thought is not so much of going somewhere as attaining another state of love and wisdom. It comes right home to me, — why not live that life now; why not make the earthly home a heaven, as far as love and use can effect it? Why not put away from thought and heart everything that is not heavenly? Why not open the doors, which is done by resisting evil and falsity, and let the light shine in and the warmth of heavenly love quicken our cold and torpid affections?

These questions come to me and jog my sleepy faculties to wake to

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a new consciousness of life. Life is a constant awakening to some new truths and new good which the Lord has provided for us.

Not all Mr. Giles's lectures were on religious subjects. In February he wrote "The Good Old Times in New England," the greater part of which is given in the first chapter of this book. He had taken cold from fatigue and too much travel, so was unable to deliver it himself, but it was read to an interested audience by the Rev. William Worcester.

One night at a Church Committee meeting Mr. McGeorge brought papers which cancelled the second mortgage on Mr. Giles's house. This was a gift which was very much appreciated. The benefactors modestly withheld their names, but they could not fail to know of the family's gratitude. How much the possession of that home added to the comfort of my parents' declining years! Their children are grateful, too.

From time to time the intercourse so pleasantly begun in England was continued by correspondence. Through the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Rawsthorne, I have the last letter which Mr. Giles wrote to her father, the Rev. Jonathan Bayley of London. Not long after the receipt of Mr. Giles's letter Dr. Bayley, who had been ill for some time, died. His daughter writes:

June 8, 1886.

It was a great disappointment to him gradually to relinquish the hope of joining you in your own country.

My dear father had hoped to have that pleasure for so long, had read with such interest of all your work there.

Perhaps his powerful sphere can help us all better now, freed from all weakness of nature; and he was so ready, so prepared by his well-spent life to take any higher work granted by the Master he so loved and served so joyously.

The following is a copy of the last letter written by the Rev. C. Giles to Dr. Bayley:

PHILADELPHIA, May 24, 1886.

Your esteemed favor of May third was duly received and gave me mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment: pleasure to learn that you are recovering from your long illness, and disappointment, which I share with our people generally, that we shall not see you at our Convention. I am sure there is no minister in the Church whose

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presence among us would give such general pleasure. Our people have read your sermons and books and have been much benefited by them and think of you with deep interest and pleasure. I am sure you would receive a most cordial greeting,—a greeting that would cheer your heart and renew your strength.

I presume the Convention will meet in Boston next year, and I hope you will be able to come then. The New Church appears at its best there, where there are so many societies whose members can attend the Convention. Our great distances prevent a large attendance in the Western states.

Yes, we have many queer people, but we should not have so many varieties of them if our population were composed of native Americans. People who come here from other countries think this is the “land of the free,” and they suppose that means that every one can do as he pleases. Nearly all the people who are engaged in labor strikes and in the late riots are foreigners. We have found that the most radical, arbitrary, and contentious spirits in the New Church were not native Americans, or were of foreign extraction. America seems to be the place to “prove all things,” and I hope it will hold fast to that which is good.

We are separated by such wide distances that we cannot come into such intimate and constant associations as you can, and we all need contact with others to repress idiosyncrasies and keep our minds in equilibrium.

We watch with deep interest the movements of the Church in England and every step in your civil crisis. Everywhere we see confirmation of the truth that men are coming into a “free state of thinking,” and free thought must lead to free, and in the end orderly, action.

I have done an unusually hard winter's work and have been very well, with the exception of rheumatism, which is constantly growing upon me, and will at last entirely cripple me if the end of earthly work does not come in some other way. Our society and congregation are growing steadily and healthfully and, I believe, spiritually, as well as numerically. Indeed, I have a charming society.

Please present my very kind regards to Mrs. Rawsthorne, and say

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that the invitation to come and rest with us, while you in your youthful vigor go roaming over the country, is still open, and we hope to see you both next year, or any time when you can come.

In this letter Mr. Giles comments on the death of Dr. Bayley and on other matters:

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1886.

The departure of Dr. Bayley and the conflict which is going on in your civil affairs awaken a lively interest in your people, in both church and state.

You must miss Dr. Bayley; he has occupied so conspicuous a place in all New Church work. You will miss him from the councils of the church and as an efficient worker in building up the Lord's kingdom. You will find him, however, in other ways. When a good man goes into the spiritual world he occupies a more central position, and he can act more directly and efficiently upon the minds of those who remain in this life. A bad man has less power, because he is farther removed from human minds and is kept under more rigid confinement. So it is a gain to humanity when either the good or the evil depart to the other life.

I had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. Bayley, just before he set out for France, a letter which I shall highly prize. You may remember that several of the leading men in our society passed on last year. It seemed at first as though we could not get on without them. But we do, and our society is more active and efficient than ever. Swedenborg says the Church on earth will gain increase and power as the heavens gain strength by accessions from the earth.

I was much interested in your account of your visit to Morocco. We have many evils to contend with and remove, but society in England and America is heaven compared with what you describe. I think it is a good landmark; it shows that civilization and religion have made immense progress, and gives us sure grounds of hope for the future. The New Church helps us to see in all the industrial, civil, and religious commotions which are now shaking society and the Church to the centre the effects of a Divine and merciful power. Through the noise and

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confusion of conflicting elements we can hear the still small voice of the Lord's love, and see the outlines of an order which will become more distinct as the smoke and dust of departing systems are cleared away. I feel an assurance of the steady coming of the Lord to establish His Kingdom on the earth, which fills my heart with comfort and peace.

Early in the year the New Church Society in Washington had begun to consider the advisability of changing their pastor. As in many other cases when counsel was needed, my father's advice was sought.

Two of the letters concerning the proposed change are here given:

From Chauncey Giles to Hon. Job Barnard

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1886.

Your favor of yesterday was duly received. It seems to me the plan you propose is feasible and useful. It is a good and honorable position for Mr. Fox and one to which he is entitled. I think he could perform a much greater use as a general pastor than he could if he confined his labor to the Washington Society, if he enters into it with zeal and energy. I have written to him to that effect. If he could establish little centres in the Association and bring them into communication with one another and keep them alive by occasional visits, it would in time lead to a live and strong Association.

I have also written to the Board of Missions, suggesting that they should unite with the Maryland Association in supporting him in that field. In the winter he might go south and do some good work there. If the plan were entered into with energy and a determination to carry it into effect, I have no doubt of its success. Help would come from unexpected sources.

I am forcibly impressed with the fact that in forming our plans for building up the Church and providing the means for it we leave out the most important factor, that is, the Lord. We do not take Him into the account. He is with us, for when we are working for the Church we are moving in the current of the Divine Providence. All the Divine forces are coöperating with us. Men are raised up and made willing to provide means of which we had no conception.

I know you all feel kindly toward Mr. Fox. He has done the Church

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in Washington a noble service, and you must deal considerably with him, and even at some sacrifice you must put him in a position in which he can still work for the Church to the best advantage.

To Mr. Giles from Job Barnard

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1886.

Your noble letter was received, and its kind and yet progressive tone woke us from our dying condition to such an extent that the plan proposed was decided upon by our society yesterday at its last meeting, by a decisive vote by ballot.

A call was extended to Mr. Daniels, and the matter of his salary was referred to the Church Committee. We have guaranteed the five hundred dollars towards Mr. Fox's support as general pastor, and we hope the Board of Missions will give as much more. It is important in starting this new move that it have the moral as well as financial support of the Board of Missions and of the Association and the Church at large, for we feel that it is an important step toward building up the Church in this region of the country. We feel thankful to you for your interest and kind advice in this matter.

Not only were Mr. Giles's counsels sought in matters concerning societies (there was almost no branch of church work in which he was not interested, directly or indirectly), but he frequently received letters from individuals who felt in need of spiritual help.

The following letter was treasured for years by its recipient:

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1886.

I was so much pleased to get a letter from you again that I am in no mood for scolding you. Indeed, I do not think scolding is much in my line, but if I can help you in any way it will give me great pleasure to do it. That is my big business by inheritance and profession. You may not know that Saint Giles, who became so famous in London as to give his name to a part of the city, was the saint of cripples, and the gate that led to his house in which he performed his miracles of healing the halt and lame is called Cripple-gate to this day.

It is my business to make the lame in another sense walk; but my

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success is not sufficient to entitle me to a saintship. If my ancestor had not succeeded better than I do I am sure he would never have been honored with such a title. But if I can help a little I shall not complain. I do not aspire to any great success. If I understand your letter aright, you are a little lame, not by any means a cripple, but you limp a little in the way that leads to heaven, get weary, and sometimes quite discouraged at your slow progress. Is it not so?

Well, my child, I will tell you what to do. Don't think of your own lameness, but when you see any one else that walks a little lame and seems to be weary, try to help him. If he is carrying a heavy burden, as the most of us are, try to help him lift it, or, what is much better, throw it away. In almost every instance it is composed of poor stuff and is not worth carrying a foot. Then a little help in making the path smoother, in pointing out the pleasant views by the wayside and the sunny spots that lie just ahead, will help the lame one, and before we are aware of it we forget our own crippled condition and begin to move around as lively as a cricket. The efficacy of this remedy is wonderful. Every ounce of the burden we lift from the hearts of others falls from ourselves. As we help others to walk we help ourselves. We gain strength by using what we have for the good of others. The brightness we give to them falls upon our own path.

It is a great help, also, to cease to think of yesterday and to-morrow. To-day gives business and pleasure enough for any one. Suppose we all entered into the duties and the pleasures of the day, tried to find what we could do in the morning, and how much good we could get out of it for ourselves and others, entering into our work with as bright and pleasant a spirit as possible, and doing the same all day; it would generally be a happy day, even under unfavorable circumstances.

This principle applies not only to our own natural work but to our spiritual work. It applies to our combats with evil and false principles, and our efforts to think well and feel right. We must not be discouraged because we cannot remove an evil at once by merely willing to do so. If we are in the honest effort and purpose to live a good life there can be no doubt about the result. We can resist an evil to-day. We can think well of the Lord and the neighbor to-day, and to think well

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of the Lord and the neighbors opens heaven to us. It opens the door so that the Lord can come in and make His home in our hearts. The room to which we welcome Him may be very small at first, but He will enlarge it and make it bright with His presence and sweet with His love.

We are sometimes sad and discouraged when we think "what might have been" if this or that had or had not occurred. But none can tell what might have been if this or that had been different. It might have been a thousand times worse for us, even if it had been much better in natural things.

We must not think about any end in life. There is no end. We cannot escape from ourselves. If we should go into the other world we would be the same beings we are in this. We must be diligent and patient in trying to make ourselves better by doing our work with a pleasant spirit by "thinking well of the Lord and the neighbor," and one way to think well of Him is to trust Him and do what He tells us.

I am afraid I have preached you a sermon instead of writing you a letter, but I have written what came into my mind and perhaps it may help you a little. I am pleased that you still think of me, and I hope you will write to me whenever you feel like it.

After the meeting of Convention, when Mr. Giles was again reëlected president, came a delightful experience. He went to Williamstown to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his class, that of 1836. He says:

There is to be a meeting of the old soldiers, twenty of whom out of a class of thirty-two now survive. We were a tough lot, were we not? It is said that there is no instance of a similar longevity in any class. Your mother will go with me, and from there I think we shall go to Lake George, where we propose to spend our vacation, unless we can find a better place, on better terms.

They did not go to Lake George as soon as they expected. From Williamstown they went to West Newton, to visit their youngest daughter. While there they were summoned to New York to attend the funeral of the infant son of Chauncey L. Giles.

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Of the visit to Williamstown the diary records:

We had our class meeting and began to go over the roll. Eleven of the old members were present, one more than there were twenty years ago. The meeting was very interesting. Old memories were revived and old scenes lived over again.

June 30. We had our last class meeting. This was Commencement Day. I stayed through the exercises, which were interesting to me. From the church we marched to the alumni dinner. I was called upon for a speech, and made a short one which was well received. President Hopkins took me by the hand and thanked me for it.

Mr. White [one of his classmates], Eunice, and I went to Bennington. I had not been there for fifty years. The place was much changed. The old seminary was closed and the town itself had gone to ruin. Business has been transferred to another part of the township, but we had a delightful ride. It was very kind in Mr. White to take us.

The eighth of July found them once more at Lake George.

The much needed time for rest had arrived, yet Mr. Giles could never be wholly inactive. He preached every Sunday during the summer and wrote one new sermon on the "Descent of Man," a subject which interested him greatly. He also prepared an address to be delivered at Detroit before the Michigan Association in September.

A note of discouragement sounds in his diary, due no doubt to fatigue, headache, buzzing in the ears, and rheumatism.

One of the pleasant episodes of this year was the visit to this country of Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, New Church friends from Scotland.

My father was greatly delighted, and wrote:

I am sorry I do not know upon what steamer you are coming. If I did and were at home, I would stand on the wharf and be the first one to welcome you to America.

This could not be, and it seemed difficult to arrange a time of meeting because of engagements made for Mr. Giles to preach and lecture away from home. Mr. Giles spoke in Boston and New Haven, and he had agreed to attend the meeting of the Connecticut Association, to be held

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at Hartford. From this place, after a night spent with former New York parishioners at Milford, Mr. Giles went to New Haven. Here, by arrangement of these friends, he had the pleasure of meeting these dear Scotch people to whom he was so warmly attached.

While with his friends at Milford, Mr. Giles writes:

Saturday I am going to New Haven. I received a note from Mrs. D. to-day, asking me to come to her house Saturday afternoon to dinner at six o'clock. She says she has invited friends to meet me from eight to ten. Mrs. T. says she has issued cards for a reception; I dread it not a little. I am having a good rest, which I need, before the reception to-night and the work to-morrow. I do not expect I shall meet a single person to-night I ever saw before, except Mr. and Mrs. T. I should think from all that is said that I am to meet the president and some members of the faculty of Yale, for the purpose of being questioned about our doctrines. Don't you pity me? It may not be so formidable as fancy paints it.

I am feeling very well, quite as well as I did when I left home, but the pleasantest part of the whole is that I am going home in a few days.

The shrinking from strangers of which my father speaks was never shown in the least when actually meeting them. A genial spirit of cordial kindness marked his intercourse with others. In view of his apprehension before the event, the following letter from his New Haven hostess to a friend in Philadelphia is very interesting:

NEW HAVEN, November 28, 1886.

I am going to take this quiet Sunday afternoon to make my promised report on Mr. Giles's visit.

Mr. Giles has indeed an attraction all his own, quite, I think, the most single-minded, guileless, and yet persuasive Christian leader that I have ever met. . . . I felt for him an increasing personal interest. . . .

When we first spoke of Mr. Giles as coming here, I said to my husband (in a spirit of self-appropriation), "We will keep him all to ourselves; he will talk delightfully just to us," but my husband's more generous instincts urged that Mr. Giles himself would probably like to meet our college professors . . . so it was arranged . . . and I

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really think it might have been gratifying to you, could you have seen how cordially he was met by our University circle—already known to the greater part by his writings.

During that evening, after the general introduction to Mr. Giles, he went with my husband into an opposite drawing-room to be introduced to other friends there. About half an hour afterwards I also went into that room and found an audience three rows deep, listening to Mr. Giles's conversation with an absorbing interest. Some of the professors and Mrs. D. (the president's wife and the most cultivated woman of our circle) were drawing out Mr. Giles to speak on his own particular doctrines and views. He was explaining and answering them most interestingly, with what seemed to me an admirable art and felicity, combined with the most delicate tact and good taste . . . indeed, his words and his thoughts seemed to be giving the keynote to conversation all through the room. This was even amusingly expressed by a particular friend of mine (the very "spirituelle" wife of one of our professors); she laid her hand on my arm and said emphatically, "My dear, I never spent such an evening as this in my life. I call it a *soirée* at the Salon Rambouillet. You, with your foreign associates, represent Mme. de Rambouillet, introducing to us a Bossuet in the person of Mr. Giles, and I find him in this room discoursing eloquently on 'Man in the World of Spirits.' In the other room I have just left Dr. Newman Smyth, Dr. Barbour, and President Dwight discussing 'Probation After Death'; in another part of the room they were talking of 'The Nature of the Resurrection Body' . . . and in the rear room they are discussing 'Occupations of the Future Life.' You should have put on the corner of your invitations, 'Conversazione; Resurrections Subjects!'" Though this reads like a joke, it was really founded on fact, and as I passed down the room I stopped to speak with a young lady standing on the outer circle of a bevy of young married women. Her specialty is lawn tennis, so I asked her how the tennis tournament of the day before had gone off, and her answer was: "Oh, I don't know and I don't care! That day I was reading Mr. Giles's book, 'Man as a Spiritual Being,' and we have all talked of nothing else ever since, and it has given me such different thoughts of death; and now I like to look at

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him standing there and think of his comforting words!" That was neatly said, was n't it?

On Sunday afternoon we all went to the Center Church to hear him preach. He had what our New Haven reporters call "a cultivated and intellectual audience." The venerable Emeritus President Woolsey and family sat just under the pulpit, President Dwight and family opposite; all the college professors and a goodly mingling of Episcopalians, Scotch Presbyterians, and Congregationalists. All were interested and spoke appreciatively of the sermon. Mr. Giles has a good delivery and most persuasive tone of voice, and I hope at some time to hear him in his own beautiful church with an accompanying liturgy. I have been reared in the Church of England, accustomed to its liturgy and a highly ornate service, and the surroundings of a Presbyterian church give a chill to my spirit; I cannot help it!

Again and again during my father's ministry letters were received from friends to whom he had been helpful. It is impossible to weave them into a connected narrative. From their very nature such correspondence came as breaks in the regular routine. Few of them have been sent to me, but such as are received are very expressive of the gratitude of their recipients.

Such acknowledgments as the following were very encouraging:

From W. F. B. to Chauncey Giles

December 17, 1886.

From my heart I thank you for your very kind, beautiful, and satisfying letter. My mistakes have been so many in the past, and errors for which I am sorry so seem to compass me about that it is hard indeed to keep brave. But a Mighty Hand most of the time seems to uphold me, and my state of mind is so much more composed than during the period of former confinement that I am thankful all the time for the Lord's help which I feel about me. And when He sends to me such strong, earnest, helpful words as I find in your letter, I feel more than grateful. I tell you most earnestly they have helped me to-day; and I shall call it a privilege to have them by me, and when a sad moment comes there will be comfort in their strength. To think that you could

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take time from all your duties to send me this message! God bless you for it; it has gone deep down in my heart, and oh, Mr. Giles, you may think it but a little help, but let me assure you that it came at a most opportune time, and has been a great, strong lever in the right direction. In all human probability I shall outlive you; but your aids to me when I was broken and cast down, when the battle seemed a hard one (and it was uphill work to push against trouble), your aids, let me say, will always be a bright thought to me, and your memory in my heart will always be green. Truly you are a good friend to me, and I will try to profit by the good and true words so sweetly offered me. A true servant of God, I pray that in all its brightness and true glory shall come the summons to you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

CHAPTER XVII

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1887-1889

THE new year of 1887 opens with a letter of encouragement to Mme. Humann. He reminds her that —

The establishment of the New Church is not a revolution but a growth, and it is not a Jonah's gourd that grows up in the night. It grows slowly, but it is to continue to grow with more vigor forever. We can afford then to be patient. We must not expect great visible results. Of one thing we are sure, — that it is the church of the future, and that it must universally prevail because its laws are the truths of man's spiritual life and his actual relations to the Lord. They are a spiritual science, and they will work the same beneficent changes in man's spiritual condition that natural science has caused in his material condition.

The work of 1886 is summed up in the following:

I spent the most of the day in writing my annual report as pastor of the church. I have preached every Sunday in the year except two, and have delivered eighty-four discourses in all.

It has been a year of constant and delightful labor. Twenty-nine of the published discourses have been mine. These are equal to a book of five hundred pages. Many thousands of these have been circulated. Ten thousand of one of them have been distributed. I have done much work besides. So it has not been an unfruitful year for a man of my age. I have no idea that I shall be able to do as much another year.

Herewith are given some of the suggestive thoughts from the diary of this year:

January 9, 1887. The words of the Lord convey a different meaning to one man from what they do to another. Knowledge is not an entity,

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like a sum of money which can be transferred to another and be counted out as such a sum, the same in all respects. Every mind is a factor in the reception of truth; the result is some modification of the truth in its reception. It is similar to the modification of light by the object which reflects it. A new color is given to it,—a color determined by the organization or quality of the plant. This is a universal law of reception and transmission. It applies to the water that is taken up by the plant and becomes sap.

This is the doctrine that truth takes on the form of the mind that receives it. Its nature may be wholly changed. The law is worthy of being worked out more fully.

February 2, 1887. I seem to gain clearer conceptions of the Lord. As I do, I feel more like keeping silence than uttering a word. What can I say? What can I ask? I can understand something of the feeling expressed by the words: "My hand upon my mouth, and my mouth in the dust." One feels as though he were but a speck, a blot, as nothing. May the Lord help me to put away every evil and open my heart to Him that I may be His, wholly His, and not my own. May He give me power and wisdom to shun every evil as a sin against Him.

The Lord is with us against our follies, errors, and sins. He is with us as fully in adversity as in natural prosperity. He favors and works for our highest interests in everything. He is looking to our highest good in what He withholds as fully as in what He bestows. What an unchanging, devoted friend He is! And yet we regard Him as our enemy. When our natural plans do not succeed, we think He does not favor us. How often we hear people say when they have been naturally prosperous that the Lord has been very good to them. But the Lord is just as good to us when we are unsuccessful and are suffering as when we are in the midst of the greatest natural prosperity.

Of his correspondence Mr. Giles writes:

I have an accumulation of letters from all quarters of the earth, from persons asking me questions about our doctrines and wanting explanations of some points regarding them. One can give but little satisfaction in a letter. Some of the letters I have written contain

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twelve pages, some eight, and some four. It seems as though I had said nothing; but sometimes a word is useful, and I try to say that.

Speaking of music, after attending a beautiful concert he writes on January 19, 1887:

I wonder what it must be in heaven, where the voices must far surpass in sweetness and power those of earth, where the music must be the perfect expression of some affection, and the hearing of the spiritual ear vastly more acute than when muffled by an organ of flesh, and where every one will be in perfect sympathy with every other one. It must be beyond all conception. What delights are in store for those who become regenerate, born from above!

Again on February 14 he says:

What would life be without domestic and social life! We are enriched by every good and intelligent person with whom we become acquainted. We constantly give and receive, and what we *give* we retain. If we knew this fact and acted upon it how much richer we should be!

My father's birthday came on May 11. It was made the occasion for a festival of good will and generous kindness by the Philadelphia friends.

On the morning of the day a committee from the Ladies' Aid called and gave the following letter with the accompanying presents.

To Our Beloved Pastor on his Seventy-fourth Birthday

May 11, 1887.

In behalf of the members of this society and congregation we present to you the accompanying clock and a purse containing seventy-four dollars in gold, knowing full well that it is but a faint suggestion of the golden years of a long and useful life.

We ask you to accept them and the enclosed amount in their name with their love and gratitude, and as time goes on may each stroke of the clock remind you of their hourly affection and appreciation of the

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faithfulness with which you labor to unfold the wondrous things out of God's law.

In the evening there was a very full meeting of the society in the Sunday school room, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers. An armchair was presented from the children of the Sunday school; there were roses for Mrs. Giles, and, as my father said:

Best of all were the hearty expressions of good will. They seemed to fill the room and fill the hearts of all. So in every respect it was a bright and joyous day. The friends were especially pleased that your mother and I were so completely surprised. I surmised that something was in the air, but had no idea what.

A few weeks after this happy experience the family was quite alarmed about Mrs. Giles. Through a mistake of the oculist, who had put an overdose of atropine in her eyes, she was poisoned, so that after her return home she became unconscious and remained so for five hours.

Writing of this experience on September 27th to an English friend, Mrs. Giles says:

This happened the last of May and I have not yet recovered the use of my eyes. The effect upon my nervous system generally is that I am altogether more sensitive than usual, so that I have constantly to reason against my feelings in small things as well as great. We came home from Lake George ten days ago. Mr. Giles is in his usual health. He has preached every Sunday but two during his vacation. Last night he set out for Cincinnati and Chicago to meet the Ohio and Illinois Associations. He expects to be absent about two weeks.

During this visit to the West an amusing occurrence is mentioned by my father:

While sitting in the church yesterday a gray-headed man asked me if Mr. Giles were present. I told him he was. He looked around from one to another and seemed disappointed at the result. I said, "He is on this seat in this corner." He still seemed disappointed and

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a little nonplussed. I said, "I am Mr. Giles." "The Rev. Chauncey Giles?" he asked. "Yes, the very same," I replied. "How different our ideas of men are from the reality," he said: "I imagined you were a tall and portly man of commanding presence. Well," he said, "you are tall in your writings anyhow."

No sooner was my father home from Illinois than he was asked to exchange with Mr. Reed, pastor of the Boston Society. That he did much besides, in the vicinity of Boston, his home letters tell.

November 16, 1887.

I am really getting homesick and counting the days when I shall be with you again. It seems as if I had not been at home since last spring except to say "How do you do?" and "Good-bye." My work has been rather hard since I came here. I preached five times in eight days, and have delivered five lectures to the Theological students. I took cold last week, and Sunday I was so hoarse that I was afraid in the morning I should not be able to proceed with the service; but you know I usually go through with what I undertake and I did this time, but it is much more exhausting to speak when one is hoarse and is compelled to force out every word by main strength.

Of the five lectures delivered extemporaneously to the Theological students, I subjoin a few fragments. The notes show something of my father's methods of composition, and even from the skeleton one can gather the purport of the lectures as a whole. They also illustrate some of Mr. Giles's own characteristics both in pastoral and literary work. Four of the subjects were: "The Relation of a Pastor to his People"; "The Use of Words"; "Words as Tools"; "The Art of Putting Truth."

FROM LECTURES DELIVERED TO THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS,
BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1887

"THE RELATION OF A PASTOR TO HIS PEOPLE"

I. The basis of all true success is character. It is what a man is.

II. This is especially true in dealing with men in the practical affairs of the church.

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III. The kind of men we have to deal with: all sorts. The New Church is peculiar in this respect. Men come from all the churches, their especial forms the last things they are willing to surrender. Episcopalians, Quakers, etc.

IV. New Churchmen are more independent thinkers than others, and therefore more difficult to deal with unless it is done wisely.

V. The duty of a New Church minister to lead the people. But how can he lead unless he is wiser than they? "Blind lead the blind," etc. Men are led by their affections.

VI. He must adapt himself to the people; enter into their states. He must show a disposition to go with them. If a man "compel thee to go a mile," etc. A minister often gains more by yielding than by rigidly insisting on his own peculiar ideas. — Catching fish; playing them.

VII. He should aim at the good of the church and every member of it. A thing good and useful in itself may be gained in such a manner as to be a great injury. In curing a disease we must not create a worse one. A minister has been thinking and studying upon a subject until he is familiar with it, but the people are not. He springs it upon them. He must familiarize them with it; lead them up to it; help them to grow to it.

VIII. He must learn to say, think, and feel we are the people; we are one body, we are a unit. — Every society a man. A minister must try to make the people feel that he desires to help them and be helped by them. A poor plan on which all can unite is better than the best on which the people are divided.

"THE ART OF PUTTING TRUTH"

The New Church puts the teacher of spiritual truth in the most favorable position for communicating it.

I. It places him in the lines of the Divine order, where he can see things in their true relations. He stands on the basis of immutable law. Plain paths—he can go from one plane of creation to another—an open stairway on which he can ascend from the natural to the spiritual, etc. Jacob's ladder.

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2. Show how the N. C. minister can help in all things in understanding the laws of spiritual life. (a) An immense advantage. He finds himself in a world where all things are connected and related. (b) The law of Correspondence. (c) Representatives. (d) Here he will find the most abundant and perfect means of presenting a spiritual truth.

3. The universal law; natural truth the basis of spiritual truth. (a) The Lord always works like Himself. Learn how He does one thing and you know how He does all things. Show the value of truth in preaching and learning. Own experience. (b) We must take the people where they are. We must stand with them, walk with them.

4. Abstract truth. No such thing. Be careful not to limit it to individual or particular things. Show its universality. (a) We must give it in concrete forms. S. says we cannot understand spiritual truth until it is seen in the light of a natural one.

Truths of the New Church could not be communicated to men until there was a scientific, natural basis for them, *e. g.*, The laws of God in nature. The idea of connection and relation. The dominion of law. The Lord always acts according to immutable law in the material world. Must He not also in the spiritual world? It was impossible to convince men that the Lord did not act in an arbitrary way in the government of men until they saw that He did not in the realms of nature. Show that the principle is working in the Christian world to-day.

5. The N. C. minister must study nature to learn the laws of spirit. His mind should be rich with instances of natural law to illustrate spiritual law. He must employ the things we see and hear to teach those things we cannot see. (a) It is not sufficient simply to announce the truth; he must show it. He must hold up before the face of his congregation a mirror in which they can see it.

Examples:

Suppose your subject is the Lord's omnipresence. The simple assertion is not sufficient, especially if we first teach that He is in the human form. Illustrate by the sun—the sun is a body. By the spirit in the body—a tuberosc in a dark room. How do we know it is there? Not by touch, hearing, or sight. It is everywhere in the room.

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Spiritual growth

Take a plant. Swedenborg says, if we knew how a tree grows we should have before us all the laws of regeneration.

Freedom in its relations to law. They are generally supposed to be antagonistic. Freedom is generally supposed to consist in following whim.

Railway engine and track

6. Must illustrate by things with which people are familiar; common things.

Early in February, 1888, the Hon. Job Barnard of Washington wrote to Mr. Giles urging him to come to the assistance of the Washington Society. He said:

We need to be directed by your good heart and wise head as to what is best to do to promote the growth of the New Church in the Capital.

After his visit Mr. Giles writes:

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1888.

I went to Washington last week and preached for the Society last Sunday. The Society is in an unpleasant condition from differences of opinion on the dismissal of Mr. Fox. They did what may possibly be a good thing in an unwise way and now they are reaping the rewards of their unwisdom. Societies like individuals go through these states of fermentation and I suppose some good comes out of them, though it is a painful way of getting good. I had a pleasant time. Their little church was crowded and the attention was quite profound, while I tried to show them what a society of the church really is, the duty its members owe to it, and the good they will gain by being faithful in doing it. I found there, as I do wherever I go, persons who have become interested in the doctrines of the New Church by my writings. It is pleasant and encouraging to know this. All we can do is to sow the seed and the Lord has declared that they are blessed who "sow beside all waters." But I shall not sow much more in this world.

I cannot conceive of a more delightful condition than to have just

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enough to do to keep the mind active, to know how to do it to the satisfaction of one's self and every one else, to have no aches or pains or sorrows, and to know that every want is and will be provided for and to be free from every cause of fear and sorrow and every disturbance. The possibility of gaining such a state seems almost too good to be true. When we look at ourselves it does seem as though such a state were unattainable. But when we regard it from the infinite love and wisdom of the Lord it not only seems possible but inevitable. There can be nothing too good for Him to desire and to give. What a glorious prospect there is before those who love and serve Him. I am sometimes almost overwhelmed by it.

I have been writing on "Retribution" at the request of the Presbyterian minister who is about to publish a book on that subject containing the views of different churches. I thought it was a good occasion to say something for the New Church. But I am glad it is off my hands. I shall send it away to-morrow.

In August, 1887, Mme. Humann wrote of the church in Paris. This was the first of a series of letters relative to church organization. The subject is always a fruitful source of disagreement, and the settlement of it in Paris was no exception. The society was in the peculiar position of having three ministers, none of whom had been ordained in the usual manner by an ordaining minister. After ten years of preaching M. Humann was consecrated to his work by election from the people — the ceremony consisting of a laying on of hands by the oldest member, who "asked the benediction of Heaven upon him, and said the Society gave him the right publicly to teach the doctrines." It was also decided at that time that every minister who wished to preach at the rue Thouin would have to submit to the same ceremony even if he had been ordained elsewhere. Meanwhile a Mr. Nussbaum had come to the United States from the Paris Society for further instruction in the doctrines. He spent ten weeks in my father's house in Philadelphia. While in this country he had some training in the Theological School. At the end of that time, during which there was some opposition to him by the members of the Paris Society and much difference of opinion as to the method of his ordination, he decided not to become a minister but to go into business. He eventually, however, was ordained into the ministry but did not return to Paris.

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M. and Mme. Humann, who owned the church, had willed it and their own house, with a handsome sum of money, to Convention. Because of a possible disapproval by the Paris Society of some details they did not dare to make this known.

In all these discouragements and difficulties Mme. Humann wrote to my father for advice, and he did everything in his power to help the weak and struggling little society, as the following letters to her indicate:

To Mme. Humann

PHILADELPHIA, May 28, 1888.

While you are keeping the light burning and doing what you can to keep an interest in the New Church alive, it will shine into some mind or minds that will become aglow with the new light. Men will be raised up who will meet the wants of the age, and devote themselves with zeal and wisdom to organize a church and make it a power in the land. But we must not hang down our hands and wait passively. We must do what we can, that in our work we may be instrumental in finding and preparing the man. The New Church is in the Lord's heart and hands. He will support its life and build it up everywhere as fast as He can find men to coöperate with Him. The ages move slowly, but they move.

I have foreseen from the first that you were likely to have some difficulty in organizing the church. You have been so long under the domination of the Catholic priesthood that it is very natural to swing to the opposite extreme and to think that the way to avoid the dangers of spiritual tyranny is to oppose all established order. The transition from tyranny to anarchy is natural, but both are equally hostile to true freedom. I once said in one of our Conventions that I hated the name priest, and I do. But I love liberty, and I am sure that there is no way of gaining it in church or state but in order. The church will never flourish anywhere on earth or in heaven and gain a steady and substantial growth without men set apart to teach her doctrines and administer her affairs. The church needs clergy as much as the state needs officers and governors to administer civil affairs. Men must be set apart and dedicated to this use, and formally inducted into it by the consent and coöperation of the members of the church.

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PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1888.

There is no minister in the New Church who thinks less of ceremonies and forms, as such, than I do. But they have their use, which is not destroyed by their abuse.

I think, I know, you are right in forming a religious society that shall be a distinct body by itself and have some general principles distinctly stated of its purpose and modes of work. Such organizations are according to the laws of the Divine order; they exist in heaven. It is impossible for any church or any truth to be successfully maintained and propagated without them. If you can get even a small number of persons who will work together according to some common rules which they accept firmly, treating all others kindly, but moving steadily on in the performance of their work, they will in the end gain strength and numbers, and they will have permanence and stability, and win the favor of all who have any genuine love for the church. The same necessity for organization exists in the church as in civil society. The purpose of the organization must not be to rule over others but to help others by the unity and combined strength of numbers. I am glad to see that you are moving in that direction. The first movement does not seem to be auspicious but it will in the end succeed, only you must be patient and tender and considerate. All who have any genuine love for the church will come back to you.

Our people in this country think I am rather sanguine about the success of the New Church because I say that every effort that the New Church makes to disseminate its doctrines and build up the Lord's kingdom on the earth succeeds. I am sure of it. The success may not be according to our notions, it may not come in the form or at the time we expect it, but it will surely come. France is to be New Church. And every effort you are now making to spread the doctrines of the New Church is necessary, and small as the result may seem to be, it is an essential link in the chain of cause and effect by which the end is to be reached.

So, my dear friend, take courage. Do the duty of to-day, as I know you will, nobly and faithfully, and trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and He will bring it to pass.

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What a blessed privilege it is to be able to work in the beginning of things when only a few can be found who can be interested. In some respects it might be more pleasant to have great numbers like the Catholics and Protestants, but in others not. Sowing is as pleasant and useful as reaping, and the morning is as charming as midday or evening. We must be content to do our work, thankful that the Lord has put it into our hearts to do it and given us the means of doing it. We can sow the seed, but we cannot make it grow. The Lord alone can do that. So we must be content and find our joy in doing what the Lord has given us the means of doing.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27, 1890.

After M. Humann was chosen by your society as its minister and formally introduced into the office it changed the whole aspect of affairs. We have no desire to interfere in any way with your method of instituting the ministry. Your mode of ecclesiastical government may be the best for you. I have no criticisms to make or fault to find.

I deplore the divisions that weaken you and retard the progress of the Church. But it seems as though the church in every country has to pass through such a state of conflict. And when it is over, the people who survive look back upon it with sorrow and wonder why they could have been so misled and wasted their strength so unwisely. Mr. Worcester and I were talking about it not an hour ago. "Shall we not sometime look back upon the trifles that have divided and hindered our usefulness," he said, "with shame and regret?"

To Mr. Giles from L. Humann

BELLEVUE, FRANCE, March 4, 1890.

With all the troubles and heartaches we have the satisfaction of seeing more clearly every day that a public worship is the only good plan in Paris to bring new adherents. We constantly, if slowly, gain ground with outsiders; we sell books and make the doctrines known. We receive no unkindness, no bad treatment of any kind, from people who differ from us in their religious views. It is only the New Church people who are not always kind to us. Is it not strange? (In conse-

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quence, the attendance at our services is rather small.) My husband has now the whole charge of the preaching and I have also the whole charge of the school. Since October every Thursday and Sunday I have a class and it succeeds very well. I have generally from twelve or fifteen children of our quarter to twenty and twenty-five. I have formed also a sewing class of about twenty women. I give them ten cents for sewing two hours, and we read to them, etc. I hope next year to do several things with them. I translated a good many of your children's stories and read them to my children after reading and explaining different parts of the Old and the New Testament. They enjoy your stories so much! Then we sing hymns and also songs for children, and we dance sometimes for recreation on Thursday. It goes on very well. But it is very heavy work for us all, as we are alone to do everything, and also we may fall ill. However, let us hope for the best and in the strength given us by a kind Providence.

In July of 1888 the Rev. Joseph Pettie of Abington attained his fiftieth anniversary as a New Church minister. This letter of my father's expresses his happiness in the event:

LAKE GEORGE, July 23, 1888.

Allow me to unite my voice with your other friends in congratulating you on having completed a half century in the ministry of the New Church. It is a privilege that is not granted to many laborers in the Lord's vineyard. It is the noblest, the most useful, and the most honorable office that is given to men to perform—to be the medium of communicating a new and higher light on the most precious interests of human life, to be a pioneer of a New Age and clear away the obstructions and plant the seeds of a New Church which is to be the crown of all the churches. What more important work was ever committed to the hands of men!

What changes you have seen during the half century you have been patiently and faithfully laboring to build up this kingdom! The man child may be in the wilderness still, but he is growing in power and the wilderness is changing. It is not so dark, wild, desolate, and impassable to the feet of those who come with good tidings of peace, with

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new light and the means of attaining a new and higher life. The man child is changing the wilderness into a Garden of the Lord, and you have done your share in making the change.

It is generally regarded as a great blessing to prolong our days in this world, and it doubtless is so long as we can be useful either by active work or by that spiritual ripening which is effected by the union of a regenerated will with an enlightened understanding. I doubt not that both blessings are yours.

Summer had come again and its advent finds Mr. and Mrs. Giles again at Lake George. From a small room assigned him as a study he writes, in July, 1888, the following to one of his daughters, who is about to leave for Europe with her husband:

Your mother has brought her letter into the Tower and asked "Mr. Giles" if he would not write a line to you. I have asked him with a suitable degree of awe and respect, and he has graciously condescended to grant her request. So here goes the line.

I am in the lone and lofty tower to which I believe you have been graciously admitted. It is an octagon. It has seven windows and a door. The furniture is elegant and abundant. It consists of three cane-bottomed chairs, — two common ones, and an armchair which I am at this moment occupying, — and one round table made of ash. An electric light depends from above. The room is entered through a long and crooked passage; but very few are admitted. It is Mr. Giles's (the Rev. Chauncey Giles's, President of the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States and Canada) sanctum, his eyrie, his solitary abode where he writes a letter to his daughter, and ponders upon a lecture or a sermon which he hopes some time to deliver. Here he sits in solitary grandeur and looks down upon the trees and the lawn and the lake and the hills beyond and the paper upon which he is writing, and thinks of — oh, yes, and he will continue to think of the daughter over the ocean and in the far-off lands. His thoughts and his heart will go with you all for a safe and pleasant journey, and a return refreshed in mind and body and enriched in many ways, to find the dear ones at home all well, and all the better for the summer's journey. This

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is Mr. Giles's line. I don't know how your own father could have said anything more to the point. By the way, I understand that your father intends to write to you before you sail, and that he would like to know how to address letters to you provided he should feel inclined to write. All of which is respectfully submitted by Mr. Giles.

His deep, quiet enjoyment of nature is embodied with much poetic feeling in the following:

LAKE GEORGE, July 6, 1888.

I spend a good part of my time in my tower up among the treetops with the birds and squirrels. The leaves and the birds sing to me, and the squirrels chatter and perform their gymnastics upon the limbs of the trees. Through the openings in the screen of the leaves I look down upon the beautiful lake and beyond upon the panorama of hills that gird us about. Everything is beautiful and peaceful, but alive with a kind of quiet joy. The lake sympathizes with the sky, sleeps in deep blue or green or smiles in gold, and ripples with laughter as the winds caress it, and it sparkles and flashes in the light. The staid and sober hills look down upon their sleeping or gently moving child and fold it in their strong embrace. It is beautiful, it is wonderfully beautiful!

At another time he writes:

LAKE GEORGE, July 22, 1888.

It has been a heavenly day. The lake has been like a mirror. The hills have drawn a soft veil over them which has concealed the sharp lines of their features and given them a dreamy, spiritual look. The shadows of the trees lie clear and light upon the lawn. In some cases they are not masses of shadows without any form, but outlines of trees framed in sunbeams. As I sat on the lawn this morning many rowboats were gliding along the surface of the mirror, nearly all pointing in one direction. A bell was ringing in the steeple of a little church not far from the shore and half hidden by the trees. The boats seemed to be drawn by the sound of the bell as by some charm which they could not resist. The people who did not go to church were scattered in groups about the lawn with nurses and little children whose pleasant voices filled the air. I do not know when I have seen a more

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beautiful sight or one more in accord with the peace of the day. I have felt very grateful for it. It was the beauty and glory of the Lord upon the earth, a picture of the peace, loveliness, and rest of heaven.

Always particularly happy when especially busy, Mr. Giles writes:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29, 1888.

Our work is very encouraging, our audiences are increasing, and the interest in our work is deepening and the work itself is increasing. The Sunday school is a delight to behold. It increases in numbers and interest, our large room is quite full, and young and old are pleased. I was occupied with some work for the church last week every night but one. There are about fifty who meet for instruction every Monday evening. We are studying the messages to the seven churches in Revelation, and there seems to be much interest in it.

Two months later a temporary stop was put to Mr. Giles's activities by a fall upon the ice which resulted in a broken rib. Of this accident he writes in cheerful vein:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1888.

The fifth of the Broken Rib.

You see I have found a new calendar, a new era, the beginning of a new age, the age of broken ribs. Well, it isn't so lugubrious as it might be. There are many good things about it.

1. The people of this age are not allowed to work. They lie in bed the most of the time and are compelled to be waited on. This would not be so severe if you could turn over, but you are not allowed to do that. You must lie flat on your back, which becomes "very tiresome." Still, one gets used to it.

2. It is one of the rules of this age that we must be supplied with the most delicious viands. For example: one large box white grapes, one bottle best wine, one choice ham, four pounds candied fruit, four pounds best buckwheat, one large bottle maple molasses, one jar brandied peaches, four pounds finest oatmeal, one thousand more or less offers of help. Quantities of sympathy; quant. suff. A large number of "It will be good for you" — "You will be compelled to rest."

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Many threats that you shall never go out again alone. So all the inhabitants of this age must have a body servant. Many cautions about stepping on the ice. I believe there is to be no more ice in this age. Plenty of old novels and new magazines to read and the strictest guard that you do not tumble down again. The conditions of entering on this age are one or more broken ribs. If you covet such a dispensation you know its terms.

Without anticipating any such result, last Sunday evening as I was returning from Germantown, where I had been to lecture, and when about two squares from home, I, your venerable father, did step unwittingly on some ice, my feet went out from under me, and I came down on the pavement with a thud which knocked the breath out of my body and broke one of my ribs. I lay there sprawling like a turtle on his back and gasping for breath. After a while I "pulled myself together," got onto my hands and knees and finally stood on my feet, picked up my hat and cane and walked home, concluding I was not hurt much after all and would be all right in the morning. So I said nothing about it, and went to bed. It was after ten o'clock at night. But I could not sleep I was in so much pain, and I was obliged to confess in the morning that I could not get up. Will examined me and said one of my ribs was broken. He plastered and bandaged me up, and I have been living on the fat of the land ever since. I do not suffer very much if I keep still. But every movement is painful. I am feeling more comfortable to-day than at any time since I entered on this new age, and hope to be better than ever in a few weeks. So you must not worry about me. I spend my time between the bed and "Sleepy Hollow," and find the change from one to the other very restful. I am taking my ease with resignation.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11, 1838.

All the members of the family have gone to church except myself. Before they went away I received many injunctions to be "good" while they are gone. I don't know how I can be better than to spend a portion of the time in writing a letter to you. I seem to have lost my reputation, if I ever had any, for being good. I cannot do the least thing but they oh! and ah! about it as if I were a very naughty boy. I told Lucy (the

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maid) to make a fire in my study this morning, and when your mother came home from market she found me quietly reposing in my chair before the fire as innocent as a little child. Dear me! the way she went on you would think I had committed the unpardonable sin and was going to destruction. The wonder was that I did not fall downstairs and break another rib, or possibly my neck. But I didn't. You see I get well so fast that they can't understand it. I improve too rapidly to suit them. It seems as though they wanted me to lie in bed a month. But I can't. It's too hard work. Well, I'll forgive them.

The Book Association has its annual meeting to-night, when the officers for another year are chosen. There is to be a spread of coffee and ice cream and a pouring forth of speeches and some other good things. I am sorry I cannot be there to assist. I want to interest our people generally in the work of the Book Room. So we planned refreshments and a social meeting, and considerable effort has been made to get a good attendance, and I think we shall succeed.

I am getting along very well, remarkably well. I can walk about the house without much difficulty, and suffer but little pain except from rheumatism, and I hope to be at work again soon. Indeed I believe I do keep at work all the time. I can think just as well with a broken rib as with a sound one, and I am trying to think out some lectures which I can write and deliver when the fractured bone will permit.

Well, if I am to be good I must not be too good, but must stop writing. So with love to all I say good night and drop my pen.

Two days later, December 12, 1888, he writes a letter to the Rev. John Goddard in reply to one which was received, in which disappointment at the slow growth of the New Church was expressed.

Mr. Goddard was the first minister to remain for any length of time in Cincinnati after Mr. Giles left. His pastorate there covered a period of thirty-five years. He was and is very much beloved by the Cincinnati people. He now has charge of the Newtonville society, where he has been ever since he left Cincinnati.

I was much interested in your letter because I have been there, and am now at times. I have sometimes thought that if I were a white oak tree in a New England pasture I should get discouraged and give

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up trying to grow. The Lord works slowly. He is in no hurry. It is not size He seeks as much as quality. I wonder at His patience. How little He did when in the world! So far as the external organization of a church, almost nothing! He planted the seed, however, which will never perish. Men may come and men may go, but His kingdom will go on forever. The obstacles to its establishment are much greater than we can conceive. We see a few of them, or think we do, and are discouraged. But there is no cause for it, except in ourselves. One cause, it seems to me, is that we look for too superficial and immediate results. We are only infinitesimal parts of an immeasurable kingdom and all must grow together. No germ cell can far outstrip another without producing a monster instead of a man, especially the *Maximus Homo*.

Another cause of discouragement is that we take only the most superficial and partial estimate of our forces. We leave almost every force that favors us out of our account,—the angels, the Lord, and all the unseen but ever present and active spiritual forces which are operating in favor of building up the Lord's kingdom. All we can do is to scratch a little on the surface. I sometimes think we are as unwise in our discouragements as the farmer would be who expected a full ripe harvest to spring up behind him when he was sowing his seed. It is a comforting and reassuring truth that they that be for us are more than they that be against us, that the Lord is not discouraged if we are, and that the work goes on in winter as well as in summer.

I have been troubled some about the "reason" myself, and I suppose I should be more than I am if I had not come to the conclusion that the human reason, a variable quantity, must itself be formed by truths and can see and judge no farther than it knows principles and movements that we cannot understand to-day; some that seem irrational to us we may find, when we can see farther and more clearly, to be part of the Divine Order and essential to effecting the purposes of the Lord. The most enlightened human wisdom cannot see more than an inch beyond its nose, and much of what we can see appears to be upside down. So I try to console myself with the idea that things may be in good form and order even if they do not seem to me to be so, and that the

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Lord knows what He is about, knows what He wants to do and how to do it.

Besides, I find this result in my own experience. The more I learn of the doctrines of the New Church the more rational they appear to me, and as my reason improves I see more clearly the Divine Order as revealed in those doctrines. So the way grows brighter at every step and I am willing to trust that it will continue to do so.

I suppose you refer to the doctrine that the Lord has made His Second Coming. There is some truth in that, but it may be held in a way to make it an error. He has made it; but He has not completed it. He never finishes anything in the sense of ceasing to work upon it and improve it. He made man millions of years ago, and yet He has never finished a man and never will. He is at work now on the first human being, and He will never cease to work upon him. The Lord is infinite, consequently there is no past or future to Him. He is forming a heaven. He is constantly at work.

I like your sermon much. We shall print ten thousand copies of it and try to get as wide a circulation for it as possible. It seems to me to be the best thing that has been said on the subject. I hope to get copies to you this week.

The sermon to which reference is made in the letter to Mr. Goddard is one that was published in the *Helper*. He also refers to it in one of his family letters.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1888.

By the way, the *Helper* has been a success. It has the largest circulation of any New Church periodical, and is evidently performing the use of tracts more efficiently under its new name than the tracts themselves as such. We publish this week a discourse by Rev. John Goddard on "Robert Elsmere, or the Parting of the Saviour's Garments," which I think is unusually good, and I hope our people will supply themselves with copies of it to hand to those who ask, "Have you read 'Robert Elsmere' and what do you think of it?" It is the best statement of the good and evil of the book and the real meaning of it I have seen. We have printed ten thousand copies of the number and hope

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there will be a call for ten thousand more. It contains a very good statement of the New Church doctrine of the Word besides what it says about "Robert Elsmere." So it will perform a double use.

The above is the first letter which mentions the *Helper*. This is a periodical which developed from the custom of printing Mr. Giles's sermons every week. The steps which led to it are so well expressed in Mr. Worcester's biographical sketch of Mr. Giles that it seems best to quote from it *verbatim*:

"Mr. Giles saw great value in the library and reading room connected with the church, and did all that he could to develop their usefulness. Here members of the congregation and strangers could find New Church books and tracts; and here they could meet for study and various church interests through the week. The uses of the book room were organized under the name of the "New Church Book Association of Philadelphia," of which Mr. Giles was made President. The work of the "American New Church Tract and Publication Society" was also transferred to these rooms, and Mr. Giles rejoiced to see its increasing business giving regular employment to many of the young people of the church. These active uses he saw would do much to strengthen the love for the church and to extend the influence of Sunday through the week.

The Tract Society had been organized in 1865, some years before Mr. Giles came to Philadelphia. Through the generous coöperation of the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., at a time when the works of Swedenborg were almost unknown to the public and were regarded with prejudice by religious teachers, the society had been very useful in publishing the books in handsome form through the usual channels of trade. Mr. Giles was connected with the society from the time of his coming to Philadelphia, and upon the death of Mr. T. S. Arthur, in 1885, he became its president. During the years of his association with the society, and largely through his influence, its work greatly increased, especially in the publication of tracts. The printing of Mr. Giles's sermons from week to week led to a regular weekly distribution through the mails, which in time became so large that in

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1888 for convenience and economy the tracts were given the form of a periodical with the title of the *Helper*. The work continued to grow, till a recent report of the Tract Society showed an average distribution of *Helpers* and other tracts for the year of over one thousand a day.

The publication of books was meantime not neglected. In all this work Mr. Giles was the leader. He always advocated printing as the most economical and effective means of reaching the public, and did much to awaken the church to the importance of this mode of teaching. In recording their appreciation of Mr. Giles's service in its work, the managers of the Tract Society said: "He has furnished the most useful sermons, lectures and books for publication; he has, by his broad sympathies and by his knowledge of the church throughout our country and abroad, done more than any other to lift the society's work above mere local uses to such as are of service to the church at large. His annual reports, so full of love for the cause and of confidence in its success, have called forth a general coöperation in the work of the society, till it now has friends and supporters wherever the New Church is known."

The beginning of the new year of 1889 finds Mr. Giles still convalescing from his broken rib. It was not until the 19th of January that he was able to preach again, and it was a long time before he fully regained his strength. There was a good deal of work accomplished, but it was done despite great drawbacks. His diary records a constant struggle to pursue his work while suffering from headache, rheumatism, and a confused feeling of the head in which the brain acted with difficulty. Nevertheless he persevered, and early in the year completed a book on "The Forgiveness of Sin."

During the composition of this and other things such remarks as these were frequent in his diary:

My mind works slowly and I cannot get anything to suit me. Is it the right feeling? Ought I not to be content when I do the best I can, even if the result comes far short of what I could wish?

While writing, one cause of dissatisfaction was that he would forget what he had previously written, and in consequence repeat himself. His dogged perseverance and lack of enjoyment in the work were well

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expressed in the words "Dig, dig without a spark of illumination!" There was nevertheless no *idleness*.

A course of lectures on Marriage was delivered. These afterwards formed the basis of the book, "The Sanctity of Marriage." While writing on "How True Marriages are Formed," he says:

I am trying to write a lecture and explain something which I have never seen explained to my satisfaction, and I find much difficulty in doing it. It is about as hard to explain a subject which requires spiritual knowledge to one who is only natural, as it would be to describe light to a blind man so that he would perceive its nature.

A very important movement in the society this year was the formation of the Pennsylvania Association. This in its turn joined the General Convention. Of this my father writes as follows:

Our people are all rejoicing at the success of our meeting to form an Association and at the prospect of being connected with the General Convention. I can rejoice with them. This is the third society that was out of the Convention and much opposed to it when I became its pastor, that is now a member of it. If we can get it in successful operation I think it will be of great use to the New Church in this part of the country. I have never attended a more delightful meeting than we had.

In his diary on April 25th he records the first meeting of the Association:

This has been a day long to be remembered in our society. The meeting convened to form an Association of the New Church. I delivered my address, which passed off much better than I expected. The singing was spirited, and there was a good congregation. The Association was formed by a unanimous vote of the society. About one hundred and fifty sat down to luncheon.

This action of the society involved much correspondence, and there were not only many letters to write, but a constitution to prepare. The work, with some assistance from Mr. McGeorge, devolved upon Mr. Giles.

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It was during Convention of this year, held in Washington, D. C., in the Church of Our Father (Universalist) that Mr. Giles advocated the building by Convention of a National Church, one that should fittingly represent the New Church at our country's Capital.

The church of the Washington Society had been destroyed by fire, February ninth of that year, and as Convention was expected to meet there, the Universalists kindly offered the use of their church for that purpose.

The following reflections from my father's diary need no introduction, and so are given without further comment:

June 2, 1889. We are travelers into the unknown and eternal future. There is no fixed goal beyond which we cannot pass. Our path is the truths or falsities we learn. We make our scenery and all our environment as we advance. Instead of going away from it we carry it with us. It is constantly enlarged and varied and perfected by new truths, and made beautiful and delightful by new affections, if we are learning truths and living according to them. We are traveling and yet we are not moving through space. We are traveling, and yet we are at rest in one sense. We are obliged to use motion through space to express and represent change of state. Yet the two are totally unlike one another. We rise and yet we are in the same place. We advance and yet we are at rest.

June 12, 1889. Old age has some hard lessons to learn; one of the most difficult, perhaps, is to moderate activity and adapt it to the waning strength. I find that I am constantly forgetting that I am an old man, though continually reminded of it. I am impatient with my body because it will not serve me as it has in the past. I am surprised at its failure, and it is difficult to become reconciled to it. I don't know that I ever shall, for I see so much that I desire to do, and some things that it seems as if I could do better. It seems as if I must do them. I must force the body to do its work.

June 16, 1889. I sometimes wonder why I cannot realize spiritual things more fully. When I pray, why cannot I feel more distinctly that the Lord is near and that I am addressing the glorified Jesus? Our prayers, singing, and worship need distinctness. In what a different way we ask the Lord for favors than a child appeals to its father or

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mother. We do not ask with definite purpose the things we beseech the Lord to give us. There is a vagueness about our prayers. It is rightly called a service. I sometimes try to come to the Lord more directly and with some specific want, but I do not succeed very well. Perhaps we can only grow into this feeling of the nearness of the Lord and of communion with Him. Perhaps a too clear perception of His personal presence would take away our freedom. We should be overcome by it.

June 17, 1889. I have done very little to-day. Perhaps I have grown some. Who knows! Growth is silent and at the time imperceptible. The work of regeneration must be going on all the time, when we rest as well as when we are active. It may be that the progress is as rapid when we are asleep as when we are awake, though the action is somewhat different. Plants grow as much at night as in the daytime. Why should not men? The time we spend in sleep is not lost. The most important influences are operating upon us unresisted by the understanding.

June 18, 1889. The least physical effort exhausts me. My physical powers are rapidly failing. Is not this dying? When we see a plant failing, the leaves withering and ceasing to perform their functions, we say it is dying. Why should we not say the same of ourselves? It is equally true that the failure of our natural strength is a gradual death. The physical organs can no longer perform their functions with their accustomed promptness and vigor. Why? Because the spirit from which they receive all their power is leaving them. It is losing its hold upon them. They cannot receive influx from it, as a dying tree cannot receive influx from the heat and light of the sun. Loss of power is due to gradual death. Death is not so dreadful then.

June 20, 1889. I commenced writing a sermon this morning on "The Blessedness of Faith in the Unseen," and wrote fourteen pages of manuscript. The subject has been haunting me for some time. But I am not making a success of it. I cannot express it or work it out as I hoped,

As my natural memory closes I find myself coming into the state of spirits and angels as described by Swedenborg; I cannot write from

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memory. Ideas come as I begin to write, — sometimes new ones, sometimes in unexpected forms. What I write or teach must be more from influx into my mind as already organized than from any new regions of knowledge, though the understanding and will may be constantly perfected. Every one must have his limits. The mind will not go on expanding in circumference, but perfecting in quality, and to that there will be no end.

I try to keep my mind open to the reception of new ideas. I try to think of them as gifts to me from the Lord, and the angels, and to offer thanks for them, and not to claim them as my own. It is only the love of self that does this. How strong and deep it is! I do try to subdue it. May the Lord help me to put it under my feet.

June 24, 1889. Duties faithfully done from right motives are means of spiritual growth. This idea of growing is one that ought to be emphasized more than it is. All growth goes on in quiet and silence. We must provide the food and keep in a proper state, and the Lord will cause the growth. It is not done by any effort on our part. This is a truth we ought to know. It is not by our might but by the Lord's spirit. His love, like the heat of the sun, causes all growth.

July 1, 1889. I have read a little in "Anna Karénina," and find some states of a lover's mind which are true to nature and which I have never seen described before. I brought a few of Tolstoi's books with me, which I propose to read and learn if I can what there is in them that is so remarkable. They must be interesting as the product of a Russian mind. I have been diligently reading "Anna Karénina." What a passionate, lovely, and foolish woman she was! The married people are of a remarkably jealous nature. Some of the scenes are wonderfully drawn. Levin is an interesting character and quite naturally developed. He grows upon me, and some of his opinions are quite remarkable for one who has never heard of the New Church. He is a good example of the manner in which the new light is dawning upon men's minds, though in imperfect forms. One acquainted with the doctrines of the New Church can see the gropings and failures, as a man whose eyes are open can see the gropings of a blind man and how he misses the objects he is seeking. But those who cannot see and are only reach-

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ing after the truth may be in a better spiritual state and have more spiritual life than those who can see but are content with that.

July 7, 1889. Every sentence in the Word is written for every one and describes what is or may be in us. It describes the evil we may become and the suffering we must endure, or the heavenly states we may gain and the good we may enjoy. If we could read the Word with this idea of its personal application to us it would have a much more powerful influence upon us.

Abstract and impersonal conception of the truth robs it of the most of its power. The principle applies to preaching. Our preaching lacks personal application. We talk about things, about doctrines, and when it is done in a pleasant way the people are pleased. They are charmed with beautiful rhetoric, with a graceful manner, and with a powerful description of abstract evils and falses. But there is not enough of "Thou art the man."

I was thinking this morning before I arose about writing some practical articles or sermons for the *Helper* that people must apply to themselves and that would be helpful to them. Could I not write some little treatises on such subjects as these: "How to Bear Disappointment"; "How to Assuage Sorrow and Bereavement"; "How to be Happy"; "How to Overcome Evil in Ourselves"; "How to Bear Prosperity"; "How to Get the Most Good out of what we Possess." They might be published in the form of little books about the size of our pocket editions and sold for ten cents. These subjects suggest themselves: "How to Bear Poverty"; "How to Bear Sickness"; "How to Get the Most Good out of our Social Relations"; "How to Find Blessings in Domestic Life"; "How to Get the Most Good out of Labor."

Some of them might be written in the form of a story, or anecdotes might be introduced to illustrate the principle. How easy it is to think of things to do! How much easier than to do them! But if they could be done even in a moderate degree of excellence they might be useful. Shall I try? The whole secret of happiness lies in doing good to others. The two great commandments are the key to happiness in every form. They open the door to every good. That would be as useful as "The Magic Spectacles" or any other of the Wonderful Books. I certainly

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could write a Christmas story for the children on the subject, "The Magic Key." Let me think of it.

On July 8, 1889, a sultry day, he writes:

The trees sway gently, as though moved by a peaceful feeling, and the leaves quiver with a quiet joy. They make no noise; only the poplars occasionally rattle as with senseless laughter, a kind of giggling which suggests motion without sense. Every tree has its voice, and when a large number is strongly moved it is like an anthem. To-day the trees do not "clap their hands." They are moved with a deep and quiet joy which too much motion and noise would disturb.

If we could only live in the continual consciousness that what we call nature is a constant creation by the Lord and the infinitely variable and varying expression of His love and wisdom, how full and rich in meaning it would be!

July 11, 1889. How will it be when we pass out of time and measure continuously by state? I suppose the change will seem very small to us. Indeed, I presume we shall not notice it. But it will be a great change in principle. We shall live in the present. We shall not dwell in the past or fear for the morrow. Nothing will be artificial or factitious or arbitrary. There will be no external obstacles to overcome. Life will be the unfolding of what we have become by our deeds in this world. We shall be in our place and doing our work and enjoying what we have the capacity to enjoy. We shall live with those we love. Our place will be the one we are preparing here. How important beyond the measure of any earthly possession does this great fact make our conduct in this life. We are laying the foundation on which we are to build forever.

July 15, 1889. I have been reading more about Swedenborg. The more I read the more wonderful he seems. He certainly was the most remarkable man of whom we have any knowledge. He ranges through all the planes of the creation and was great in every one. The time must come when he will find his true place in the scientific and religious world. I feel as though I would like to make a constant study of his character. But what he revealed is much more important than the

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man himself. He did not obtrude himself. He is the most impersonal of men. He makes no claim for himself for his agency in communicating truth. He only asks attention to the truth itself. He was the most unassuming and modest of men. But what a service he rendered to humanity! He has revealed a new world, a spiritual world, to men. He has opened the way and provided the means for the elevation of man to a new plane of life.

July 18, 1889. The ground is covered with the blossoms of the chestnut trees. The workmen are raking them off and they make quite a windrow. They have done their work and now they pass away and cease to hinder the work of forming the fruit. Is it not so with the natural facts, the material ideas in the growth of our own minds and in every deed we do? We gain the reason, the way, of doing things. We learn facts, we arrange and compare them and use them in accomplishing our work. But when we begin to work our mind is not occupied with the reason but with the work. The natural ideas and reasons have faded away and are set aside. They have not fallen from us as the leaves and blossoms do, but they are laid away out of sight of our consciousness, where they cannot disturb the action of the higher faculties. They have done their work for the occasion and that goes on. They have labored and other men have entered into their labors. So the process of life goes on. How wonderful!

The same principle applies to the decay of the material body. It is a blossom which performs an essential service; and when it has finished its use, when it has done all it can for us, it fades and falls away, and leaves us free from its encumbrance. "We all do fade as a leaf."

We can thus see in nature as in a perfect mirror the principles and methods of Infinite Wisdom in accomplishing His purposes. Nature is His book, and every object, every relation, every change is a letter or word or sentence which reveals His heavenly wisdom. How beautiful and instructive it would be if we understood it and would voluntarily practise the truth we learn from it! The works of the Lord would be a constant revelation of His wisdom and loving care for the happiness of men.

July 23, 1889. I have been reading some in Tolstoi's "Confes-

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sions." He was a remarkable man. His struggles for light showed how earnestly he desired the truth. If he could have had Swedenborg it seems as though he must have received the doctrines of the New Church. He must find the light in the end. No sincere seeker for the truth ever fails to find it. This is one of the comforting doctrines of the New Church. If they do not find it in this world they will in the next. The love of good begets the truth. It creates it, as the germ in the seed creates the tree, its leaves and blossoms. So where there is a real love of the truth the truth must come. It is a seed that has life in it and it must move. There are many persons in the state of Tolstoi.

July 26, 1889. To-day has been like all the rest. I am more impressed with the idea that life is growth. The events of life are no more to us than storms and cold to a tree. They may retard or accelerate growth for a time, but they are only incidental and temporary agencies in causing it. Growth takes place in the quiet sunshine, in the night, and even in winter it is said the roots of trees grow. So regeneration, or the growth of the spiritual degree of the mind as well as of the material body, goes on while we are asleep and at rest and about our daily duties. The truths we learn and the affections we exercise are the food we eat and the water we drink; they are the material out of which the spiritual mind is organized. But the organization goes on while we are unconscious of it, like the digestion of our material food.

August 3, 1889. When I read I can understand what I read as well or better than I ever could, but I cannot recall the words. But I suppose it may be of some use to me. The ideas excited and formed by reading must remain and become a part of the mind.

There may be something better in this state than we can understand and appreciate. When we think from words we think from memory. When we think from affection we think from the more interior forms of the mind, from what we have made our own by life. When we read we do not accumulate new material so much as we make it the occasion of using what we have, and building it into the organic forms of the mind. If this is so, reading is useful even if we cannot remember the words. It is an external means of exercising the mind and awakening

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the affections. It assists in the process of life and so it must be of some use. It is to the mind what exercise for health is to the body. I must not be discouraged then.

August 9, 1889. I have often wondered what would cause my final release from the material body and departure from the material world. I think I know now. It will be the failure of the heart, and probably it will come suddenly. This is just as I would choose to have it. When I have finished my work here I would like to depart at once. But still we do not know what is best for us. So I would like to have it at the time and place and in the manner the Lord sees best for me.

August 10, 1889. The true way to work is without any reference to time; that is, to do to-day what our hands find to do without any reference to the past or future. This is the true mental position. This is the state we shall be in in the spiritual world. We shall be wholly absorbed in the present. The present is eternity. Like travelers on the ocean we do not pass through our horizon; we carry it with us. There is no appearance of going from place to place. There is no place except where we are. We must do our work as the screw of the steamship does; we must keep turning where we are. If we could do this we should accomplish much more than we do.

August 12, 1889. I received a number of letters to-day. Among them one from a man who desires to publish a book of extracts from my tracts, to be called "Living Thoughts" by Chauncey Giles. He will make the extracts and put his name to the book as the compiler, and do the whole work and be responsible for its issue through the press. He thinks it would be useful. He says his only motive is to make the truth known to a wider circle of readers than have been reached.

The man who proposes to do this is James R. Gilmore, who is an author under the *nom de plume* of Edmund Kirke.

I do not know that there is any objection to it. Such a book might be useful to some people in leading them to the New Church. I have found two instances in which my article in "That Unknown Country" has had that effect. The Lord uses all kinds of means to make known His new truths to men.

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The following is from a letter:

LAKE GEORGE, August 16, 1889.

I have succeeded for once in my life in creating a sensation. For a few days I think I have been the subject of more conversation than any man in the Sagamore. All my preaching never had half the effect. I did not know that it was so easy to excite general attention. "It is just as easy as rolling off a log." It did consist of rolling out of my boat into the lake. The great event occurred on Tuesday. I must note it down and fix it as one of the great land- (or water-) marks in my life. When I came in from rowing the men who attend to the boats did not see me. I waited a while, and as they did not come I concluded to get out without their assistance. I succeeded admirably in doing it. I found no difficulty in getting out of the boat. But instead of landing on the dock I got into the water. A gentleman who saw the performance, and one of the boatmen, ran to my assistance and pulled me out. They had one hundred and ninety pounds of flesh and blood to lift, and I don't know how many pounds of water. I was thoroughly soaked, — at least my clothes were. I slowly made my dripping way to my room. Your mother, who was unconscious of the sensation I had created and the great amount of water I was bringing her, exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Giles, you look wet!"

The drenched garments were soon replaced by dry ones and I was quite refreshed after my bath. No unpleasant consequences resulted from it but the notoriety occasioned by the performance.

At the meeting of Convention in June, the committee appointed for the purpose reported the purchase, for the use of the Theological School, of the Sparks estate in Cambridge.

Mr. Giles, who had come to Boston to attend the opening exercises, thus describes them in a letter:

September 26, 1889.

The trustees have purchased a beautiful piece of ground containing sixty thousand square feet. There is a good house on it which will accommodate the students for dormitories and recitation rooms for some years to come. It seems to be the most important step the Church has taken to provide ministers to instruct and lead her.

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It was a rainy and unpleasant day; there were about one hundred people present, as many as the room could comfortably seat. The exercises consisted of reading from the Word, singing, prayer, and short addresses. Rev. T. F. Wright, who is a professor in the school and will have special charge of it, led in the exercises, but under the direction of Rev. John Worcester, the President, who delivered a short but excellent address. Other addresses were by Rev. S. F. Dyke, C. Giles, and Mr. Dewson. The people were much interested and felt that a good work had been initiated.

In the afternoon we had another meeting of the Board of Missions and completed our work. We voted to raise five thousand dollars this year and to recommend to all the societies of the New Church to take up a collection for the benefit of the Board on the last Sunday in October.

I think that the meeting has been a useful one, and that we have taken some steps towards placing the work of the Board on a more stable basis and given it the means of doing more work.

West Newton, Sept. 28, 1889. We drove over to Waltham yesterday and called upon Mr. Benjamin Worcester at the school. It was a beautiful day. He is devoting himself with great industry and success to his school, and as far as I can see he is doing a good work. I do not know of any school I would prefer for a son or daughter.

I called on Mr. John Worcester this morning and had a long talk with him about Church affairs. He is working with entire devotion to the Church and is exerting a good influence upon it.

In the following, from the diary, Mr. Giles makes the first mention of "Why I am a New Churchman":

Philadelphia, October 5, 1889. I spent some time to-day in blocking out a little book or lecture which I hope may be of use in making known the principles of the New Church. It may be called "Why I am a New Churchman." I think I can put the principles of the New Church in a more simple and perhaps attractive form than by a merely doctrinal statement. The subject grows upon me as I consider it, and I am encouraged to hope that it may be one way of performing a use to

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the Church. Certainly every New Churchman ought to be able to give a good reason for his faith. Such a little treatise may help others to know and be able to tell why they are New Churchmen. I am determined to carry it out as well as I can, and to state the principles of the New Church as clearly and sharply as possible. I will take my time and to the extent of my ability I will make it a useful work. The subject is simmering and taking shape. I mean to consider it carefully and not be in haste in putting it into print.

Mr. Giles became so interested in this that he set himself the task of writing one thousand words a day. He says:

I did my quota of one thousand words to-day. It seems a little tough when one sits down, but the ideas come and the work is soon accomplished. How much might be done if this course were pursued. I feel quite ashamed sometimes when I think how little I have accomplished. I might have done much more for the children by writing stories for them, for which I had some talent. But I had no early training and I have stumbled along the most of my life. But by systematic work I might have done much more. I may do some more yet. But who can change his habits after seventy-six? "Can the leopard change his spots?" Well, I will keep poking along a little longer.

On Dec. 11, 1889, he mentions the formation of a Young People's League:

In the evening there was a meeting of the Young People to organize a society for social and spiritual purposes. A large number was present and a good spirit prevailed with an earnest purpose to do some work. I think it is a good movement and one that will result in great use to those who engage in it, and to the Church. Young people should have responsibilities placed upon them and work given them for which they are accountable as soon as they are able to perform any use. This is the only way in which they can be trained to work for the Church. Old men do not like new methods. They get into ruts and move slowly.

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When making a missionary trip to Savannah he stopped over in Washington. Mr. Sewall called in the evening and he had a long talk with him about the Church and its affairs. He says:

The people are much delighted with him. The attendance at church has doubled since he came and they seem quite encouraged to hope that a new day is dawning on the Society.

The days in Savannah were very busy ones. Mr. Giles spoke twice on Sunday, gave two lectures during the week, besides an informal talk (by request) on the "Spiritual World" at a social meeting. One night he sat up very late and talked with a man who does not believe there is any life after this. He says: "It did not do me any harm and I don't know that it did him any good." He adds:

I am getting acquainted with the people and I think my coming will be useful to them. They need help in many other ways than simply to have the doctrines preached to them. They need encouragement to work and to interest themselves personally in the church, and they have much of the Southern latitude helplessness.

I tried to encourage them to engage in work for the church with the hope that they would surely succeed in accomplishing something. Their past experience is proof of this. I exhorted them above all things to let no special view of truth divide them, but to stand on common ground and cling together and work together. So I bade them farewell.

In Jacksonville he received a very cordial reception and spoke both morning and evening, as he had at Savannah. At the close of his letter he says:

I think I have done the people good at Savannah and here by coming. But I believe I can be as useful at home as anywhere. A sermon published in the *Helper* or as a tract reaches so many more people than I can reach with my voice that I am inclined to think I can perform a greater use by writing for the press and preaching at home than in any other way. So when I return you may expect to keep me for some time, —until after the holidays, at least.

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In November Mr. Giles went to Preston, Maryland, to dedicate a small church there. Besides the morning service he lectured in the evening. A man by the name of Alexander drove twenty-two miles to attend the meeting and be baptized. Mr. Giles was much affected by this circumstance.

After his return to Philadelphia he writes:

Reached home a little after eight, very weary but very glad I could go. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as working for the Church. I hope to be permitted to engage in it forever.

This friendly response to Christmas greetings was cherished for many years by its recipient. Though short, it is very characteristic.

December 30, 1889.

So, Miss Beatrice, you wish me a Merry Christmas! Thank you. I did have a very pleasant one, and that is almost as good as a merry one. I thank you for your kind remembrance. I will keep your good wishes and return them also. So neither of us will lose, but both will gain.

At the close of the year he writes in his diary:

December 31, 1889. I want to acknowledge in heart and life that all my power is a constant gift from the Lord, and no credit to me for anything I have done.

CHAPTER XVIII

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1890-1891

THE year opens with a very characteristic entry in the diary. It is an instance of his frequent use of natural things to illustrate spiritual truth:

Jan. 3, 1890. I like to write. Thoughts come to me as I begin which I was not conscious of before. When the stream begins to flow it brings with it new ideas. Strike the keys and some kind of harmony or discord is the result. It is an important truth that each of us is only an instrument as truly as an organ, but with power constantly given us to open the stops. When we do the life flows in. We close them too much towards heaven and open them too much towards the earth and hell. By the knowledge we gain and the affections we exercise we are giving variety and quality to the pipes and strings of our spiritual organs. We are bringing them into the harmonies of the Divine order or we are so disarranging and deforming them that they cannot vibrate in harmony with the inflowing life or with one another.

Jan. 5, 1890. This has been an unpleasant day outwardly. Mr. Worcester preached in the morning to a fair congregation considering the weather and the general sickness. The subject of his sermon was "Patience." It was useful to me, for I am an impatient man, and I have great difficulty in overcoming the evil. Some things he said I think will help me.

Jan. 7, 1890. And there shall not be any more pain. What a delightful prospect for the future. No more pain. I have not been free from pain for more than thirty years. Some of the time it has been intense. To be free from it! I hardly know what I should do. I might act in a very absurd way, cut up all sorts of antics. But there is no danger while I live in this house of clay. The use of pain might be a good subject for a discourse.

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Jan. 29, 1890. I have not felt like work to-day. Ought I to do so? Ought we to be always working with all our might whether we feel like it or not? Sometimes I think we work too hard. It is drive, drive, drive. I notice in the account Swedenborg gives of the people of other planets he does not say much about their being industrious. They must, of course, be useful. But is there not a higher use than driving at some task? Is it not as useful to converse with friends and help them in a social and pleasant way as it is to dig long hours at any work? I am not sure but it is so.

Feb. 2, 1890. I wrote the introduction to my new booklings and read some in the Ibsen plays. They all went to church and I was at home alone. I am afraid I am not going to be able to do much more work; but I feel as though I could say more and better things than I have ever done. Perhaps not. What am I but an infinitesimal grain in the universe of humanity? What difference does it make whether I speak or not? It must make some. The largest masses are composed of infinitely small particles. The quality of the whole depends upon the quality and order of the least. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." My happiness depends upon my faithfulness in doing my little work.

Feb. 4, 1890. The sameness of life is wonderful. But how wisely it is ordered that it is so! If the changes were great and rapid we should be in a constant whirl. There would be no continuity in life. As it is we do change every day. But one state grows out of another in such a natural and orderly way that there seems to be great uniformity. There is variety in uniformity, change in stability. There is something constant by which to measure the change. But there is a new shade of color and enlargement of form and development of some particulars. And yet it is the same tree, the same person, and still not the same. So we shall go on to eternity. Of what we may become we can have no conception now. Our highest wisdom consists in doing our duty to-day. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." All growth takes place in the least. That is the difference between growth and creation, the difference between life and death.

Feb. 7, 1890. I read some in "Rosemary and Rue" by Lowell.

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He says many things wonderfully well. He has many classical and delicate allusions which adorn and enhance the interest of his poems, but they do not appeal to the affections. I think he fails there, and for this reason his writings will never be so popular as Longfellow's.

I read some in "Heaven and Hell." What a world-wide difference between that and any other book on the same subject! There is a simplicity, directness, and power about it which can be found nowhere else in any work by any other man. While it purports to be a statement of "things seen and heard" in the spiritual world, it is as logical as geometry. He lays down certain fundamental principles, and the whole book is the evolution of them.

Feb. 16, 1890. This has been a beautiful day. We had a large audience at the church. I preached on the "Presence of the Angels at the Holy Supper." I was much affected myself, so much so that I could hardly speak at times. The cause of it was not so much what I said as what the subject suggested to me. I had to stop in the closing prayer for some time; I could not speak. I did not know but I should be compelled to stop entirely.

I wish I could control myself better. I am sure it is a weakness and must seem so to others. But I cannot help it. It often prevents me from saying what I wish. I think I will not suffer my feelings to manifest themselves, and I try to suppress them, but I cannot. Perhaps it is better than it would be if I had no feelings and went through with the service in a perfunctory manner. So I think things equalize themselves, and I must be content and do the best I can with my temper and nature.

Feb. 22, 1890. I must write a sermon on the "Perishable and the Imperishable." All material things are perishable and are preserved only by constant reproduction. The plant and the animal perish, but the kingdom remains. It is like a river which is constantly passing away but is constantly renewed. With spiritual things it is not so. They remain. They cannot be annihilated. The flower fades, but the idea of the flower remains.

Feb. 28, 1890. A more interior view of the truth grows upon me. The knowledge of truth seems to stand out, to come out like trees from

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a dissolving mist. Then they have life in them; they bud and blossom and grow, and I hope will in time bear fruit. The spiritual world and spiritual things grow more real to me and the grand prospect of an immortal and never-ending existence seems so real and impressive that it is almost overwhelming. Natural things fade away and seem almost nothing. Oh, may I become more open to the reception of love and truth from the Lord!

March 24, 1890. Now I must see if I cannot do something more. While reading to-day it came into my mind that I might write a book. I have four sermons, the first of which, "Learning to Live," would give the title. Three others, "Learning to Walk," "Learning to Hear," "Learning to See," would form chapters. I might take up other things and show how we make progress only by learning the truth and doing it. [These were published in book form after Mr. Giles's death.]

March 31, 1890. My book, "Why I am a New Churchman," is out, and it is meeting with a ready sale. It seems to please.

April 17, 1890. I read the first part of a review of "Why I am a New Churchman." It is written by John Bigelow and is done in a way that I think all reviews of books should be. He gives such an account of the contents of the little book that the reader can form some idea of it. This gives some purpose and value to it. It is not praise or blame that is needed, but some idea of the book. Then let people judge for themselves. [This review was published in the *New Church Messenger*.] Mr. Mann suggests that I should give a more detailed account of the way I was led to receive the doctrines, in the form of some autobiographical articles to be published in the *Messenger*.

April 18, 1890. I have been thinking this morning about Mr. Mann's suggestion. My mind ran over some of the leading incidents which marked my progress from childhood to the time when I received the first New Church book and the first intelligence that such a church existed. Some of them seem to me to be quite remarkable and I may make a record of them. Some time! How easy it is to postpone to some time. But my some time is very nearly over, if ever, in this world. I doubt whether I ever shall attempt it. But I may when I can do nothing else.

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From a Letter to his Daughter

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, 1890.

I had a very interesting call from John Bigelow of New York a few days ago. He came to tell me that he thought I could perform a greater use now than in any other way by devoting my time to putting my writings into a more permanent form by publishing books. Tracts, he said, were read and thrown aside, but a book remained with more or less permanence. He said many pleasant things about my published sermons. Among others he said he had read them for thirty years, and he had never seen anything that was not good and well expressed. This surely was very high praise from such a man.

That Mr. Bigelow was himself the author of valuable New Church literature is not so generally known as it should be. These letters from him, written later in the year, ask Mr. Giles's advice with regard to some of his manuscripts:

To Mr. Giles from John Bigelow

HIGHLAND FALLS ON THE HUDSON, Sept. 10, 1890.

This mail will take to you the manuscript of a paper I have been writing which some New Church friends who have heard it read, think might serve a use if printed and circulated. People will not buy pamphlets; it is a great deal of trouble to distribute them, and if you do not send them gratuitously they rarely receive any attention. They are read about in the proportion that the acorns which fall become oaks. If there is any one in the land who can tell whether any good purpose can be answered by publishing what I send you, and if so, where and how it can be presented to the public to the best advantage, you are unquestionably that man. It has occurred to me that it would have a larger circulation among New Church people in the *Helper* than elsewhere, while it is too "religious" for any of our popular magazines and too long for the *Messenger*, unless divided into two or three pieces, which would be a disadvantage for those, if there should be any, who might wish to send copies to people not interested in New Church literature. If you can spare a half hour to run your eye over my manuscript and

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another five minutes to tell me whether you see any way in which it can be more useful than reposing in my portfolio I will feel obliged to you, if you will do me that favor. Should you conclude, as very likely you will, for I cannot claim to speak with any authority on theological matters, that the portfolio is the place for it, I will only trouble you to send it back to the above address, where it will serve, if no other purpose, as a milestone in my spiritual pilgrimage.

After hearing from Mr. Giles, Mr. Bigelow writes:

HIGHLAND FALLS, Oct. 17, 1890.

I am glad to learn that you think I can be useful to the Church with my pen. My life is so secluded that I have often felt like a man having a large garden to till, who had neither spade, hoe, nor mattock, and has more than he can do to keep down the weeds without attempting to produce anything.

In the diary we find the following:

April 10, 1890. I had a visit from Mr. B——, a Christian Scientist, and we had a long conversation. I tried hard to find out what their treatment is, and what their principles are, and I think he tried to tell me, but with poor success. All he said was, they sit by a patient and think of God, the Good. They do not pray to Him to heal the sick. They do not think of the sick person. They sit with closed eyes and in as passive a state as possible and think of the "Good." He pretends to have almost raised the dead. He called his cures "demonstrations of the truth" of his theory. He does not believe that God has any form, or that a spirit has any. He has the common falsity that God cannot have any form because He is infinite, and form would limit Him. But we can see that form does not limit. Take the human body as an example. The substances which compose its organs have no power of sensation while they are diffused indefinitely through space. It is not until they are organized into the human form that they can be receptacles of life and be endowed with sensation. We may gain a hint from this of the truth that the Lord must be in the human form in an eminent sense,—the human form in its origin and potentialities.

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I happened to be at home at the time this man called. Father accompanied him to the door, the man talking very persistently on the way, assuring Mr. Giles that he could convince him of the truth of his statements. Father replied with quiet, courteous decision: "I have listened very patiently to your views. Your doctrines are false, and I cannot allow you to take more of my time. I bid you Good evening." Then the man departed, still protesting till the door was shut.

The diary continues:

May 15, 1890. I am importuned to go to Olney, Illinois, and dedicate a church there. I declined at first, but they seem so urgent about it and so many things conspired to induce me to go that I have consented. I do dislike to omit any opportunity of saying a good word for the Church.

Every man is an instrument unlike any other. He should play his part. He only gives forth thoughts that are the form of his own mind. His affections give quality to the voice. As an instrument on which the Lord's Holy Breath plays it will constantly increase in purity of tone and volume of sound by right of use.

There is not a certain amount of life stored up in man like water in a vessel. Man has no life in himself. As he gives forth, life flows in. This can be illustrated by the steam engine. The piston would not move if the pressure were the same on both ends of it. When it is removed by the escape or condensation of the steam the pressure from the other side moves it; so it is with life. When its currents flow out into act, life and power from the Lord flow in and so motion is continued.

This principle can also be illustrated by the action of an organ pipe. If there were no way of escape for the air there would be no vibration in the pipe. But make an outlet and the current of air causes it to vibrate and that sets the atmosphere in motion and causes sound.

April 7, 1890. Can it be true that we shall never be weary in the spiritual world? Does weariness belong to the body alone? It cannot be. There must be alternation. There must be a rise and fall. Life cannot be an eternal ascent. That would be next to an eternal monotony. There is no night there. But there must be shades of difference, degrees of light, that there may be comparison and contrast. Can there

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be any sensation in pure motion? Movement without any resistance? It does not seem possible. There must be agents and reagents. How wonderful is life! What a true miracle!

From a Letter to His Daughter

PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1890.

I believe to-morrow is the anniversary of your birthday. I remember it well. It was Sunday. How glad we were to welcome you; how ill your mother was, and what difficulties we had to provide you with food! We had a cow which we kept in a stable and many a time I milked her at midnight to get sweet milk for your food. We had a hard time to supply your wants. But you were "worth it."

What a terrible year that was! Your mother was so ill for a long time that no one expected her to live. When she had somewhat recovered I was taken with inflammation of the brain, and it was doubtful if I should recover. You were sent away to Cincinnati to a nurse; my school, which was the means of our living, was broken up, and there did not seem to be much ground of hope for any of us. I had just begun to study law, and was becoming much interested in it. But your mother's illness, followed by my own, put an end to that, and I rejoice that it did. The Lord sustained us, and brought us out of all our trouble, and we are alive this day to attest His goodness and mercy.

I am now in the hands of the dentist; have had three teeth extracted, and a fourth nearly so by mistake. Am living on soft things, but hope in a few days to masticate a tender beefsteak. You see I am getting ready for Convention. Your mother is also busy with the dressmaker, and I hope with my new teeth and her new dresses we shall be able to make an attractive and impressive appearance.

After Convention Mr. and Mrs. Giles went to Decatur, Illinois, the town in which his two sisters lived. His comment on the visit was truly prophetic:

I shall never see them again, in all probability. It is too long a journey for me to make again, and I presume they will not visit us. We

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have all been strangely led and I hope we shall meet in a heavenly home.

While in Illinois Mr. and Mrs. Giles visited Olney, and there, according to a promise made many months before, he dedicated the New Church temple. The journey to Lake George was broken by a short visit to Port Gibson with Mrs. Giles's sisters near Palmyra.

We now find Mr. Giles once more established at Lake George, planning new work. Even when comparatively inactive, his mind was busy in clearly formulating the truths he loved so well. Extracts from letters which follow show this:

THE SACAMORE, July 20, 1890.

I have begun to do some literary work. I have taken out my books and am reading "Divine Love and Wisdom" and the "Apocalypse Revealed" for light reading. I find them much more interesting than a common novel. I have also written a few pages of a new book which I hope to have well on the way before I go home. It is hard work, and I shall not make much progress until my head becomes clearer and stronger.

LAKE GEORGE, Aug. 3, 1890.

I was thinking this morning of one very instructive and comforting fact that frequently appears in the "Memorable Relations." We often read of persons in the spiritual world praying for some special help, as for angels to be sent to them to instruct them on some subject. In all cases that I remember the prayer was immediately answered. Must it not be so in this world when we ask for any assistance in learning the truth and living according to it? I think so.

THE SACAMORE, July 24.

Your experience in finding more in "Divine Providence" is the same as that of every one who desires to know what is good and true. I see more to-day in every one of Swedenborg's works than I ever did before. They are always new. This is one of the great proofs that they contain the truth. There are endless and inexhaustible truths in them, and they become clearer as our faculties are perfected and we are able to see more. "Divine Providence" is a wonderful book. The more you read

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it the more you will see in it, and the more help you will derive from it. We must first learn it as a fact that the Divine Providence is everything and our wisdom as nothing compared with it. Then we may gradually gain the power to acknowledge it. Knowing and acknowledging are entirely different things and are the product of different faculties of the mind. Knowing is an act of the intellect; acknowledging, of the affections. We may know a truth we do not love, which indeed we hate and deny. But when we love it, we acknowledge it. We get an entirely new conception of it. It becomes, as it were, a part of our life and gives us power and becomes the receptacle of a larger and finer quality of life. The difference is like that between the food we have deposited in the stomach and that which has become organized in the body.

After the strenuous work of Convention, the toil of travel, preaching and meetings, the very atmosphere of nature's calm and its healing, revivifying power are graphically set forth in the following extracts from his diary:

Lake George, July 14, 1890. Another lovely day. I begin to feel rested. The gentle repose of nature, the pure air and water, and the good sleep, all tend to quietness of mind and rest of body. Man responds to nature. He is a most delicate instrument, to be played upon by all its forces, to be fed by its substances, and to respond to its influences. The outward world was made for man and man for the outward world. They are distinct parts of one whole. They reflect each other, they react upon each other. Nature responds to man. It is colored by his moods and takes on the forms of his thoughts. The material universe is man's outer garment, which clothes and protects him and ministers to his wants.

September 19, 1890. If a tree could keep a daily record of its life what could it say? "A day of sunshine. I felt warm and comfortable. A pleasant breeze moved my leaves and sent a gentle thrill through my body, but I have done nothing but breathe and exist. I do not see that I have done any good or gained any strength. Some children did come and play in my shade, and a lady remarked how tall and beautiful I was.

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So by the silent growth of many years I have been able to perform some use." Is it not so with men? The tree is doing something to increase its usefulness. From the first it is growing, and if a fruit tree it is preparing to bear fruit. If it is only useful for fuel or timber it is every day and every moment collecting the materials from the earth and air, from rain and light, and organizing them into a solid substance that will serve for many human uses. So it must be with men. They are collecting the natural and the spiritual substances which the Lord forms into vessels for the reception of life from Him. We gather the materials which He provides and He makes the vessel, the house in which He can dwell. He spins and twists the chords which can vibrate with conscious delight to the inflowing of His life. The tree in performing its use for fuel and light gives up its own existence. But it is not so with man. He retains what he gives, and receives more by giving. So he cannot lose anything by expressing his thought and affection; on the contrary, he gains more than he gives. How much better is a man than a tree!

Once more at home he writes:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19, 1890.

We had a pleasant service this morning. We tried to carry out our idea of making the Holy Supper a more joyful occasion. But the music was selected by the organist, and while it was very good it was of a mournful character. It was of a quality which is supposed to be appropriate. But it seems to me that this sacrament represents communion with the Lord and the angels, and should be bright and quietly joyous. Mr. Worcester gave us a good discourse. It was short, as we expected it to be, and it was directly to the point. We must see if we cannot have a service more worthy of the occasion.

In the autumn of this year my brother William, a graduate of the Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia, had an opportunity to practise his profession in Nyack, New York, entering at first into partnership with the resident physician there, and afterwards taking charge alone.

My brother was the last of the children to leave home. He was a

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stay and support to his parents; the ties of affection were strong and the prospect of separation painful on both sides.

A help to him in going away was the promise given by Mr. Worcester, and nobly fulfilled, of doing all in his power to take a son's place to my father and mother. The diary records something of the struggle in Mr. Giles's mind while matters were under discussion.

November 10, 1890. I am not in a state very favorable to writing sermons or anything else. Swedenborg says his mind was darkened when his attention was directed to the cares of this world. I expect it is so with me. Will's contract with Dr. D—— to go to Nyack and enter into partnership with him in the practice of medicine does not come to a conclusion and I feel some anxiety about it. I pray the Lord to help me to trust implicitly in Him and I try to do it. But the natural man will obtrude himself and cause solicitude. But we do not know anything about what the results will be. I have prayed and do pray that he may be led to do that which will be for his spiritual and eternal good. I offered the same prayer for myself when I thought of buying this house.

After a settlement was effected and my brother left for Nyack, the diary records:

E. had a letter from Will. How dear he is to us! How much we miss him! But we are glad to have him go, for his own good and the performance of his use. We must part from him sometime.

Philadelphia, December 10, 1890. A few members of the church committee met this evening. There was not much business but more than usual talk. The subject of asking the congregation for additional subscriptions for the support of the society was discussed, and I was asked to present the subject to the people. It seems there is a deficit of about one thousand dollars in the treasury, and this must be made up in some way. I often wish I had money enough to support myself and the church also. It is a foolish wish without any doubt. It would not be useful to me or the people. Yet there is always such a struggle to raise money and so much need of it. So much could be done that is left undone, if we had the means. But I suppose it is best as it is. The

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means of supporting the church must be wrung from the natural man. I suppose it does him some good. The only way we can get anything from him is by squeezing him.

As Mr. Giles grew older, though his mind was as active as ever and his plans for usefulness numerous and continuous, work was often interrupted by the inevitable fatigue due to failing physical powers. In his diary, when mention is made of something accomplished or in contemplation, it is frequently qualified with such remarks as "Some one else must take up the business," or "If I am here." Notwithstanding, he persevered in doing what he could day by day, "for," as he observed, "I must work while the day lasts."

Early in the year 1891 a series of lectures was planned on "The Application of Universal Spiritual Principles to the Conduct of Civil Affairs." The first one was written under great difficulties, both physical and mental. Of these lectures he says:

Jan. 23, 1891. It seemed to me this morning as if I could not write a word. I was stupid; the words would not come. But I knew I must write, so I sat and pondered and dipped my pen in the ink and pulled my beard. Sometimes I seemed to get in sight of some dim form of thought and then it would vanish away. But finally the fog lifted a little and I saw my way for a few steps, and then I saw farther, and in the end I succeeded in writing about as much as I did yesterday.

The next day Mr. Giles suffered so much from rheumatism that he was almost helpless. When the pain had somewhat diminished he attempted again to write. By lifting his right arm on the desk with his left, and moving his paper instead of his hand, he managed, very slowly and painfully, to finish his discourse. This was delivered on Sunday to a large and attentive audience and apparently Mr. Giles was no worse for it. But the night after, began a serious and very distressing illness. Even he, inured to pain as he was, could not keep from groaning, and at times calling upon the Lord for mercy. The course of lectures had to be given up, much to his disappointment. Of this he says:

This is the second time I have been compelled to discontinue a series of discourses after delivering the first one. But we do not know what the result might have been if I could have completed them. What is,

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only concerns us. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, whatever may be our hindrances.

More and more was his natural life interwoven with the spiritual; events and conditions here were constant reminders or suggestions of their correlatives there. Thoughts of our homes in the other life were brought out by a friend's letter telling of alterations in his house.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15, 1891.

And you really and surely have got into your regenerated house! Well, I congratulate you. I hope it will prove to be all your fancy painted it. It must be fresh and charming. I hope you will feel at home in it and that your new environment may react and help in the creation of new states within. I suppose the change does not consist in restoring the old, but in replacing with something new and more convenient and more in harmony with new states. So I suppose our spiritual houses will continue to change. New rooms are constantly being added to them and new furniture to the rooms, new pictures on the walls and new conveniences for the new states. Isn't it a glorious prospect! And then the alterations, the enlargements and additions, are not attended with any litter, rubbish, or delay. They will not be patched on. They will grow out of the former states and be exactly accommodated to our ideal. Such improvements are constantly going on in our "house not made with hands," while we wake, and especially while we sleep.

I sometimes think I would like to write a book comparing the natural with the spiritual in a great number of special things, showing how they differ and how they agree, and especially setting forth the supreme excellence of the spiritual state. If I could write all the books I can think of — what a task it would be to read them! I won't do it. I will be merciful. But what books somebody will write in the far if not in the near future!

On receiving a gift of a quantity of paper he said:

I looked at the pile and said, "There is the remainder of my life's work before me." So I began at once, and there are five sheets less than when I commenced.

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When he was well enough to preach again he said:

It was very pleasant to stand in the old place and speak to the people once more. This is my use. I am quite sure of it. I have been fortunate enough to be led into it and to labor in it for many years. Swedenborg says, "It is the delight of the angels to teach others." I hope it will be mine. I want no better occupation through eternity.

My father was very affectionate, and it was always a pleasure to him when any of the children came home. After such a visit he writes:

The children bring us new life. We renew our youth in them. It is one of the beautiful provisions of the Divine Providence that parents should nurse and educate their children in the first years of life, and that children should cheer and brighten their parents' declining years. In true order this would always be so. Unfortunately for both, it is not always the case now. This law of the elder caring for the young is a universal one. The principle applies to spiritual as well as to natural life. Those—all—who have passed into the spiritual world are busy working for those who remain behind; cherishing in them the germs of spiritual life. Old people need young and fresh life around them to keep them from drying up. The provisions of the Lord in having a fresh current of life flowing into the old is useful for young and old. These universal laws which are so constant in their operation escape our notice by their very continuity. We regard them as a matter of course, and so do not see the wisdom of the Lord in them.

When the Easter festival was held Mr. Giles says:

I read a little story about a robin in which I tried to illustrate some New Church truths, and especially the fact of a resurrection. The children listened more attentively than they would have done to any speech, and I presume many of them caught the meaning of the illustration of the resurrection. In the story of the robin an idea came to me about the resurrection that seems worth preserving. It is this: the only way any living thing can get into this world is by a resurrection. The seed is buried in the ground, the plant is raised out of it. It is a

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resurrection in two ways. It is a resurrection of the plant from the seed. In reality it is a resurrection of the seed. We cannot raise an apple or a nut directly from an apple or a nut. I thought of asking the children how to get an apple out of an apple or a nut out of a nut! It cannot be done directly. There must be "first the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear."

On the 23d of May he makes some comments on the meetings of Convention:

The debates when there were any were carried on in a kind and good spirit, and satisfactory conclusions were reached. The afternoon was devoted to the cause of missions. There were several speeches; all were too long. I was appointed to close the subject and made a few remarks. While I was listening to the speeches, the words of the unfaithful man who received one talent kept ringing in my ears: "I hid it"; and I made that my text. I did not speak more than five minutes. The meeting must have had some effect, as the collection amounted to thirty-three hundred dollars.

It has been the most useful Convention I ever attended. I can hardly conceive how it could have been better. There were no dissensions. If we can go on in this way we shall arrive at a unity which will express the will of the whole body and not the will of one person who has supreme authority. This is an ideal state but it can be attained, and it will be when the members of the church become sufficiently wise and loving. I have been working for this state and I am sure some progress towards it has been made. When we attain this harmony our meetings will be occasions in which all the members will seek to give and receive, and be more delighted to receive light and be instructed than to give it.

Early in July the quiet, peaceful life at Lake George, so much enjoyed by my mother and father, began again. It was a time not only for physical rest, but for communion with nature and meditations on many subjects. Some of these as recorded in his diary and in letters are now given.

The Sagamore, July 4, 1891. Everything here looks more beautiful than ever. Is it really increasing in beauty or am I gaining power to

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enjoy? It is the beauty of the Lord upon the earth. The sun is His, rising with glory and vivifying warmth; the trees are the forms and manifestations of His intelligence and love for man. Everything speaks of His Wisdom and Love.

July 10, 1891. It seems singular that we cannot break up an evil or injurious habit more easily. We see the evil of it. We resolve to put it away, but resolving and doing are two quite different things.

I think we can see that it is best that it should be so difficult to change. If it were not, there would be no stability in life. The good as well as the evil dispositions would not become permanent. There would be nothing stable or constant. We ought not to expect to be able to get rid of a bad habit at once. If we did not we should not be so often disappointed and discouraged.

I have begun to read the "Arcana" again since I came here and I see more new and wonderful things in it than ever before. I begin to realize something of the infinity of the Word. I can see how one word may contain infinite truth. It is related to all others, and so in a sense contains them all.

I am struck more and more with the scientific accuracy with which the natural imagery is related to all other facts, and the logical certainty with which one step necessitates and follows another in the literal sense; and then the new worlds of truth which are revealed by the opening of the spiritual sense. It seems miraculous. How can it be that such natural events and objects as compose the letter should introduce us into the spiritual world, reveal the inmost principles of human nature, and more especially the Divine nature! It seems incredible. But the more we penetrate beneath the surface of the natural meaning the more clearly we see that it is so. There are so many wonderful things about the Word that I am surprised that we do not appreciate and prize it more highly. I was much impressed with the truth, which I have known before, that by means of the Word we have consociation with the angels and conjunction with the Lord. I knew it and I didn't know it. It came to me the other morning with wonderful clearness and power. When we read the Word with any degree of feeling that it is the Word, the spirits connected with us understand it in their degree and capacity,

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the spiritual angels in a much higher degree, the celestial angels in a still higher and ineffable degree, and it rises and is lost to human apprehension in the infinite Divine. It is a golden chain which conjoins man with angels and the Lord, and which freely conducts the Divine life in angelic forms to the minds of those who are reading it. It awakens affections in the hearts of the angels which flow down to us. We may not perceive its power. Their touch may be so gentle as to make no impression upon the hard and unyielding forms of our minds.

But it is a most important truth and gives us a hint of the great use of reading the Word in a reverent manner as the Word of the Lord.

Aug. 2, 1891. This is one of those days of heaven upon the earth which can only be found in their perfection at Lake George. The heavens are deep blue, with a few luminous clouds moving slowly and silently above the earth. I say above the earth because they belong to the earth more than to the heavens. The dark green of the wood and hills is illuminated with the soft light of the sun. It is not flaming or burning. It seems to shine through them rather than to be reflected from them as the light of truth through an honest face. There is just movement enough in the leaves and gentle swaying of the branches to indicate motion and a sweet consciousness of life received and life communicated. The leaves rest upon the air as though they felt the pervading and penetrating warmth and were gently smiling with the joy of it. The lake lies in the bosom of the hills, not sleeping, but quiet, as if too much motion would disturb its repose of thought and consciousness of feeling. In some places it is a perfect mirror reflecting cloud and sky, the hills and trees, or rather holding them in the depths of its inmost consciousness like ideas in the mind, as though it were quietly thinking about them and receiving an impress of their nature. Oh, the beauty of the earth, the glory of it, the peace of it! There is a Sabbath in the trees and in the water. The birds flit noiselessly about. Their singing is sweeter and partakes more of peace than joy.

As I sat under the trees on the lawn this morning and looked out over the quiet lake and up to the grand and quiet heaven, everything said

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peace and conscious rest. The beauty and the glory of the Lord were upon the earth. It was a grand and perfect picture of the repose of the soul.

Aug. 4, 1891. The days slip silently by. But what are days in reality? Nothing but states of life as to our intelligence. Every new truth is a new day. Those who gain new truths are living new days. Those who do not are not living. They are not multiplying days. One may live more days in an hour than others do in a week or a year. If I have learned any new truth this summer I have multiplied my days.

Aug. 14, 1891. The days pass swiftly away and leave no perceptible trace behind. But every one does leave its mark without any doubt. But the lines are mostly invisible to us. If a tree were conscious of its life in the beginning and had a distinct aim to have a powerful trunk, immense limbs, covered with many leaves, blossoms and fruit, I think it must become discouraged at the slow growth. What would it say and how would it feel when the frosts came and the leaves began to wither, and the flowers to fade and the fruit to decay? Wouldn't it be discouraged and think there was no use in trying? I am sure it would. How little it grows in a year! Could it discover that it had gained anything in one day?

Aug. 15, 1891. "The Lord meets us in our deeds," Swedenborg says. It is not in our thought or in our affections, but in our work. I have thought much of this. "Religion," he says, "is doing." Knowledge or faith alone is nothing. It must be combined with a useful deed to become anything. Truth is nothing by itself alone. It is a machine without power to impel it. It is a vessel which contains nothing. The two, substance and form, can be conceived apart but they have no separate existence. They are the air without lungs, the lungs without air. They must come together.

One event of the season at Lake George was a very important one to my mother and father. September 8th was the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The diary thus records the event:

Sept. 8, 1891. Fifty years ago to-day E. and I set out on the journey of life together. It was a beautiful day. The air was soft and the

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sun bright. How little we knew of the nature of marriage and what was before us. It is one of the striking instances of the wisdom of the Divine Providence that a young man and woman can come into such intimate personal relations and live happily together. This shows as clearly as any testimony can, that man and woman were made for each other.

But they were not to be allowed simply to commemorate the day by thoughts of the past. Extracts from various family letters tell of the happy celebration of the event.

The anniversary of the "Golden Wedding" has passed, and your mother and I are on the way to the "Diamond Wedding," which we have no expectation or ambition to reach. We had quite a grand celebration, though not one of our relatives was present. It seemed quite strange to be the subjects of so much congratulation at a hotel and surrounded for the most part by mere casual acquaintances. The greetings were very cordial and we were quite the centre of attention and interest during the day. Mr. McGeorge was here and he suggested to Mr. Burnham and some of our friends that they should give your mother and me a dinner. They entered into it with enthusiasm, and though there was only two days' notice, a beautiful and luxurious dinner for twenty-three persons was prepared. There is a small dining room on one side of the large one, and opening into it, where the table was set. The room and the table were lavishly and beautifully adorned with flowers. One gentleman, whom I never saw until this summer, telegraphed to Albany for roses and other flowers, and a magnificent bouquet was placed in the middle of the table in front of your mother and me. The table and the room were really beautiful.

The dinner was served in courses and was a very luxurious one. A large piece built up in quite a remarkable way, composed, I presume, of candies, with 50 on top was brought in and shown to the guests. Two kinds of wine were served and a beautiful wedding cake with 1841 and 1891 in the icing on the top. It was first carried round and shown to the guests and then placed before me to put the knife into it. It was then cut by the waiters and passed.

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Mr. McGeorge sat at one end of the table and Dr. Vanderwater at the other. Mr. McGeorge made a brief speech and read a letter from William Hobart. It was a most excellent one, and was endorsed by two pages of names of my old friends and parishioners in Cincinnati. Rev. Dr. Vanderwater responded with some very excellent remarks; Dr. Balles, a Universalist minister from New York, also made a short and very complimentary speech. I responded in a very few remarks, thanking them for their attentions.

I presume there would have been much more speaking if Mr. McGeorge had not been obliged to leave in time to catch a train at Caldwell. Mr. Simpson kindly invited the company to go in his yacht with Mr. McGeorge. We all got aboard immediately and had a delightful trip. It was a lovely day and this seemed a charming and fitting close to the celebration.

From the many letters on this subject only a few, such as would be of general interest, are given:

From Mrs. Giles to her Daughter

We trusted to Mr. McGeorge to tell you all about the dinner, etc., at Lake George. No doubt he enjoyed the recital as much as the circumstance itself. It was a wonderfully well arranged affair. Everything seemed to conspire to make it an entire success; even the weather was just beautiful. And the sail was delightful. The souvenirs we gave to the kind friends who were there was a picture of your dear father's study. It seemed to give them great pleasure. I did not think of it until after Mr. McGeorge had gone. When we returned from our sail we found a flower piece made by one of the musicians hung on our door, with the dates 1841 and 1891 made of goldenrod and encircled by a wreath of evergreen and white asters.

Your dear father and I had quite made up our minds not to take any special notice of the day. So that Mr. Howells' letter, the first we received, and all succeeding ones were quite a surprise. When Mr. McGeorge first spoke to us about the dinner I proposed to your dear father that we should elope. But as that did not seem on the whole a

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very gracious thing to do, we let our friends have their way, which proved to be a very enjoyable one for us and for them.

On our return to the Sagamore we found a great batch of letters awaiting us, among them one from W. D. Howells.

From W. D. Howells to Chauncey Giles

INTERVALE, Sept. 3, 1891.

I am just returned here too late to meet your daughter, of whom my wife has had so much to tell me, and who has left word that your Golden Wedding Day falls upon the 8th inst. This enables me to join your other friends in the offer of good wishes for yourself and Mrs. Giles. You once filled so large a place in my life, and my childhood owed you so much, that it seems as if I had some personal part in the happiness your own children must feel in the approaching anniversary.

I have seen my father within a few days, and, as always, we spoke of you. If he knew I was writing he would wish to unite his congratulations with mine.

With the affectionate regards of my wife to Mrs. Giles and yourself, I send you my love and gratitude.

To Mr. W. D. Howells from Chauncey Giles

LAKE GEORGE, Sept., 1891.

Your kind note in which you congratulate Mrs. Giles and me on reaching the golden milestone of married life gave us a great deal of pleasure, and we sincerely thank you and Mrs. Howells for your congratulations. It is an unusual, perhaps, but not a great attainment for a man and woman to have lived together fifty years. The honor and the blessedness of it consists in continually drawing closer together and becoming more truly and, as we in the New Church would say, more "distinctly one." We have learned one important lesson that husbands and wives are slow to learn; and that is, that marriage is a gradual and continuous process which is effected by renunciation of those traits of character which are not homogeneous and cannot be made so, and the attainment of those elements that will combine. It is a continual pro-

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cess of losing our natural, selfish life and finding a higher and richer one.

Marriage is the only alembic in which the baser metals can be transmuted into gold. I trust we have found something of this in our own experience. At least we have the happiness of knowing that our married life has not been a failure, but has been a growing success, so that the last year has been the happiest of the fifty that we have lived together. We have lived more *together* than ever before.

I want to thank you for the "Boy's Town." I have enjoyed reading it very much indeed. It carried me back to the first year of our married life and recalls many scenes which had faded from my memory. I think you have entered into the boy's nature and described it in a most graphic way. It is one of the best examples of realism in literature. It touches me more than it might some others, perhaps, because of its local color. But it contains much that any man who has not ceased to be a boy can understand and appreciate.

The "Boy's Town" occupied a most important place in our lives, and we shall value the book for the memories it contains and for the kind wishes of the author. Mrs. Giles unites with me in heartily reciprocating for you and Mrs. Howells your kind wishes for us.

From friends in the Cincinnati Society

CINCINNATI, September, 1891.

In this golden era of your married life the thoughts of those who were connected with the society where your first pastorate was located naturally go out to you.

Like yourself, there are so many of your old friends summering that but few can unite in any communication, and as the church services have not been resumed, we have no opportunity of coming together at a general meeting.

The only course open, therefore, to those of us who can see each other is to write to you and express very feebly on paper our abiding love for our former pastor, and our most sincere and hearty congratulations on his reaching a day that comparatively few attain.

You will readily connect each one whose name is appended to this

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in some way with the church and your association with it. You pronounced the sacred words uniting some of us for life, you have welcomed some who stood before the altar as members of the New Church, and some of us you have taken in your arms as infants and pronounced the Saviour's blessing. You have comforted many of us in trouble and affliction, pronouncing the last words in laying away the earthly part of those dear to us.

In thinking of our past relations to you and with you, in every way we find happiness and love, and there can be no time in which we can so feelingly express it as this.

You taught us whence comes this pure gold, and if it has reached our real selves it has been with your help; and now that you have lived to see this representative golden day we feel how much that pure gold has been to you all these years, and how it has added to your happy union.

While we have addressed you as our former pastor and teacher, we do not at all forget the one who has been with you all these years and has so wonderfully helped to make your life what it has been, and with whom influence and action have always been opportune and strong.

Our love and congratulations are equally extended to her, and our hearts are full of thankfulness to the Lord that she has been kept by your side so long.

With the most earnest and heartfelt wishes for many years of usefulness and happiness (synonymous terms for both of you) we are most affectionately

Your friends,

WILLIAM N. HOBART & seventy others.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Thompson

September, 1891.

DEAR FRIENDS: The rich and chaste paper knife and penholder came safely to hand last night and you shall have the first fruits of their use. They are too beautiful for common occasions; they must be consecrated to golden uses. We have been deeply touched by the affection which our completion of fifty years of married life has called out. It gives us strength and courage to be content to prolong the journey and do a

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little more work in this bridal tour before we settle down to our life's work in our eternal home. We find increasing evidence that we are nearing it. We find it necessary to make shorter stages, to rest oftener and longer, and we grow weary with little exertion. Our hold upon natural things grows weaker, our sight grows dim, our limbs are unsteady, and this world seems less substantial and real; it is leaving us and fading away.

On the other hand, the spiritual world is drawing nearer. It is becoming more substantial, its objects more real, its form more distinct. We feel as though we were nearing home. So, dear friends, the golden age is coming to us or we are approaching it. We know it by the "golden rain," and "the dove fluttering its wings in the window."

I hope we may be present at your Golden Wedding. I think we shall be, either as visible or invisible guests. We thank you for the beautiful reminder that you were present in thought and affection at ours, and that you are taking the journey with us to our future homes. That you may be sustained and comforted by heavenly ties as the earthly ones grow weak and are dissolved, is the sincere prayer of Darby and Joan, alias Chauncey and Eunice Giles.

Several entries in his diary give an additional history of this happy time.

November, 1891. The first organ recital of the season was given in the church this afternoon. The church was well filled and the music was very good.

Mr. Lewis met us on the steps as we were going into the church and said he had something to show us. He led us into the Ladies' Parlor and placed a small package before us, and asking us to examine it, he left us. On opening it we found forty-five gold eagles and five double eagles. There were fifty pieces of gold of the value of five hundred and fifty dollars. E. and I were very much surprised. I had no idea that anything of the kind was projected. It was a gift for our golden wedding. The people are very kind and we are much touched by their goodness. We have received nothing but kindness from them since we came here.

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About seven weeks after the Golden Wedding the youngest member of the family, William, was married to Miss Henrietta Peck of Philadelphia. My father performed the ceremony, and two little girls, one a niece of the bride, the other one of the grandchildren, were bridesmaids. My brother, a physician, had been practising his profession in Nyack, New York, for some time, and so the new home was begun there.

October 28, 1891, Father writes in his diary:

The children are gathering for the wedding and they will all be here to-morrow. It will be delightful to us to see them. We have not had a full meeting of all the family since the dedication of the church, and we may never meet again at the same time and place. I am very weary and I know I cannot work much longer. May they become the Lord's children, and may we all meet in heaven.

These words were prophetic, for the next family gathering was two years later, when we met to attend my father's funeral services.

The life of a professional or literary man is so much in matters of the intellect that an account of the trivial events of every day do not seem to represent it fairly. Side by side with his record of these occurrences there are many reflections upon spiritual subjects in the diary. With pen in hand, my father *thought* from the point of it, and so these meditations very truly represent his inner life and character.

October 6, 1891. Our unconscious acts have some effect upon character as well as those things we do of distinct purpose. How large a part of the activities and changes of the world and in vegetable life are unconscious!

The plants move without any effort or purpose of their own. The changes and activities in the substances of the material world have no knowledge, and no purpose, and no consciousness. They are the effects of a purpose and consciousness in an intelligent Being, and the instruments by which He effects His purposes. It is beautiful to see how plants grow and bear fruit as of themselves without any knowledge or purpose in themselves. They show the love and wisdom of the Lord more clearly than men. They do not resist the Divine power of the Lord. If we did not, how happy we should be! We should have no fears or cares.

It is evident that we do not move forward in a straight line. We

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move in circles and spirals. We often seem to come back to the same point, but we do not. We are below it or above it. If we are advancing in spiritual life we have risen above it; if we are degenerating we have fallen below it. The spiral is turning down and outward to the world and to the lowest conditions of life. There are many examples of this law of spiral movement in the material world. There is constantly accumulating evidence that it is a universal law of the Divine Order.

October 19, 1891. I must improve my time more fully and I must be about my Father's business. Though I tire so easily, I suppose I might do much more work if when I was weary I rested, and when I was rested went quietly to work. I must do that. I might write short articles for the press. Come, let us see what an old man can do when he earnestly desires to promote the interests of his Heavenly Father.

Holmes says a line may cost hours of labor. He says also that he cannot think out a poem and then write it. He must have pen in hand, and the pen, ink, and paper must suit him. I find this is so with myself. I cannot make a sermon in my mind and then write it.

December 19, 1891. It seems to us as though our work was of great importance. But we are only mere germ cells in humanity. Our influence is almost nothing. Man's prudence compared with the Divine prudence is only as a mote to the whole atmosphere. But if we are only a cell or the least part of one we must do our work as well as we can. We must be a healthy, orderly, active cell, giving help to others and making our influence good, as far as it extends. We must be open to receive and free to pass on what we receive. So shall we gain a blessing and be a blessing.

As Christmas time approached my father's thoughts turned to the children of the church. He decided to make them a present of a story, "The Pocket Compass." This was published in the *Helper*.

I like to write for children but I am quite dissatisfied with what I have done. I suppose I should be if I had written much more and better. Well, such as it is it must remain. Perhaps I ought to be thankful that the Lord has enabled me to do so much.

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While on the way to the printer with the manuscript of this story, Father was taken with the grippe, and was quite ill for several weeks.

The Philadelphia friends, who were very kind, sent many Christmas presents of fruit and flowers. Mr. Giles always saw a deeper beauty in the gifts than appeared on the surface and his letters of appreciation usually embodied some of the thoughts suggested thereby. Such is the following:

I thank you for the beautiful roses. They have filled my room with their fragrance and my heart with their pure and tender beauty. What lovely things the Lord can make out of coarse matter. He puts some hint of His own beauty and glory into everything He creates. If our eyes were opened we should see more and more of it in everything around us. I often think if the Lord can make such delicate and beautiful things as lilies and roses out of gross matter, what surpassing excellence and perfection there must be in all spiritual objects. But we must have eyes to see them, and these we are forming now by the truths we receive and embody in a life of love.

CHAPTER XIX

PHILADELPHIA PASTORATE, 1892-1893

JANUARY 1, 1892. The New Year! May it be a new year to me and to all of us in a good sense. The body is wearing out; it is going to leave me.

On January 25, 1892, after a day of fatigue, he writes:

I went to bed in despair of doing any more work. But why should I feel so about it? My work is not necessary to the success of the New Church. I must not count it as of too much importance; but I see so many things to know and to say. No one can exhaust them. No one can say the last word.

Then on February 9, 1892, in speaking of the Tract Society, he says:

A large amount of business has been done during the year and the Society is in a flourishing condition. It is really performing a most important use. The *Helper* is received with much favor everywhere. It was a most happy hit in name and use. It is so small that it is not a formidable task to read it. It is unobtrusive and does not excite fear or awaken hostility. We were gradually led into it by doing the work which we found at our hand. One thing led to another until the way opened for our little periodical, which is welcomed by thousands of people. I am very thankful that we have been led to the performance of this use.

The diary continues:

March 12, 1892. One of the greatest difficulties the minister of the New Church meets in writing sermons is finding so much to say. All we can express is as a drop to the ocean compared with what there is to

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say. But no one can drink the ocean at a draught. Perhaps we give more than the people can receive. "Enough is as good as a feast." We must be content to give what we can, be it ever so little; but who is content with what he has or does?

March 16, 1892. I found my day's work yesterday was a little too much for me. Either the snowstorm or overwork played the mischief with my brain and I have not been able to do much to-day. I wrote a few pages on my sermon but there was no spirit in it. My old servant, the brain, declares it can't work. So I tried my hands and my feet. The door of my wardrobe stuck so hard that it was quite a pull to open it. I went to borrow a plane to shave it off. My feet trembled and grumbled at the errand, but I found the tool. When I applied it to the door my hands trembled and my heart thumped and my lungs wheezed, but I did the work nicely. Relieved the door and returned the plane. Came home and rested and my head felt better for the exercise of my hands and my feet.

On April 2 he preached in Baltimore. The occasion was the celebration of the centennial of the first New Church sermon delivered in that city.

Work that followed was the preparation of an address for the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Association, plans for Easter, and the writing of his address for Convention.

In April the Pennsylvania Association met, and Mr. Giles attended both the Ministers' Meeting and that of the Association. He writes:

April 25. At a meeting of the General Council it was voted to remunerate more liberally the ministers who do missionary work. Also to establish small libraries in towns where any one can be found to take charge. This subject came up afterwards in the church committee. It commended itself to every member of the committee. They resolved to put the plan in execution as soon as possible. This is one of those beginnings which may result in great good. Nearly all the important movements in the church have commenced in that way. I will do all I can to make it a success, to have a centre of New Church life in every town.

April 28, 1892. I made arrangements to send ten thousand tracts

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to Australia, and some books. I am glad to be able to do it. Our friends there have had a hard time. They have lost their money, and many of their friends have been compelled to move away to find business. It seems as if the New Church were having a hard time of it everywhere. But it will come out all right. The Lord is on its side and it is His bride and wife and He will support it. There is hope and comfort in that. But we must do all we can.

On May 5 he writes:

Now I am very well prepared for Convention.

I attended a meeting of the trustees of the Chillicothe Fund and we resolved to give the Ohio Board of Missions one hundred and fifty dollars a year for two years. The fund has nearly doubled since it came into our hands and we have contributed nine hundred and fifty dollars to missionary uses. This is much better than to have spent it in publishing a liturgy or building a church in a small town.

An account of the origin of the Chillicothe Fund was furnished me by Rev. Wm. L. Worcester, and is given herewith:

On April 15, 1838, the Chillicothe Society was formed of a few believers. Meetings for worship were held at the homes of Dr. Sproat and Mr. John S. Williams, a United States civil engineer engaged in laying out the national road from the East to the West through Ohio.

Money was soon raised to build a small church, holding perhaps two hundred persons. In the absence of any visiting minister Mr. Joseph Jones, a bookseller in Chillicothe, conducted the worship under the forms of the Boston Society's first book of worship, published in 1836.

The General Convention received the money for the sale of the Chillicothe church after that society's membership had become scattered and the church sold. This money, as I understand it, became the "Chillicothe Fund," independent of the Convention, but held by four trustees for the benefit of general New Church uses. The Fund now (1919) amounts to about ten thousand dollars and makes contributions yearly to general uses, such as the Board of Home and Foreign Mis-

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sions, the Augmentation Fund, etc. Contributions have several times been made to general uses of the New Church in Ohio, in recognition of the fact that the Fund came from that state.

Of the journey to Convention Mr. Giles writes:

The day was cool and bright. The car ran so smoothly that it seemed to be at rest. The country is looking very beautiful. The apple trees are in their glory. As we rushed past them they seemed to spring out of the earth in the beauty and glory of their wedding robes. The leaves of the trees in their pale and tender green were rejoicing in the light. The earth and the sky were glorious in the smile of the Lord. How beautiful the earth is! What variety of color and form! Surely we ought to see the Lord's wisdom in everything. How much it would add to the interest of everything around us if we regarded it as the Lord's work to-day, as His gift to us, as a token of His love for us!

As we passed Xenia and Morrow and other places, many old associations, some bitter, some sweet, were revived. How wonderfully the Lord has led me! How little I dreamed what He had in store for me when I was working my way along by teaching school. Truly He leads by a way we know not.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles had looked forward with especial pleasure to the Convention in Cincinnati; to the renewing of old friendships and the revival of old memories. The happy anticipations were not realized, for Mr. Giles took cold, the weather was unpropitious, and he was housed the greater part of the time during this his last visit to his first field of labor in the ministry.

He managed, although very hoarse, to deliver his annual address; he also went to church on Sunday and the next day opened Convention. But the church was cold and damp and he did not dare to remain in it. He speaks with approval of the action of the Board of Missions in voting to employ Mr. Smith for one year as missionary. He was also much pleased with their vote to contribute towards the salary of Dr. Lewis of Washington (he was a colored man) and Mr. Giles was very desirous of having a trial made with the colored people, for, he remarks, "We ought to be able to do something for them if what Swedenborg says about them is true."

Of his illness in Cincinnati he writes:

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PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1892.

The Convention was in some respects a great disappointment to me. I was not able to do anything or to see what others were doing. I did not meet with the Convention from Tuesday afternoon until Saturday evening. In the meantime, Wednesday evening the New Church friends in Cincinnati gave the ministers a reception, and as a special feature of it they had purchased a beautiful picture to present to me. I was not there to receive it, but it was presented by Mr. Hobart, who made, it is said, a very pleasant speech about me. I was at Mrs. M——'s, coughing at a furious rate.

Upon their return home the church committee voted that Mr. Giles's vacation should begin at once. As soon, therefore, as he was able Mrs. Giles and he went to Lake George. While making preparations he writes:

I am going to take a box of books with me. That will look like work and tend to mollify conscience. I may read some; but I forget as fast as I read. It is like pouring water into a sieve. The only difference being that the sieve takes no pleasure in having the water run through it, while I do, in the flow of ideas from the book through my mind.

The summer was his time of rest, but notwithstanding, my father improved every opportunity to aid those in need of help. This was written to a friend who had met with business trials:

THE SAGAMORE, August 1, 1892.

We have thought much and sympathized deeply with you in your financial difficulties, and wished we could assist you in overcoming them. But the most we can do is to try to help you to bear them and to see or believe that a much greater good will come to you and to your family by these trials than could have come by the greatest financial success.

We know that the Lord looks to our eternal good in all He provides and permits; that our wisdom in comparison with His wisdom is only as a mote to the whole atmosphere. If we could acknowledge this we

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should submit and trust that whatever might be the external outcome of our difficulties, the spiritual and permanent good must be much greater than any natural success. If we could see them in all their bearings upon our eternal good as the Lord sees them, we should thank Him for them as we would thank a friend who had saved us from drowning, though with much violence and natural loss to us.

The Lord does not help us suddenly out of our difficulties. He helps us in them and to bear them, and to see the evils which led us into them, which perhaps we could not then have overcome; and if He does not lead us into the same or greater success, He gives us a spiritual and more precious good in the place of the natural one.

The motives you mention which led you to desire a larger income are worthy ones in some respects, but they are more natural than spiritual.

The whole course of the Divine Providence in relation to men is directed to helping them to act in freedom from themselves. It may be far better for every one of your children to gain a position by labor and privation, even, than to be lifted into it, if that were possible, without any exertion of his or her own. But you know these things as well as I do.

It seems to me that your true wisdom consists in accepting the consequences of your action by trying to see what greater evils may be prevented and what larger gains obtained by them. It is proper and wise, and is your duty to use all due efforts to extricate yourself from them, while at the same time you submit to the condition and try to find the blessing in it. Trust in the Lord and banish the evil spirits that are tormenting you. Lie down in peace and sleep, knowing that the Lord alone can make you dwell in safety. Do the best you can to-day in a calm and resolute spirit, and then cast the whole burden upon the Lord and sleep all night. The way will open as you go along, day by day, to extricate you from your difficulties, and strength will be given you to bear them.

I am afraid my letter may sound hard and unfeeling, but I assure you it is not.

We think of you and Mrs. M. often and with deep affection and wish we could help you. But in many things "Vain is the help of man."

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The following extracts from his letters and the diary show that when misfortune came to him Mr. Giles practised what he preached:

A week ago yesterday I sprained the large muscles in the calf of my leg in going up one of the terraces here. The sprain was very severe and has been very painful. My leg swelled and was so painful that I could not walk for some days and my meals were brought to my room. Day before yesterday I was attacked with inflammation in the joint of my great toe. Some people say it was or is gout. It is painful enough to deserve the hardest names that can be given to it. I could not bear the weight of even the sheet upon it. It is better to-day or I should not be sitting up and writing to you.

In the diary we find the following:

September 3, 1892. It seems strange that I should have met with this accident (?) we call it. What greater evil did it prevent? To what good can it lead? These are questions which no one can answer. It is a comfort to know that the Lord provides only good. He foresees the evil and uses it to prevent a greater evil, and if possible to lead to some good. But how or what who can tell? I can see in one way how it may be of service to me. If it leads me to trust more firmly in the Lord, if it opens a little wider and fuller any fibril of spiritual affection, or leads me to gain and apply to life any spiritual truth, it will be of immeasurable importance to me.

For that truth will be as a seed sown in good ground, which will bring forth abundantly and continue to increase to eternity. Who can measure its value! May I have wisdom to profit by my natural loss!

September 23, 1892. We spent the morning in packing our trunks. What a job it is! We bring so many little things with us that it is much work to put them into the small space of a trunk. We need many things, but we bring many more than we need.

I was thinking this morning how different it will be in the spiritual world. There we shall carry everything within us, and what we need will be created without us, as we need it. The Lord will give us all our special needs as we can use them. How wonderful it will be. Then we are to live forever. The thought is overwhelming.

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There is growth and change everywhere and decay in this world, but none in the spiritual world. Spirit cannot decay. Ideas, thoughts, affections, are immortal. Thought becomes quiescent and unconscious for a time, but it can be revived. What a grand prospect there is before the regenerate man!

The autumn months did not bring with them the usual vigor which Mr. Giles felt after the summer's rest. In November he suffered at times from palpitation of the heart, and in the latter part of the month those peculiar chills which were a prominent symptom of the early part of his last illness began.

True to his habits of industry Mr. Giles, as health and occasion permitted, tried to do his work.

On November 20th he lectured on the "World of Spirits." It was the first of a series planned for the season. He spoke extempore, and as he frequently remarks of other times, "got through better than he expected." Although there were other official acts this was the last time that he spoke in public, either to lecture or preach. The first mention which he makes of his illness is in one of the family letters, dated December 8, 1892.

I am still able to write "excelsior"; I am up on my feet and have been nearly all day. The doctor says I look better than he has seen me this winter. He is a great flatterer. I have been sitting up in "Sleepy Hollow" nearly all day. Perhaps it should be called "inclining" up. I have had my clothes on and feel more like a man, and a well one at that. The doctor says he has never seen a case like mine. I had no chill, it was a shake. I shook for an hour and a half as though I should go to pieces. No fever of consequence followed, and no profuse perspiration. I think we must call it the "Giles shake" and claim a special right to it. I am sure no one would want it but me. All fairly well as usual.

When I was visiting at home we went one day for a drive. Father, always susceptible to the beauties of nature, enjoyed it much. Just as we neared home he asked the coachman to drive faster. No sooner were we in the house than he was taken with one of those terrible chills. In a few moments he seemed to shrivel; he grew yellow and looked many years older. His whole body shook and his poor teeth chattered. Even in the midst of it with the humorous instinct so strong in him he man-

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aged to gasp out, "F-f-folks c-c-c-an't s-s-say I'm n-n-n-no g-g-great shakes now."

He wrote some letters in the autumn and a brief introduction to a pocket edition of one of the chapters in the "True Christian Religion." He consecrated a marriage service, but remarks in his diary, "I was not feeling well, and it was more than a usual task for me." Once or twice he went down town of an errand, but such exertion was always followed by great fatigue. I accompanied him the very last time he went. I think it was in the spring of 1893. As the car passed the church he loved so well he turned and looked at it as long as it could be seen. He was bidding it a silent farewell. Neither of us spoke.

On December 31st he writes:

I commenced a course of "Swedish Movement Cure" this evening. The doctor thinks it will be of great service to me; I am sure I hope it may. I would be glad if I could get well enough to put some of my lectures and discourses into shape, and prepare them for publication, if it should be thought useful to print them. I intend to publish one or two volumes at my own expense, as a kind of legacy to the church. They might perform some use when I am gone.

This is the last day of the year. I have done less work than in any year for a long time. The severe cold I caught at the Convention, which was continued and increased by additions, prevented me from doing much before my vacation. Since I came home I have been ill nearly two months; I have not worked more than half the time.

January 1, 1893. The new year has been a quiet and pleasant one within doors but a very gloomy and stormy one without.

Jan. 2. This day has passed as have most of my days for the last two months. I have read some, written some, and lounged about my room. I have made a slight advance; I went down to dinner. It was very pleasant to eat with the family again. It seems more like living. I hope I shall not be compelled to take any more solitary meals.

Jan. 22. Ordained Peter C. Lewis pastor of the church for colored people in Washington.

Feb. 19. I went to the church for the first time for three months, and administered the Holy Supper. I was very feeble and somewhat exhausted, but I suffered no harm from it.

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After the sacrament Mr. Worcester stood guard at the door of the vestry and protected Mr. Giles from the many friends who wished to have a word with their pastor, absent from their midst for so long.

Last Sunday, the 26th of February, I ordained Adam B. Dolly at the church in the presence of the congregation. So I am beginning to perform some of the duties of my office once more.

March 1. My hopes of getting well have been sorely blasted. Since writing the last page I have been much worse. Relapse after relapse has kept me down. At one time I was able to ride out, but the second time I was seized with a chill, and that put an end to my riding.

I am now a little better and hope soon to be able to do some work.

The diary records the following official acts, which, with one additional, were the last he performed.

April 2, Easter Sunday. I confirmed eleven young ladies this morning. It was an interesting sight. Some of those who were confirmed came forward quite unexpectedly. I hope they may become useful members of the church. The Holy Supper was administered to over two hundred communicants, the largest number who ever partook at one time in my church, except at Convention. I am very thankful that I was able to administer it.

May 12, 1893. I have been too ill to write much, and I have nothing to record but a series of disappointments with regard to my health. I have not preached once. I have been able to perform some occasional services, but I am not as well and strong as I was three months ago, and there seems to be very little prospect of my ever being better.

When I have had any strength I have worked on a little book which I hope will give comfort and consolation to some bereaved soul.

The above is the last entry in the diary.

During my father's long illness the children, as they had opportunity, spent the time in the Philadelphia home and assisted in the nursing. My sister was with him several months in the early part of his illness, and again at various times during the year. The relation between her and my father was very close. Again and again he speaks of her "lovely presence," and both Mother and Father were greatly cheered by her visits. My brothers were engaged in their business or profes-

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sional duties, but their vacation time was spent in ministering to the needs of their dear father. It was no sacrifice. They simply could not have done otherwise. In these last offices Mr. Worcester, who was like a son to my father, shared the family labor of love. He too gave up his vacation in order to help.

The eleventh of May was Mr. Giles's eightieth birthday. Early in the morning Mr. Worcester went far afield and returned with beautiful branches of dogwood. These with many other flowers sent by kind friends decorated the study, making that centre of our home life a bower of beauty.

The next morning my father performed his last official act, the baptism of a little child, amongst his birthday flowers. It was a touching scene.

When summer came he was unable to go to Lake George, or to accept the offer which came for the last time from the unknown friend who had so often engaged staterooms for his visits to Europe.

The summer was passed quietly in his home in 35th Street with the family in attendance. It was not until the autumn that he needed professional nursing. A bed was placed in his bright sunny study, and there he lay, surrounded by his books to the last.

His thoughts dwelt but little on himself, although he knew clearly that it was his last illness; but, as he said, "It is only like going to the next room."

His diary mentions the work on "Consolation," and I will speak of it more in detail later on.

There are some letters which the recipients prize very highly that he wrote in this last year of his life. One such is the following to Rev. Wm. L. Worcester, dated 1893:

Please accept this Pocket Communion Service as a token of my great regard and sincere affection. I present it to you now, that there may be no mistake about its becoming yours.

It is a pleasant thought to me that you will have it and use it when I am no more with you in this world.

Hoping you may live long to use it for the comfort of the feeble, in the holiest act of worship, I remain with increased respect and deep affection

Your friend and brother,

CHAUNCEY GILES.

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The friend who received the following letter of July 4th has often mentioned with pleasure the fact that he was considered to be, as mentioned here, my father's right-hand man.

Yours of yesterday has just come to hand. It gives me much pleasure to know that you and Mrs. M. like my little book ["Consolation"] and think it will be useful. It was written by bits, and some of them very small ones, and it seemed to me that it might appear to others to have come from the scrap bag rather than fresh-coined from a living mind; but if it comforts and consoles any bereaved ones, it will perform the use for which it was written, and that is all I can ask.

It was a great shock to us to learn of the burning of the Sagamore. We have spent so many restful, happy days there that it seemed like a personal loss. Though I did not expect to see it again I could think of it and localize many enjoyments. We think of it and speak of it as being some day rebuilt, but not on the exact spot or with construction like the old one.

There is nothing new to say about myself. I do not see that I am improving any in health, but am rather growing weaker. Dr. Mac has tapped me twice for dropsy, which has given me only temporary relief, and I suppose that is all that can be done for me. Dr. Mac told my son Chauncey that science could do a great deal for me, but it would not make a new heart. I hope there is one making for me, but it will not come into consciousness until the old one is discarded. The old machinery is nearly worn out and must soon go to pieces.

You have indeed rendered me very important services, and been my right-hand man, for which I feel sincerely grateful. Perhaps you can assist me in selecting a lot where the old garments can be decently deposited.

I have not written a letter before for some days, but I took the strength of the morning and have been able to finish this.

The last months of my father's life it was my precious privilege, for which I shall ever be grateful, to be with him until a week before his death. The lessons learned from such an example were so helpful and comforting that I wrote a short account for my children, from which I have taken the following extracts:

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As you know, your dear grandfather has been during the greater part of his long life very strong and a very hard worker, it being always his greatest pleasure to be useful to others.

During this last year that active body has been growing weaker and weaker, and during the month I was with him he grew daily more helpless, and at the last he could not turn himself over in bed; he could not lift his head; he could not even be fed with a spoon, but had to take his only nourishment through a tube. He was so thin that his face was very much changed and you would hardly have known him if you had seen him.

Now this dear Grandpa who loved so to work for others, naturally disliked to make other people trouble by having them wait on him, so it was very hard for him to be so weak and dependent. But he learned to be very grateful for anything that was done for him; and so sweetly patient was he that we felt as if he had done us a favor when he let us do the least thing for him.

Although his body was so weak, his mind was as strong as ever. He was being daily prepared by the Lord for his birth into the spiritual world, and becoming more and more like the little child that we must all be like if we would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I wish I could make you feel and see this strong contrast between his weak body and his clear, wise mind as we who were with him saw it. It was like caring for a very wise baby. You know his heart was diseased, and at times this poor weak heart would flutter and beat irregularly and dear Grandpa would be nearly strangled, gasping for breath. It was always a surprise to find when he began to be better from these attacks that instead of saying, "Oh, how I have suffered! What a dreadful time I have had!" as one might expect, he would begin to speak in the earlier part of his illness of something he would like done for the comfort of others, as once when he wanted some awnings made for the windows. Later on, more spiritual things occupied his mind, but it was never of himself he talked.

Once when he had been propped up in bed against me and gasping for a long time, as soon as he could get breath to speak he said, "What are those words—'Bless the Lord'—'Bless the Lord'?" I said, "Do you mean, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul'?" and as he said "Yes," I repeated for him as much of the 103d Psalm as I could remember.

Although the words of the Lord were much in his thoughts, he had some difficulty in keeping them in his mind connectedly. As he said,

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"I can only remember threads and fragments, but they are golden threads." Then he told me of his trying to say the Lord's Prayer. Two or three times he tried but could not remember it all. "Finally," said he, "with the Lord's help I tried again and this time I said it through."

Knowing that he could not get well and that his active work in this world was done, he was very eager to leave it, and for a time was unwilling to do anything to prolong his stay here.

When the nurse brought him his beef tea he would say, "Why do you bring me this? The Lord wants me to go and you are trying to keep me here." He afterwards made no objections to food or remedies, but took all with a sweet submissiveness that was very touching. One day the doctor wished to tap him in order to remove the water that was swelling the abdomen. "No, Doctor," he said, "let it be; it is of no use. It will only prolong my suffering and the end must come." He was afterwards somewhat disturbed, fearing he had not done exactly right. "I do not wish to prolong my life," he said, "neither do I wish to shorten it more than the Lord intends." He was assured that it could make no real difference, and he was quite right in refusing to be lanced if he did not wish it.

He was not only patient and cheerful, but he was at times full of fun and would make little jokes. One morning when the nurse was going out for her daily walk he said, "Why, Miss O——, you never ask me to go with you."

Another time, earlier in his illness, the one who was nursing him at night had fallen asleep quite heavily; Grandpa wanted something, and as he could not make himself heard, he got up and helped himself. Then he stood for a moment by the sofa on which the sleeper lay, and as he awoke said to him with a roguish twinkle of the eyes, and that wrinkle of the nose you all know so well, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Friends were very kind in sending flowers and he enjoyed them very much, saying always, "How kind of them to think of me. Be sure to thank them for me." And then he thought of these flowers not only as from his friends but as a beautiful gift from the Lord. He would say, "I love to think of these things as sent directly to me from the Lord, not of course to me exclusively, but they are just as much especially for me as if sent to me alone."

There was another thought that gave him much comfort. You all know the verse: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest

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thou dash thy foot against a stone." Well, he thought of that in this way: "It has come to me since I lie here that when I try to bear and find it hard, the Lord sustains me through those who are nursing and caring for me. The Lord cannot come directly; He is Divine and Infinite; we are only finite. Angels cannot come to us consciously; they are spiritual; neither can good spirits, for we are natural; but He sends His loving thoughts through the angels and good spirits, each bearing the message in turn till it comes to the minds of the loving friends that are near. They having natural bodies can bring it out into the ministering acts which sustain and lighten our burdens."

He said, "If I were well I would write a sermon on this subject." It was suggested that perhaps Mr. Worcester would do it some time. And sure enough, the very first sermon he wrote after your grandfather's death was on this subject, and in it, when bringing out this idea, he referred to it as one which had much occupied dear Father's mind.

He had always hoped, and had some reason to think (as he had heart disease) that he might suddenly drop down in the midst of his active work. But this was not to be, and instead he had a long, lingering illness with, as he said, "everything, the utter helplessness, the having to be fed and cared for in other ways—everything that I have most dreaded when thinking of such things. But I suppose I did not know what was best for me."

When he was suffering so from the tingling and burning caused by the dropsy in his limbs, some one said, "I don't see how you can bear it so patiently." "Why," he replied, "it is much easier to bear it patiently than it would be to bear it impatiently."

A good life in this world is the best preparation for the other, but even with those who have thus lived, there is some last work to be done before the spirit is fully prepared to leave the body.

It is necessary for us to acknowledge fully that we have no life in ourselves, that we have none except from the Lord. This, dear Father came to very completely. He had some sharp spiritual struggles when he would say, "O Lord, pity me! O Lord, have mercy upon me!" and again, "I am nothing, nothing,—a mere speck in the universe." We used to read from the Word to him at such times, or pray silently, or sing hymns to him: "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Whoso in God alone confideth," "Jerusalem the Golden," "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the tune of Martyn; "Father, whate'er of earthly bliss," were some of his favorites. He also liked greatly to hear, "Oh, rest in the Lord," and

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after it was sung would repeat "Rest in the Lord" with so much feeling and expression. The times of struggle and contest grew less frequent and were of shorter duration as the days went by.

One day a letter came from Sweden accompanying a new translation of "Man as a Spiritual Being," which was sent to Father. The letter contained much praise of the good work he had done in the world, and said that it would doubtless go on even after he was gone. "Yes," he said when this was read to him, "but I am nothing, nothing. It is all the Lord's." "But surely," said Mother, "you can be glad the Lord has made you his instrument for so much good." "Yes," he replied, "but the ugly old self keeps sticking up its head all the time."

One morning he said, "I have been thinking how selfish and ungrateful I am for all my blessings. Here the Lord permits me to have my dear children about me; everything is done for my comfort; if I were a millionaire I could not be better cared for. Even this beautiful sunshine and those lovely flowers"—looking towards a sunbeam that glorified a yellow chrysanthemum in the window—"are the Lord's gift to me; and what am I that I should long for something better, that I should feel that *this* world is not good enough for me? This thought has comforted and sustained me, and I am ready now to go or stay in the Lord's own time, as He wills."

The fourteenth chapter of John was one of his favorite chapters. One day after reading, "If ye love me keep my commandments," he said, "That is what it all resolves itself into, keeping the commandments."

He liked the shades up very high so that he could get all the light and sunshine there was. One evening a beautiful star shone brightly in the sky just where he could see it as he lay in bed. He said to Mr. Worcester, who was in the room, "Does n't Swedenborg say somewhere that the societies of the higher angels appear like stars to those in the lower heavens?" Mr. Worcester replied in the affirmative, and taking down the book which contained the passage wanted, read it aloud. Father then spoke of the myriads and myriads of stars and planets in this universe and how the latter were no doubt inhabited, though with men of a different genius from those of our earth; so different that no doubt we should not be congenial. "Still," he said, "I suppose that all those who are nearest the Lord are also nearest each other, and no doubt the highest angels are made up of human beings from every world."

A very precious experience was the sacrament of the Holy Supper, of

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which it was your father's and my privilege to partake with dear Grandpa and Grandma in his sick chamber.

Grandma sat beside his bed, holding his hand. We sat on the sofa. There was a beautiful vase of white cosmos on the desk. Mr. Worcester administered the sacrament. Dear Father was too feeble to drink the wine. Mr. Worcester gave it to him with a spoon. I wish you could have seen his radiant expression afterwards and heard him say, "I am very glad to have partaken with you once more. It is probably for the last time in this world. Swedenborg says that when man partakes worthily and reverently here, there is stored up within him states of sanctity which are beyond his consciousness and may never be opened in this world, but will be hereafter."

Dear children, when you are tempted to think and do wrong, I hope you will think of your grandfather's wish to be a messenger to you.

The day before Grandpa died, useful and interested in church work to the last, he talked with Dr. J. C. Guernsey about the "Magnificat" and advised its use for the church in Philadelphia. He also talked about other church matters, and in the evening enjoyed very much having Miss P—— sing some of the hymns I have mentioned to you. A telegram of greeting came from the Boston Society, which was celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. He was interested and asked to have a reply sent.

About midnight the change came, and for hours his poor weak body suffered the last agonies that could come to it. A short time before his death, Mr. Worcester, for whom he had sent, read to him the chapter in the Revelation which describes the Holy City. He was very quiet after that and his mind seemed wandering. Once he asked Grandma if she thought he could sit up in the boat. She said, "Yes, I think you can."

When he was suffering he would put out his arms and say, "O Lord, come! O dear Lord, come!"

At the last he went so quietly that they were not at first sure he had gone.

You have all either read or had read to you the account of the funeral, but you can have but little idea of the solemn beauty of the occasion.

I wish you could see dear lonely Grandma—her calm way of going about her duties, and the sweet patience with which she tries to meet all demands upon her.

Once when some one said to her how glad we felt that we still had her, she broke down a little and said, "When the cipher has the figure

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before it, it is of some value, but all alone it is not good for much." Another time she said, "So far I have been wonderfully sustained; it seems as if your dear father were just beside me all the time."

The morning after, as the family were gathered together in the study, some one took from a shelf a small volume of Giles's sermons. Upon opening it this passage which was read aloud from "Old Age in This Life and in the Life to Come," came with the force of a personal message from dear Father himself.

"Yesterday they were here, sitting by our side, struggling with the growing infirmities of age. To-day they are in the spiritual world. Feebleness has given place to strength; they feel their freedom; they rejoice in it; life is opening before them with a fullness and glory surpassing their brightest dreams while in this world, and they are entering upon it with faculties newly awakend as if from sleep.

"It is pleasant to think that they were once with us here, and that now they are there and here too; that they have attained their deliverance. They are entering consciously into all the states of love and wisdom which they made their own while in this world, and which lay within them like the germ in the seed. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'"

CHAPTER XX

COMMENTS OF CONTEMPORARIES

TO depict a character truly, one must use not only the written and spoken words of that character, but for full comprehension there must also be their effect on others.

The love, respect, and gratitude which Mr. Giles inspired were very fully shown in the letters, resolutions, and tributes of esteem sent to my mother after his death.

From some of these, extracts have been taken; they are not always given literally, but in any event will enable the reader, who has heretofore stood beside Mr. Giles and with him looked out upon the world, to regard Mr. Giles from the world's standpoint. Both points of view are necessary in order to form a just estimate.

From a Canadian paper, the *Star in the East*:

His sermons and lectures, the result of three separate pastorates, have, as extensively published and circulated in tract form, awakened a widespread interest. As he traveled much, five times going abroad, and as his presence was called for and cheerfully given in almost every centre of New Church activity on this side of the Atlantic, he became personally identified with the organizations of the Church in many different localities. His name has become a household word wherever the Heavenly Doctrines are received.

The distinguishing feature of the literary productions of Mr. Giles is the peaceful spirit that pervades them. They express the truth, not in an aggressive but in an attractive form. The large circulation of his works bears testimony to the demand which has existed for them.

Speaking of him as a pastor, one who knew him well, says:

He did not seek to control his parishioners by merely using his personal influence, but always, no matter what the question was . . . the effort would be made to learn and teach the spiritual truth or principle applicable to the case, and have that truth given. And this was done

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so fairly and patiently, line upon line, and precept upon precept, that strong men of more than ordinary ability and strength of character changed the opinions and prejudices of a lifetime. Two men especially, who had for years been opposed to the Convention, became his closest friends, and generously sustained him in all he did, including union with that General Convention, in its turn greatly changed and broadened by this wise forbearance. He had strong influence with men, but he never used his power to compel . . . but would wait until with common consent and with good heart all could unite in the proposed action.

Some of the notices speak of the simple, unaffected dignity of his manner in the pulpit. One writer, who describes him as of medium height, with dark eyes and domelike forehead and shaggy eyebrows, mentions his white hair and beard and compares him to a veritable patriarch. Another mentions the beauty of his voice, of clear, resonant quality and distinct enunciation. A friend writes:

When in the latter days of his life his weakness prevented his officiating in the pulpit, his voice, as he joined in the responses with the large congregation, could be clearly distinguished. No matter how large the hall or church, without unduly elevating his voice he seemed to fill it to its remotest corner. . . . But rich and delightful as were those tones, what shall be said of his wonderful choice of words and images, and his power of making clear the most profound truths?

Another factor of his strength as a speaker was that he himself firmly believed what he was saying. He spoke from an innermost unshakable conviction, with an ardent desire to bless others with the principles which, after he had formed them, brightened his whole life.

The external surroundings in which he spoke affected him not at all. He was equally at home in a log schoolhouse, reading by the light of one candle, in the groves about Lake George, or in the large halls, theatres, and churches of various cities in which he addressed crowded audiences. In the symposium given in the church of Dr. James Freeman Clarke of Boston, when representative clergymen of all denominations spoke, each in explanation of his own peculiar tenets, the influence of Mr. Giles's discourse was very remarkable. His subject was "The

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Church of the New Jerusalem, a new Dispensation of Divine Truth." He spoke more than an hour, but his large audience remained until the end, listening with rapt attention. One of Boston's leading journals published every word of it the next morning, and finding an unprecedented demand for copies of it, reprinted it in their semi-weekly edition. Being still unable to fill the demand they reprinted it in their weekly edition. Many copies of this discourse have been distributed in Europe and America, and it has been translated into other tongues.

Shortly after Mr. Giles's death a society meeting was held in order to take action regarding the pastorate.

At the request of the chairman, Rev. Wm. L. Worcester spoke briefly of Mr. Giles's last illness. Much that he said has already been mentioned elsewhere, but as it is a beautiful tribute from one who knew and loved him well, I would like to mention one or two points. The whole account is from the *New Church Messenger*.

His mind was very much alive to all things concerning the Church, even to the last days. And even in little questions of difficulty which arose, by choosing a favorable moment I could consult him about them, and he liked to advise and help. I do not think we realize how largely we have leaned upon him through the year, when we have seen him so little. The thing I wanted most to speak of was the wonderfully beautiful spirit that we have seen in Mr. Giles, growing more and more perfect day by day. It has seemed to draw us very near to the gates of the other world, and during this last week I have felt more plainly than ever how this life goes right on into the other world; it is not this life ended and another begun, but the same life going right on, and Mr. Giles's uses have been such heavenly uses that we have no difficulty in thinking of them as taken up immediately and with great delight.

At this meeting by a unanimous vote Mr. Worcester was called to the pastorate of the society. In his response, in which he gratefully accepted the position, Mr. Worcester spoke of how much Mr. Giles had hoped that such action would be taken.

A friend in Cincinnati writes:

No man whom I ever knew had such power of applying the truths that he taught to the familiar comparison with every-day life. No man knew as he did how to reach the hearts of men and impress them with

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both the reality of the other life and the way to attain its choicest blessings. It was a wonderful gift, and those who were in the habit of hearing him knew what it meant.

From Rev. Adolf Roeder comes the following, dated March 18, 1919:

These points of contact with your father's life seem worthy of record. There are two of them which I feel can be regarded as points touching life, and four as touching the teaching of the doctrines.

The first is his wonderful skill in popularizing the philosophy and theology of Swedenborg, and selecting the vital truths and shaping them for application to life.

The second is his advice to me at my ordination, when he told me to go out and preach *life*; "The Church," he added, "has already sufficient doctrine."

The four doctrinal points can be divided into three of an intellectual, and one of a practical nature, although all four of them are really intensely practical.

First. That Heaven is in the human form, and that the thought of "form" must be differentiated from the idea of "shape," which is an important distinction.

Second. That hell is not a prison, but a hospital, which is a vitally helpful thought.

Third. That spiritual giving differs from natural giving, in that if one gives a friend a book, the giver has one less book, but if he gives comfort, advice, or sympathy, his stock of these spiritual values is increased and strengthened by the manner of their reception.

And finally, I once heard Mr. Giles talk to a Philadelphia group of auditors about giving to the Lord. "I do not like the expression 'to give to the Lord.' It sounds to me as though we said that we 'gave the giver the amount of his bill,' instead of paying what is legitimately his due. We do not give to the Lord, we pay Him His due; we meet our obligations to Him, for all the wonderful things He does for us."

I hope these may prove useful to you in your work, in which I wish you most heartily "God speed."

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This is selected from the many newspaper notices:

In the death of the Rev. Chauncey Giles the followers of the doctrines of Emmanuel Swedenborg in this country have lost a prop and pillar of their faith. No American has done more than Dr. Giles to interpret to his countrymen the teachings of the great Swede. The greater part of his active life was employed in this work, which he pursued with untiring and unselfish zeal. He was a pulpiteer whose discourses were models of logical statement, and at the same time filled with spiritual beauty, and the great mass of writings in which he propagated the Swedenborgian faith through tracts, pamphlets, and books, was characterized by a high order of intellectual power. His life work was largely a struggle for recognition of the tenets which he taught, and his followers were few compared with the religious sects around him; but here, as well as in other communities, his influence resulted in an advance of the Swedenborgian doctrine and in a study of it by many intelligent thinkers. Dr. Giles was a modest, unobtrusive, and useful clergyman, and his fine mental gifts would have made him far more conspicuous than he was, before the world, had he been engaged in other labors than those of the pioneer of a new faith who served only the cause of what he conceived to be pure truth.

From the Biographical Sketch given in the *New Church Messenger* these extracts are taken:

In the removal of Mr. Giles we have taken from us the most widely known man of the New Church. He was beyond all comparison the leader in the work of New Church propagandism, and has doubtless said, published, and done more for making known to the world the doctrines of the New Church than any other man in its history. By his removal one of the strong men of our household is taken from us.

After giving details of his life already known to our readers, the first trip abroad is mentioned, with the remark that "His reception by the English New Church was an ovation."

Mr. Giles was particularly successful in inaugurating enterprises for carrying on New Church work and in calling forth the coöperative

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labors and the material contributions of his contemporaries. This was most strikingly manifested in the great work he accomplished in Philadelphia, where under his ministration the society increased in numbers and erected a large church, with book rooms connected with it, and widely extended the work of the Tract Society.

Mr. Giles had a remarkably clear conception of the New Church doctrines. Certain truths, particularly those which present the New Church as a new dispensation of Divine truth, and its doctrines as constituting a spiritual science, and as being expressed through the laws of correspondence in natural things, were so wrought into his intelligence that he could think only in their light, and he could write forever from the inspiration of their life. He possessed through this perception a remarkable facility of illustration, and thence an efficient ability in presenting the doctrines of the Church to those not familiar with them.

While Mr. Giles was a man of great enterprises, he was not given to details of work. He was non-ecclesiastical in the form of his thought and disposition and was never the priest. He was not given to form. Petty rules and restrictions had little weight in his thought. His one central mission, to give to the world a knowledge of the doctrines of the Church, so held possession of him that all other things were dwarfed in its presence.

Of Mr. Giles more than of most of our number who are taken from us we may say that he has finished a great and a distinct work for the Church. He had a mission to accomplish, and he has done it. He had a word to say to the world, and he said it.

A friend has recently sent this grateful expression of help received from Mr. Giles:

So often your father, when things have seemed to grow complex and baffling, has come forward with some clear and simple word that has made the whole situation so possible, so lucid, that one takes heart again, and finds himself able to go on with a truer vision of life and its duties and privileges. It was a great and wonderful gift that he possessed and used for the benefit of more of us than can ever be reckoned.

CHAPTER XXI

CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEW CHURCH LITERATURE

BOOKS and sermons have their use. They are incidents in the life of the spirit. Sometimes they are milestones which not only show how far we have traveled, but they are also an inn in which we may tarry and get rest and food for the night and strength for another day's advance.

Thus writes Mr. Giles in his diary. It is the remark of a lover of books who reads not merely for pleasure but for intellectual and spiritual progress. When writing for others he had the same ends in view. In his opinion no perfection of literary art was too good for the attainment of this purpose.

Such was his ideal. He writes:

If I had the time I should like to make each sermon a gem of literary expression.

The multiplicity of his other duties prevented such extreme care with the mere workmanship of his writing. Instead his mind was concentrated upon the plainest possible expression of the truth he wished to convey and upon its reception and application to life by his hearers and readers.

Many times in his diary Mr. Giles remarks that he could not from the beginning plan a lecture or sermon as a whole. The central thought ramified as he wrote. This did not prevent his blocking out beforehand a skeleton of his subject; in fact, he always did, and very interesting those skeletons are.

His concentration upon the subject in mind was intense, and yet it was remarkable how well he bore the more or less trivial interruptions incident to his profession.

Mr. Giles's writings are permeated with a warm, loving sympathy for the sorrows and failings of mankind. He rarely censures, and while he strongly maintained his own convictions he has no word of condemnation for those who differ from him.

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“Man as a Spiritual Being” is the most widely known of Mr. Giles’s writings. The substance was first given in a series of lectures delivered in the New York church to crowded houses in the years 1864–1865. Each lecture was printed immediately after delivery and five hundred copies were distributed weekly.

This book, first published in 1868, has passed through many editions. Over one hundred thousand copies have been printed and it is still in active circulation. It has been translated into many foreign languages.

One of the most interesting anecdotes that has come to my knowledge relates to the effect of “Man as a Spiritual Being” upon a man who had for years been leading a life of sin. He drank to excess, and as the friend who told me the story says: “He was in every political rascality that went on in our city.” This friend had interested himself to help the poor man, and after, through his influence, really effecting a change in his habits, gave him “Man as a Spirit” to read. While he was reading the book a companion in corruption came to see him, intending to return on the midnight train. Mr. C——, we will call him, said, “I won’t talk one single word about business until I have read something to you out of a book.” I think you can imagine how the man would accept that. He expressed himself very forcibly. Perhaps it would look better not to write the language used. But Mr. C—— persisted and the man said, “What’s the use, C——, of talking to me about these things now? Haven’t we read Tom Paine, Rousseau, Voltaire, and everything going? How can you possibly give me anything new?” To which Mr. C—— answered: “I know what you and I have read, but I tell you, *this is something different.*” With that he commenced reading aloud, but the man was very indignant and refused to pay any attention. This didn’t disconcert Mr. C——. He kept on reading, and finally the man stopped him and said, “Hold on a minute! Read that over again, will you?” They read until three o’clock in the morning.

Afterwards Mr. C—— told me the reason he liked the book. “That book begins right down just where you are. You can stand alongside Mr. Giles; understand exactly all that he is saying. Then little by little you begin going up and up and finally you are away up *yonder*; but you can follow him and you can understand him even when he gets away up there.”

It was a principle often expressed by Mr. Giles, — “that the Lord always meets man where he is.” Surely this anecdote illustrates that

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Mr. Giles in a humble, finite way sought to imitate his Lord and Master. When Mr. C—— died he left money to the church. His widow, not a New Churchwoman, remarked that she was glad that her husband made the bequest because of the reform effected in his life by New Church teachings.

To many minds the use of prayer is a mystery. Since God is a Being of Infinite Love and Wisdom He must know what is best for us; a Being of immutable law, we cannot change results by our petitions — why, then, pray?

“Perfect Prayer” begins by stating the true nature of man’s relation to the Lord, *i. e.*, that of the recipient to the Giver of Life. The Lord in His love is ardently wishing to bestow upon us every good, — good which because of universal laws we may not receive without a radical change in ourselves. As the author says:

In all genuine prayer there is behind the special request an acknowledgment of our dependence upon the Lord for the power to receive as well as to ask, and a surrender of the inmost causes of thought and affections to His guidance. However desirable the special blessing we seek may seem to us, the condition, “Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,” is always implied. Sincere, genuine prayer tends to bring us into such relations to the Lord that we can receive what He gives us the power to ask.

Suppose we honestly pray that our sins may be forgiven and that we may again be admitted to heaven. We may think only of the penalty and believe that the Lord can forgive sin as a magistrate can pardon a criminal, and that we can be admitted into heaven by personal favor, as we might be to a feast. The Lord begins to answer our prayer. He suffers us to be tried and tempted that we may see our evils and put them away. Afflictions come upon us; the love of the world and self is assaulted, and instead of the rest and peace of heaven, we come into infernal torment. Why is this? Has the Lord turned a deaf ear to our prayer? If in our agony we should cry to the Lord, “O Lord, hear me, answer me, save me!” His reply could truly be: “I do hear you, I am answering you, I am saving you.” So the Lord leads us in a way we know not and could not have chosen, to the end we seek. He answers our prayer while He seems to reject it.

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There are chapters on "Efficacious Prayer," "Hypocritical and Vain Prayer," followed by an exposition of the "Perfect Prayer, the Lord's Prayer."

No subject is of greater importance to every one than his attitude towards the marriage relation. In the "Sanctity of Marriage" the author shows the holy principles upon which a true marriage is based and how they must be applied. He says:

The true effort to prepare for marriage leads to the shunning of every evil that would taint the purity of marriage, and every error that would tend to disturb its harmony. The young man and the young woman will say, "If I am the measure of what I desire in husband or wife, I must raise the standard of excellence as high as possible. If I desire an unselfish companion through the eternal years, I must myself be unselfish. I must be pure if I would be linked to purity. I must be kind if I am to expect kindness, truthful if I am to wed the truth, faithful to every trust if I desire fidelity in my other self. I must shun in myself every imperfection that could lessen my respect for husband or wife and tend to separation."

The centrally fundamental doctrine of the New Church, that of the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God of Heaven and earth, is presented in the lectures on the "Incarnation and Atonement." The Hon. John Bigelow thought the contrast between the prevalent idea of the atonement and the new, particularly well done. Mr. Bigelow wrote in great detail a review of "Why I am a New Churchman."

"Heavenly Blessedness" is an exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. It was written in Cincinnati but published many years later, about 1872, in England.

"Human Stewardship" treats of man's absolute dependence upon the Lord for everything. It is said that the ideas advanced in this treatise were largely instrumental in the successful accomplishment of building the new and beautiful church in Philadelphia. The statement is plainly made that:

There is only one Owner in His own right, and that is the Lord. Man has never liked this truth. It is not pleasant to his love of self to know and acknowledge that we are nothing and have nothing of any value which He did not give us, and that however much we may glory in the

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wealth or power or knowledge we possess, we have no absolute ownership in a particle of it. But whether we like it or not, such is the fact.'

It is perhaps not best to take up with comments each book in turn, but something should be said of Mr. Giles's books for children.

His juveniles were chiefly for Christmas or Easter, but some of the stories were written for the *Children's Magazine*. A few of them embody some of his own boyhood's experiences, but the greater part are constructed around some truth or law of the spirit as it relates to regenerate life, a truth which is developed by illustration and incident as naturally and easily as a flower unfolds. There is little plot, but the children are live youngsters who talk and act like real folks, and the child's point of view is always sympathetically, sometimes humorously, considered.

Who that has read the story when a child or listened to it from my father's voice can forget the disappointment of Charles when the money from his "Wonderful Pocket" was not forthcoming for selfish purposes or his delight after thinking its magical contents irretrievably lost to find it radiantly shining when he wished to use it for others?

How the majestic "Angels' Christmas Tree" rises before one, with the sadly indifferent children reluctantly receiving only the poorest of the rich treasures proffered them by their heavenly visitors!

What child who has heard "Metempsychosis" has not reflected on the character of his own possible transformation?

With what sympathy and amusement one has watched the "Magic Shoes" lead Thomas Stubbs from his waywardness into a state of obedience.

How beautiful the Pearl Angel! How fraught with heavenly truth Lillie's journey to the "Gate of Pearl"! And what a surprise awaits one in the last chapter!

How naturally and easily the Story Children, after testing the beneficial qualities of the "Magic Spectacles" in their lessons, are led to use them in the detection and putting away of their evils!

One other little story, published since Mr. Giles's death, must be mentioned, — "Papilio: the Story of a Butterfly." This is a tale which by means of a lively and somewhat dramatic dialogue between a butterfly and the author clearly teaches by analogy man's immortality. It was used for distribution among the soldiers during the late war. It is particularly appropriate for Easter.

My father loved little children and they felt the winning warmth of

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his affection. No little one was too shy to withstand the appeal of his smile. When, as at Poultney, the many children in the house saw him coming down the avenue, "Mr. Giles, Mr. Giles," they would cry, and soon little feet were running towards him and little hands were tugging at his hands or clasped around his legs as he walked. One time when he was revisiting Cincinnati a pretty incident occurred which might be told here. Mr. Giles had been out of town to visit some friends and they had presented him with some beautiful flowers. Returning to the city he was passing through Longworth Street, by his old home, on his way to dine with other friends. Presently, as he walked, the children in the street gathered about him with shrill cries of "Give me a flower, Mister. Please give me a flower." Mr. Giles stopped with the flowers in his hand, looked kindly upon the little group of upturned faces and said: "Children, I will tell you about these flowers, and then if you think I ought to give you some, I will. They came from the garden of a very dear friend who has gone to the spiritual world, and his daughter has given them to me because I loved him very much. Now, do you think I ought to give them away?" Oh, no, Mister; no, indeed," said they. "I cannot give you the flowers, but I can tell you something of the place to which my friend has gone." And then in his clear, simple way he told these little urchins something of the beauties of heaven and passed on. Presently he heard the patter of little feet behind him, and he thought perhaps the children were going to beg a flower after all. But no, they approached shyly and said, "Thank you for your nice story, Mister."

This must be a chapter of last words which have not found their appropriate niche in the earlier pages. Once when my father was in company some one said, "Mr. Giles, you must have had many remarkable experiences; what do you consider the most unusual one?" My father thought a moment and then said:

One time when I was preaching in London, after the service a man came to me and said: "So you are Chauncey Giles! I am very glad to meet you. You do not know it, but there was a time when I did not believe in any God, but you convinced me. I was climbing the Andes with a friend and the talk fell on religious subjects. I expressed my utter disbelief. My friend took from his pocket a tract by Chauncey Giles. This I read and it removed my unbelief. I did not know who the writer was or what religious denomination he represented, but that

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little tract changed my whole outlook on life. To-day I was passing by this church and I saw on the bulletin board that Chauncey Giles was to preach. So I came to see the man to whom I owe so much."

Mr. Giles was an industrious writer. Besides the books I have mentioned there was the "Second Coming of the Lord," the "Forgiveness of Sin," and "The Valley of Diamonds." Added to these publications must be the sermons and lectures printed separately, some three hundred in number, and the Editorials for the *Messenger*, and stories for the *Children's Magazine*, which have not been gathered into a book.

His correspondence was very large, and it is no exaggeration to say that he wrote thousands of letters, not to mention the diary kept during the greater part of his life.

To Rev. William Worcester my father left the charge of his manuscripts, consisting of about five hundred and eighty unpublished sermons. From these are selected the discourses on "Progress in Spiritual Knowledge." This memorial volume was published in 1895. It contains an excellent biographical sketch written by Mr. Worcester.

Under the same auspices have been published the two little books on "Learning to Live" and "The Human Soul."

Perhaps no subject which is commonly taught in our universities has a more disintegrating effect on the acknowledgment of the Lord as our Creator and Redeemer than the doctrine of "Evolution" as advanced by modern scientists. It is the mission of Mr. Giles's book on the subject to show the order of creation as presented in Swedenborg's "Divine Love and Wisdom."

After its publication Mr. Giles received the following letter from President Mark Hopkins of Williams College.

May 13, 1887.

It is seldom in these days that I read a book through, but I have read yours, with pleasure and profit. I don't see how your view could be better presented. You draw the distinction clearly between theistic and atheistic evolution and your whole scheme is logical and consistent. Whether your whole view shall be accepted or not, your book is a very valuable addition to the literature on this subject.

It is some years since I have read the writings of Swedenborg, and I didn't remember that he supposes, as I infer from your book that he

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does, that God is in the form of a man. To me that is a stumbling block, but detracts nothing from your theory of evolution.

At the beginning of the little book on "Our Children in the Other Life" Mr. Giles writes, "Bereaved and sorrowing mother, this is for you!" And then he tenderly and clearly gives her the comforting truths of the New Church upon the subject.

A friend told me that after the death of her baby she returned home from a walk one day and found a copy of "Our Children in the Other Life" on her bureau. Without removing her outdoor things she stood and read the little book to its close, and added, "It has been of inexpressible comfort to me."

One day my father was at the New Church book rooms at Cooper Union. A distinguished physician of the city came in and at once greeted Mr. Giles with the remark, "You are a much better doctor than I." Naturally this statement caused some surprise, and he then explained that he had amongst his patients a poor mother who was grieving herself to death over the loss of her baby. The little book so changed her attitude towards life that she was again able to resume her daily duties and even to think with cheerfulness of her little one.

The history of "Consolation" is very touching. The possibility of writing it was first suggested to Mr. Giles when he knew that his own tenure of this life was very frail, and that the summons might come at any time. In reading a biographical sketch of the poet Whittier he was much impressed with the amount of literary work accomplished by him in the stronger intervals of feeble health.

Inspired by this example, he too, in the hours when he felt equal to any exertion, wrote the little book "Consolation." It seemed to him "a thing of shreds and patches," but no author is the best judge of his own literary work. In the chapter on "Love and Loyalty" there is a sympathy which very clearly recognizes the different phases of feeling through which a mourner passes.

In other parts of the book the necessity of giving out to others in helpful words and deeds is very strongly maintained. For the latter reason friends of the Unitarian Church who have met with bereavement have gained much comfort from the perusal of the little volume. It meets them in the strongest tenet of their religion, doing good to others.

Mr. David L. Webster was one of the prominent New Churchmen of the Boston Society. He was very intelligent in our doctrines and a most lovable character. With a fleeting glance one was much impressed

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by his strong resemblance to Mr. Giles. The resemblance faded on closer observation, but sometimes amusing mistakes were made. His wife always maintained that there was not the slightest likeness between the two men. But one time as she and Mr. Webster were coming into the lobby of Pike's Opera House—the walls of which were lined with mirrors—she suddenly seized her husband's arm and said, "Look, look, there is Mr. Giles." Imagine her chagrin when she saw that it was only her husband's reflection in the mirror. At another time my sister, who was in haste to consult my father about something, saw Mr. Webster coming in at the church door and went toward him with the greeting, "Father." Mr. Webster himself said he was often complimented on his good sermons. This letter to Mr. Giles from him was written in his old age, when he was nearly blind. The handwriting is very large and a black pencil is used.

To Mr. Giles from Mr. D. L. Webster

Boston, July 18, 1893.

I have had your "Consolation" read to me and I am exceedingly grateful to you for writing it. It must be of very great use to many people, and I have no doubt it was a constant consolation to yourself to see the subject develop before your eyes as you thought and wrote upon it.

While listening to the reading it was a source of continual surprise to see how exhaustively point after point of the subject was brought up and how satisfactorily each was disposed of.

I cannot but think that the final result must have been as much a surprise to you as it was to me.

I deeply sympathize with Mrs. Giles and yourself in your illness, and have no doubt both will receive all the consolation which a loving Providence can furnish under the circumstances.

P.S. to Mr. Giles. The following is an extract from a letter received by me to-day from a lady whose son died about three weeks since in the hotel where my niece and myself were then staying:

"I am indeed deeply bereaved, for I can neither pray nor read; even the pleasure of looking at my son's photograph is taken from me. In looking at it, it seems strange. I have forgotten how my darling one

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looked. Is it not pitiable? I want your prayers and Miss ——'s that God will heal my broken heart."

I sent her a copy of your "Consolation."

A lecture on "Mountains: their Natural Use and Spiritual Meaning," was published as a vacation number for the *Helper* in the summer of 1911. This gives many of the thoughts which came to Mr. Giles when looking upon the Alps.

Some time after its publication those in charge of the New Church book rooms in Philadelphia were surprised to receive within the space of a week or ten days orders for this lecture from all over the country. This sudden demand from so many different localities was explained when it was learned that in Boston, I think, there had been a typewriter's Convention. As a contest for speed this lecture, being of suitable length, was read aloud to the assembled stenographers. That their interest was aroused is shown by the orders sent to the book rooms.

The "Chauncey Giles Year Book" contains an extract from Mr. Giles's writings for every day in the year, with an appropriate Scripture text for each selection.

In writing a review for this book Rev. Frank Sewall says:

Few of us, remembering the clear and practical expositions of Scripture and the fine eloquence of the sermons of Chauncey Giles, think of him or speak of him as a poet; and yet in his writings will doubtless be found many a gem of genuine poetic expression—the real creative art, that will characterize the poetry that the New Church is to produce.

Emerson, with all his appreciation of the spiritual meaning of nature, and all his knowledge of what Swedenborg has taught men about it, has never drawn finer pictures than these, which fairly glow with spiritual life and beauty.

He then quotes from "Mountains; their Natural Use and Spiritual Meaning":

"The winds which seem so idle and lawless, roaming over land and sea, resting when they will; and stopping to play and sing with leaf and falling stream, are doing His bidding, 'Who maketh the clouds His chariot; Who walketh upon the wings of the wind.'"

Again from the same:

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"In loving reciprocal service every drop of water which runs through Nile and Amazon and Mississippi was given to the mountains, like a good man's deeds, through the silent and invisible channels of the upper air. *Every particle was raised on the wings and in the loving embrace of the angels of heat, sent forth by the sun on these errands of mercy. In these invisible forms, and the awful silences of the upper air, the ocean gives its dower to the mountains, and sends its messages of love and cheer to man.*"

The italicized lines are in the noblest forms of poetic expression, and are unique in their ability to inspire a purely scientific fact with spiritual life and beauty as only the mind imbued with the New Churchman's knowledge of the Divine correspondences of nature can do.

